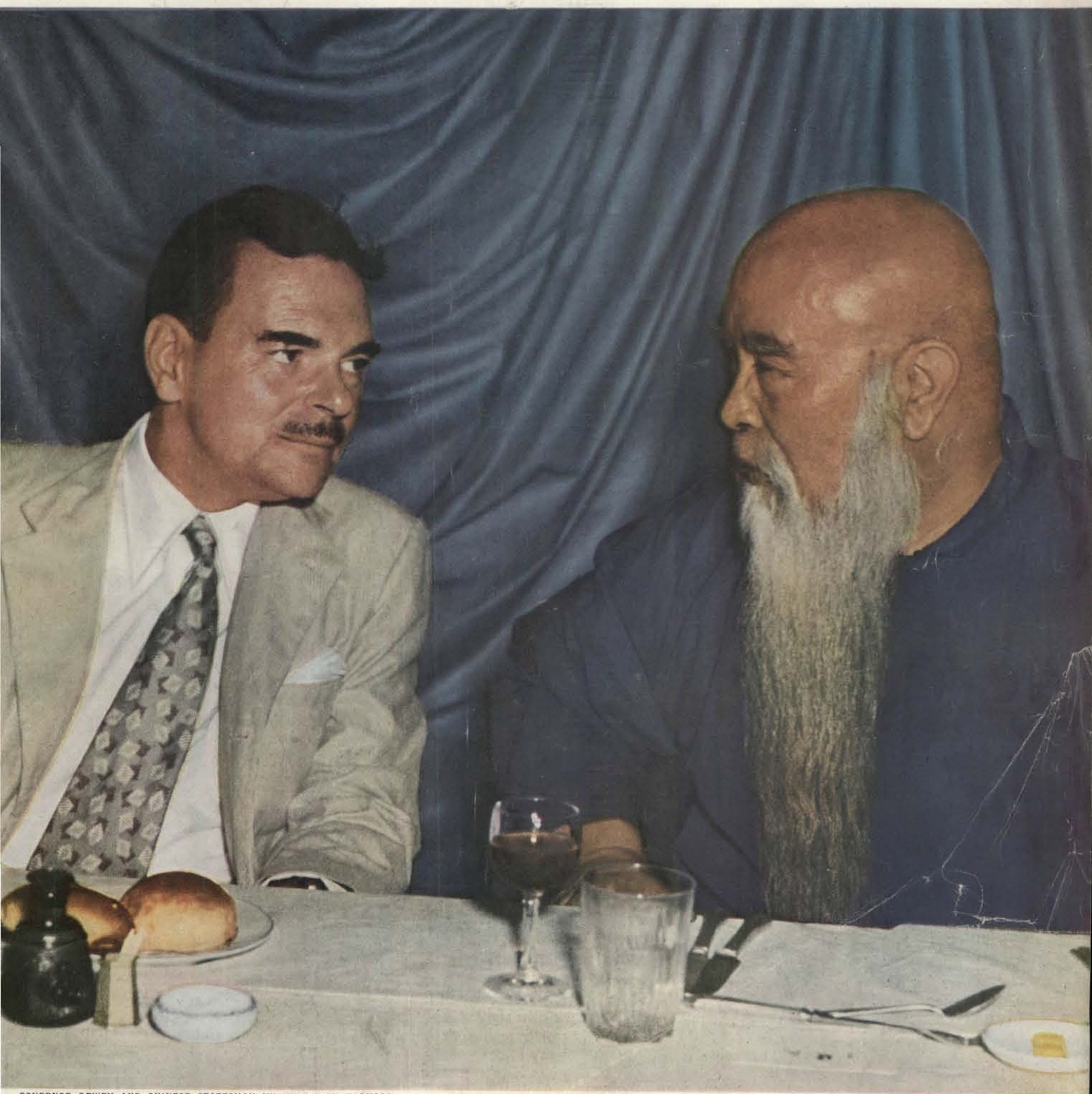
DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY
PITTSBURGH 19, PA.

Collier's

December 1, 1951 • Fifteen Cents

Beginning:

PACIFIC REPORT
By Thomas E. Dewey



GOVERNOR DEWEY AND CHINESE STATESMAN YU YU-JEN ON FORMOSA

There Never Was A Football Upset

M-m-m-Meet J-j-j-Joe F-f-f-Frisco

Th... Th...

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Craftsman A. J. Francoeur, and his son, A. J., junior, do some of the painstaking hand work on the pistons of the brilliant-performing Studebaker engines

Month after month, sons of Studebaker craftsmen proudly qualify to work alongside their dads

EVERY once in a while, some imaginative person wonders how the Studebaker working force would stack up against the guildsmen of old.

The comparison is hard to make because conditions are not alike.

But certainly few things ever built for daily use are structurally sounder than a Studebaker car.

Modern production methods have developed special aptitudes and skills in Studebaker craftsmen that are very remarkable.

These men of Studebaker are tradition creators in their own right.

The history of Studebaker's home community shows why this is so.

South Bend has long been famed for its "craftsmanship families"—as exemplified by the unique Studebaker father and son teams.

Moreover, the South Bend school system co-operates in a program of apprentice training from which many of Studebaker's most competent younger workmen are graduated.

All this pays off for you when you purchase a Studebaker car. A Studebaker's durability saves you money constantly.

STUDEBAKER

Builder of trustworthy cars and trucks

©1951 The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend 27, Indiana, U.S.A.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It Takes 500 Tons of Equipment for Just One Telephone Exchange

Five hundred tons of equipment and 62,000 man-hours of work are needed to install just one 10,000-line Dial Telephone Exchange.

Here's the story of months of work condensed into two minutes of reading time. (Bear with us, please, if several of the words get technical.)

There are 1800 crossbar switches, 4000 multi-contact relays and 65,000 conventional relays. These automatic switching mechanisms open or close millions of telephone circuit paths.

Eighty miles of cable are needed to connect all this apparatus. There are 2,600,000 soldered connections, each one a careful hand operation.

All that is for only one Telephone Exchange to serve one community. At present-day prices, the cost runs to $1,500,000.

The money for these new facilities must come largely from investors who are willing to put their savings in the business.

Only through reasonable earnings can the telephone company attract the new money that is needed to do the job.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your Best Buy
$3.95*
SENTINEL
Little PAL Alarm
Hardly larger than your phone dial. One key winds both alarm and 40-hour movement. Can't be overwound. Balance radar timed and electronically inspected for accuracy. Felt padded base. Henry Dreyfuss styled -- unequaled in value. Plain dial, $3.95*, Radium, $4.50*.
SENTINEL
DIAMOND Wrist Watch
4.50*
Efficient movement in a chromium plated case. Priced dollars below comparable watches. Full SENTINEL guarantee. Unbreakable crystal, genuine leather strap (with 10 Kt. rolled gold plate front and chrome back, $4.95*).
SENTINEL
CLICK
Pocket Watch
2.95*
Rugged, accurate. Bright chrome finish . . . rotating second dial. Unbreakable crystal . . . raised numeral dial. Built for action -- for work, for sports, for a spare, for the kids. Plain dial, $2.95*, Radium, $3.50*.
THE SENTINEL
LINE OF CLOCKS AND WATCHES
THE E. INGRAHAM CO. BRISTOL, CONN. TORONTO, CANADA
Plus tax. Specifications and prices subject to change.

ALBERT E. WINGER
Chairman of the Board

CLARENCE E. STOUCH
President

Collier's

EDWARD ANTHONY, *Publisher*
LOUIS RUPPEL, *Editor*

RICHARD CHAPLIN, *Assistant Publisher*
GORDON MANNING, *Managing Editor*

DAVID MANESS, *Assistant Managing Editor*
WALTER DAVENPORT, *Senior Correspondent*
JAMES A. QUIGNEY, *Photo Editor*
WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN, *Art Director*
KNOX BURGER, *Fiction Editor*
GURNEY WILLIAMS, *Cartoons*

Associate Editors · BERT BACHARACH · HOWARD BRODIE · WARREN BROWN
JEAN B. CAMPBELL · SEY CHASSLER · LORNA D. CHESSON · ALLEN CLEATON
HOWARD COHN · LONNIE COLEMAN · BETSY CORRIGAN · WILLARD B. CROSBY
BILL DAVIDSON · JOHN DENSON · MACLENNAN FARRELL · EVELYN HARVEY
DIANA HIRSH · MANLEY JACKSON · JERRY KORN · JOHN LEAR · TOM MEANY
JOHN C. PELLEW · ELEANOR PORTER · CORNELIUS RYAN · JANET SHEPS · RED SMITH
JAMES THRASHER · LESTER VELIE · FRANCIS WALLACE · JAMES N. YOUNG

Editorial Research · ROSANNE McVAY, *Chief*
MADELIN ALK, DIANE DOWNS, JANICE MOSES, MARTHA WEINMAN

Bureaus

WASHINGTON: JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Chief*; TODD WRIGHT
WEST COAST (*Los Angeles*): THEODORE STRAUSS, *Chief*; ROBERT CAHN, JOHN FLOREA
MIDWEST (*Chicago*): BILL FAY
SOUTH (*Atlanta*): WILLIAM A. EMERSON, JR.
EUROPE (*Paris*): SEYMOUR FREIDIN, WILLIAM ATTWOOD, ROBERT SHAPLEN
FAR EAST (*Tokyo*): CHARLOTTE KNIGHT, BILL STAPLETON

December 1, 1951

ARTICLES

Pacific Report.....THOMAS E. DEWEY 13
(PART ONE OF THREE PARTS)
M-m-m-Meet J-j-j-Joe F-f-f-Frisco.....PETER LIND HAYES 20
How to Make Tanks in a Hurry.....LT. COL. CLARKE NEWLON 24
The Hospital Orderly They Call "Doctor"...JOSEPH F. DINNEEN 27
Capital Sundial.....COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA 30
There Never Was a Football Upset.....STANLEY WOODWARD 32
Lady in a Lab.....LESTER DAVID 34

FICTION

High-Class.....RICHARD BISSELL 17
Killer in the Pass.....HAL G. EVARTS 18
The French Doll.....WILLIAM FULLER 22
No Rain, Me Hungry.....CHARLES CARVER 26
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)
Reclining Figure.....MARCO PAGE 28
(CONCLUSION)

●

48 States of Mind.....WALTER DAVENPORT 8
Now You Hear It and Now You Don't.....PARKE CUMMINGS 10
Blood Brothers..... 46
Editorials..... 74
Cover.....BILL STAPLETON

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 128, No. 22.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Albert E. Winger, Chairman of the Board; Clarence E. Stouch, President; E. A. Schirmer, *Executive Vice-President*; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, Robert T. Messler, E. P. Seymour, A. A. Schechter, John W. McPherrin, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.
SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00. Canada, 1 year $5.50. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other foreign countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.
ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.
MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

COPYRIGHT, 1951, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

The Cover

Back from a 41,000-mile, two-month tour that took him through the Far East, Alaska, Australia and points in between, New York's Governor Thomas E. Dewey has written a Pacific Report outlining a positive foreign policy. The first important article, dealing with Formosa, appears on page 13. Symbolic of a meeting between East and West is this picture of Mr. Dewey at a luncheon in Taipeh with seventy-three-year-old Yu Yu-jen, head of the control Yuan, Formosa's highest supervisory assembly.

Week's Mail

Operation Eggnog

EDITOR: I've just purchased and read your October 27th issue and am deeply impressed with your excellent collection of essays, Preview of the War We Do Not Want. It is a bombshell, to say the least. Nay, it is a nuclear explosion. It is more than timely, it is breath-takingly overwhelming. And it is good, in scope, in substance and in all detail.

As one who was born in the old Russia, and as an American citizen devoted to this country and its people and loyal to its Constitution, I say . . . that our ideals will win. For we Americans do not seek to subjugate Russians or anyone else.

OREST A. MEYKAR, Baltimore, Maryland

. . . It has long been my opinion that the goal we are seeking in our struggle with the imperialism of the Kremlin is to change their minds. I have, therefore, tried to consider policy and action in these terms: will it serve to change the minds of the rulers of Russia?

In my opinion, this work you have done is a great move, considered in that light. Here the awful consequences and the inevitable defeat of tyranny are spelled out. It may well be a milestone in our history.

WAYNE N. ASPINALL,
U.S. Representative from Colorado

. . . COLLIER'S PREVIEW ISSUE FRIGHTENING IN SOME ASPECTS BUT WONDERFUL EDITORIAL ACHIEVEMENT AND MOST SIGNIFICANT TO PUBLIC UNDERSTANDING. CONGRATULATIONS.

R. W. DARROW, Baltimore, Maryland

. . . I am mailing back my copy of the whisky-inspired murder-and-suicide Collier's of this week. CHARLES F. DELANO,
Amityville, New York

. . . I read the entire series of articles last night with considerable interest. I cannot remember . . . when such a big issue as you raised has been so completely covered. It was splendid. WILLIAM L. SPRINGER,
U.S. Representative from Illinois

. . . Certainly you have done a splendid job in alerting the American people to the possibilities of the future. The time has come when we need to realize that the money now being spent for the defense of America is designed to prevent the tragedies that are portrayed in this issue. Certainly you have made a dramatic appeal for strenuous efforts to prevent the war that we do not want. ERNEST H. HAHNE,
President, Miami University, Ohio

. . . I have just had a chance to go through your special issue and I found it an engrossing and stupendous project. Congratulations on all phases! MILTON CANIFF,
New City, N.Y.

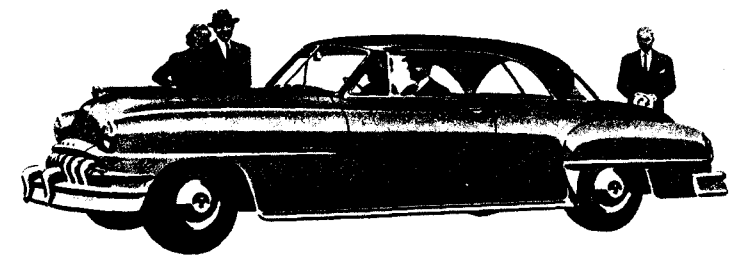
. . . COLLIER'S VIVID AND REALISTIC PREVIEW OF THE HORRORS OF AN UNWANTED BUT POSSIBLE ATOMIC WAR CAN PROVE THE SHOCK TREATMENT WHICH WILL HELP TO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

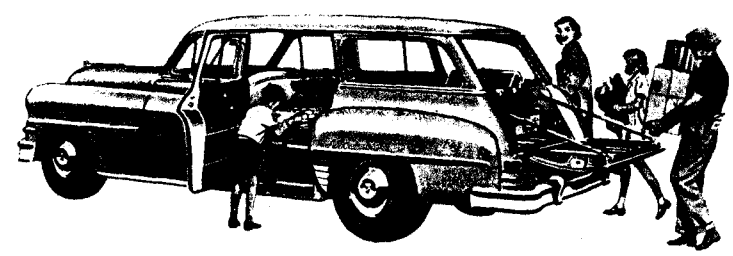
Designed for YOU and your budget, too!...the

1952 DESOTO

See it!...it's on display now at your DeSoto-Plymouth dealer's. You never rode so smoothly or drove so easily. And you most certainly never owned a car that gives you so much in quality, yet demands so little in upkeep!



Big high-compression engine! Big brakes! Long wheelbase! Waterproof ignition! Safety-Rim wheels!...and you drive without shifting!



Leg-and luggage room galore in every DeSoto model...chair-high seats, big windows, wider doors...room aplenty to stretch out and relax.

★

DE SOTO DIVISION • CHRYSLER CORPORATION

DESOTO-PLYMOUTH Dealers present **GROUCHO MARX** in "You Bet Your Life" every week on both RADIO and TELEVISION...NBC networks.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Smooth Shave?

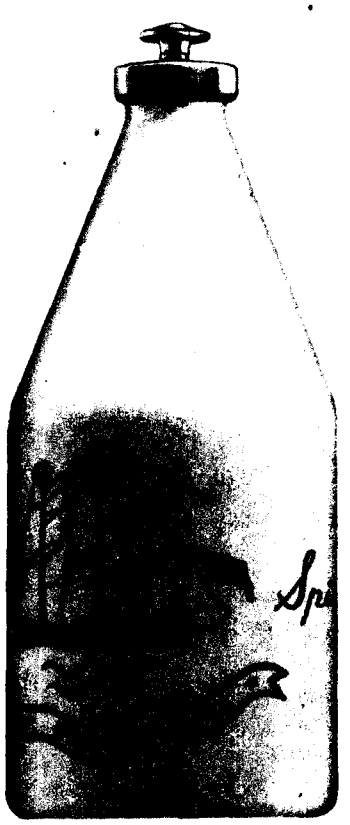
Smooth You!

EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice®
FOR MEN

for that Top-of-the-World feeling

while shaving

after shaving



SHAVING CREAM
Lather and Brushless
.50

AFTER SHAVE LOTION
100 plus tax
(large size 1.75)

SHULTON
New York Toronto

BRING THE WORLD TO ITS SENSES BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE. HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS UPON YOUR BRILLIANT JOURNALISTIC ACHIEVEMENT. HERB GREY, Medford, Oregon

. . . I will not subscribe to any magazine that deliberately and maliciously provokes World War III. I was shocked and disgusted at the prominent names that collaborated with you to produce such a vile issue. MRS. L. BRANDES, Fairlawn, New Jersey

. . . You have done more with one issue than anyone has done in five years to talk the Russians out of World War III. THE REVEREND JOHN M. MILLER, Brooklyn, N.Y.

. . . The Preview of the War We Do Not Want is an extraordinary editorial achievement. WALTER J. KOHLER, JR., Governor of Wisconsin

. . . I am most happy to put your "spectacular" issue in the waste, UNREAD. MAYRENE GARRETT, Houston, Texas

. . . CONGRATULATIONS ON BRINGING THE WAR NOBODY WANTS SO CLEARLY INTO FOCUS. KENNETH E. LIVINGSTON, M.D., Portland, Ore.

. . . You have demonstrated to the world the importance of the principle "without vision the people perish" through the publication of your startling issue of October 27th. Congratulations on your tremendous effort to stimulate the thinking and vision not only of our American people but the thinking people of the world. I join you in your prayers that your contribution may be an important one in helping to prevent World War III. ELBERT N. CARVEL, Governor of Delaware

. . . YOUR NEW ISSUE OF COLLIER'S MOST FASCINATING AND ORIGINAL EDITORIAL JOB I HAVE EVER SEEN. HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS. ERNEST V. HEYN, New York, N.Y.

. . . My seven years in Moscow (1932-'39) give me a perspective that is somewhat out of the ordinary, particularly on the articles which deal with Russian reactions. I find the material highly credible . . . and I trust many millions of people will read it and get the point. JOHN L. VAN ZANT, Chicago, Ill.

. . . I found (the issue) fascinating, plausible and with a high impact on our thinking. Congratulations. HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE, New York, N.Y.

. . . The new issue of Collier's is a journalistic masterpiece. Its realism, both editorially and pictorially, is frightening. Yet it drills home that our liberty is a priceless treasure and that, at whatever cost, we will preserve it. I hope you achieve your excellent purpose and awaken the tyrants to the fact that another war would be suicidal for them.

The granite fact is that our republic, in which the people are the pedestal, is built on a broad and secure base. No matter how strong or aggressive a tyranny may become, it must topple because despotism balances precariously on a narrow base. DAVID B. CHARNAY, New York, N.Y.

. . . It certainly is a new note in magazine editing, not only as to idea but as a demonstration of editorial desire to make a few *things plain that must* be made plain if this sorry old world is ever going to come to its senses. I salute Collier's for your contribution. VICTOR E. COOLEY, St. Louis, Mo.

. . . The coverage that you have given to this most important subject . . . is such that it cannot help but instill in the minds of the American people the great possible danger that confronts us. FREDERICK G. PAYNE, Governor of Maine

. . . If the well-reasoned and documented discussion of how the free world would win World War III if Russia should start it can convince the Kremlin . . . they can't win, Collier's will have served our nation and the free world well. A. WILLIS ROBERTSON, U.S. Senator from Virginia

. . . I would say that you have done an outstanding job in the preparation of this issue and we commend you for it. The subject matter presented is entitled to very careful consideration. LEE E. EMERSON, Governor of Vermont

. . . As soon as we are forced into a war, we will strike back with every possible force. They must never be teased with the idea that Washington, New York or any other American city need be atomized before we will strike. For in that is temptation to Russia. For if you can deliver such blows, you have a chance to win. And psychological warfare must be applied to the leaders of the Soviet combine as well as to the little people—simply that they have no chance! MAJOR R. H. LAKE, Fort Knox, Kentucky

. . . I read the issue from cover to cover. Aside from being a magnificent piece of creative work, it contains a message which is required reading for everyone . . . This is probably the most important issue ever published by any magazine. Let us hope that all parties concerned will take notice. CHARLES J. KOMAIKO, Chicago, Ill.

. . . I haven't enough superlatives at my command to express my appreciation for the October 27th Collier's. I can only say, "All this and Bill Mauldin, too!" MRS. R. A. BARRETT, Southern Pines, N.C.

We think you will like this Mauldin cartoon, too. We didn't have space for it in the October 27th issue.

"Honey, it ain't fair to judge all of us jest because somebody put up a pitcher of Sergeant O'Rourke."

. . . I have just finished reading your uniformly excellent issue of October 27th, and the thought has occurred to me that readers of the non-English-speaking world would no doubt like to read this issue in their native tongues. This is the finest piece of anti-World War III propaganda that I have seen to date, and therefore it seems a shame to restrict its message to English-speaking people. P. W. A., Washington, D.C.

. . . I want to be among the first to congratulate you on your Preview issue. You have done the whole world an estimable service.

For sheer intellectual power, packed into one issue at one time, there is no equal in the entire history of the publishing business. With all my confidence in the miracle that is America, I had not thought that any one group could integrate such tremendous force to bear upon the solution of history's greatest international problem.

(Continued on page 46)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I'M SENDING CHESTERFIELDS to all my friends.
That's the merriest Christmas any smoker can have—
Chesterfield mildness plus no unpleasant after-taste

Ronald Reagan

see RONALD REAGAN
starring in "HONG KONG" a Pine-Thomas Paramount Production
Color by Technicolor

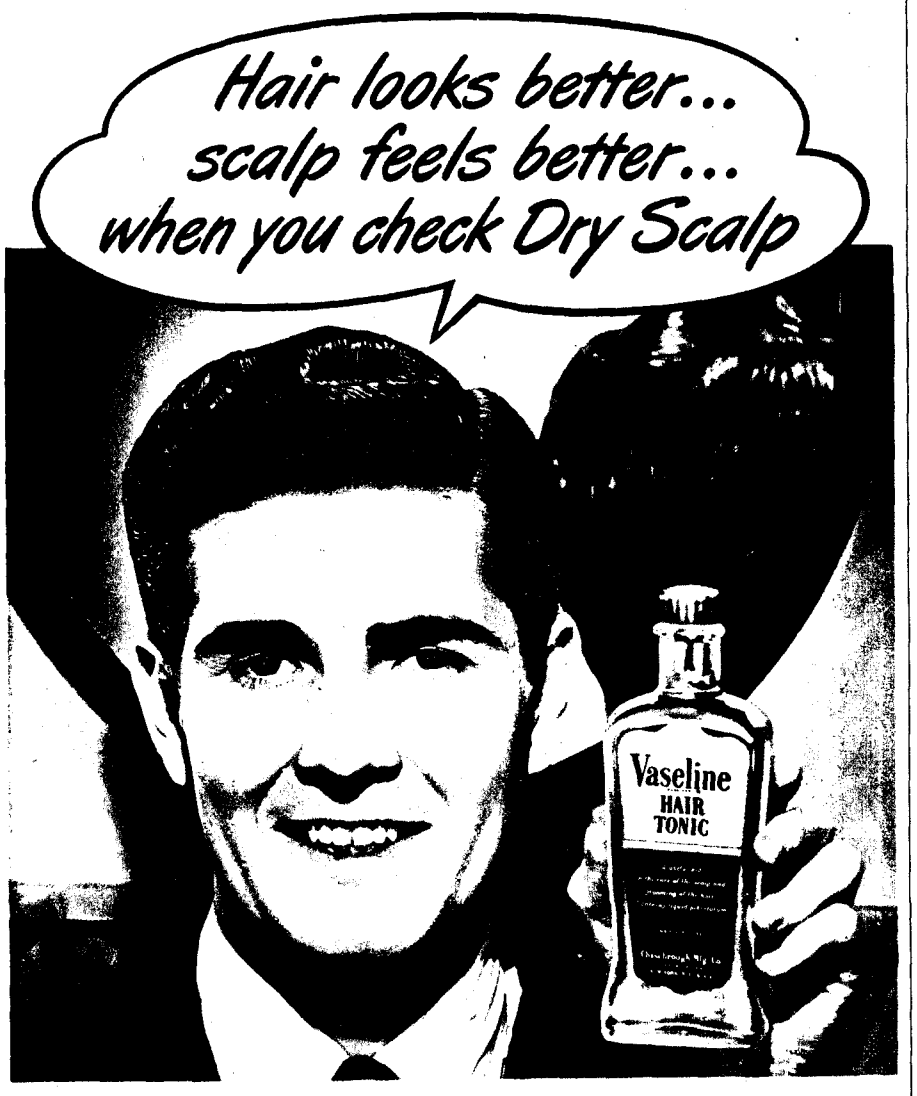
CHESTERFIELD "Buy the beautiful "Christmas-card" carton

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"JEFF ALWAYS HITS the headpin just right, but he'll never make a hit with that head of unruly hair. He's got all the signs of Dry Scalp. Dull, hard-to-manage hair . . . and loose dandruff, too. He'll bowl 'em over, though, when he starts using 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic . . . "

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp



GREAT WAY to start your day! A few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic a day work wonders. It checks loose dandruff and those other annoying signs of Dry Scalp because it supplements the natural scalp oils ...gives your hair that handsome, natural look. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients . . . and it's economical, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

TRADE MARK ®

VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd

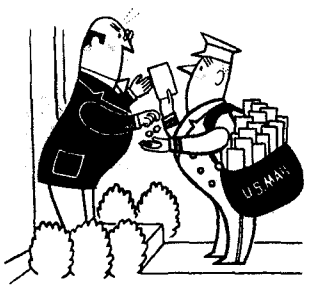
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Johnny Winn, our postman, delivered a package from Dr. G. H. Buffum, of Sheridan, Wyoming. It's an Alaskan Indian deer horn. Supposed to be very effective with stags who think they're hearing the bawl of a doe in distress and come a-running. Directions say that with a slight adjustment it will fool ducks, too. Moreover, if you stick the far end into the water and tootle softly, all the fish within hearing will rally round begging to be caught. Mr. Winn told us to try it in the evening when, he said, deer are more foolish than they are in broad daylight. We have done so. We probably need practice, because no deer showed up. However, eight or 10 strange and not very friendly dogs answered the call and a large hawk appeared, hovering overhead, doubtless convinced that dinner was about to be served. Under pressure from two of the dogs, we retreated to the house to plan our future game calling. Probably from an attic window.

★ ★ ★

With some difficulty we wrench our thoughts from large and important world affairs to consider the plight of a Bloomington, Indiana, candidate for city council. While in Canada on vacation, he mailed



several hundred post cards to his fellow townsmen who, he hoped, were going to vote for him. To each card he affixed a one-cent stamp. Each addressee who accepted a card had to pay the postman two additional cents postage—the Canadian rate. This, it seems, is one of the most difficult ways to win people over to your side. Haven't yet heard the results of the voting.

★ ★ ★

It's likely that no one knows Senator Taft better than his administrative assistant, Mr. I. Jack Martin. Nevertheless, somebody is always introducing Mr. Martin to the senator. Mr. Martin and the senator shake hands gravely and tell each other that it is indeed a pleasure. Mr. Martin accompanies Senator Taft in all the latter's cross-country trudgings and, being a quiet, self-effacing fellow, usually may be found far back in the crowd when the welcoming local politicians close in. Invariably, one of the ambitious welcomers grabs Mr. Martin, asks his name, hustles him forward and tells the senator he has the pleasure of presenting Mr. Martin. Now and then, the senator leans forward and says, "Sorry, I didn't catch the name." And occasionally Mr. Martin asks the senator for his autograph. They're gradually becoming pretty good friends.

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Finlay Jones notifies us that the old city hall in Boise, Idaho, vacated three years ago, is being equipped as a canteen for servicemen. This, says Mrs. Jones, will be a great improvement over the days when it was "a rendezvous for disservice men." Mrs. Jones adds helpfully that she is, of course, referring to the politicians who used to hang around there.

★ ★ ★

We just heard this one. It was after the football game. The University of San Francisco had just licked the University of Idaho 28 to 7. An Idaho student was explaining to a lad from victorious San Francisco that the odds were all in favor of the latter because San Francisco has no coeds to distract the minds of the players. "Listen," said San Francisco, "what are you kicking about? We'll swap you—our team for your gals."

★ ★ ★

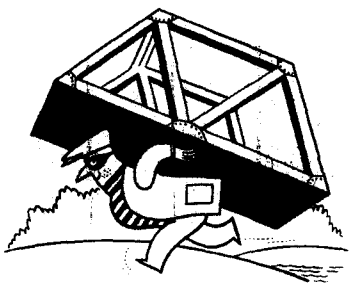
Oklahoma recently passed herself a law under which fathers abandoning motherless children can be punished. But the law doesn't work. Here's what happens: the father deserts the kids, leaving them without support. The Oklahoma welfare people step in and see to it that the children don't starve. The Oklahoma police locate the father, turn him over to the prosecutor. The prosecutor asks for legal evidence on which to prosecute, willing and even eager to cage the old man for quite a spell. The possessors of that evidence are the welfare people. But the federal government has its own law, which forbids the welfare people to testify, because to do so would be to make public facts about people receiving public aid (the children), to which the federal government contributes. Therefore, the absconding father is turned loose. Just how cockeyed a law can get is not known here. But until something screwier turns up, we'll play this one.

★ ★ ★

Just got a letter from Mrs. Noreen McCooley, of Columbia, South Carolina. Says she knows a bald-headed man who has figured that having no hair to comb saves him 15 minutes a day. He says, she says, that this means a saving of a little more than 91 hours a year. He figures that in these 91 hours he made about one hundred and fifty dollars, half of which he invested in tonics and treatments aimed at growing hair on his nude head. The other half he spent for a toupee. Anyway, he now has hair which he grooms tenderly and carefully for 30 minutes each evening before hanging it up and going to bed. Mrs. McCooley has entered this item in the Beautiful Nonsense contest held annually in Miami, Florida.

★ ★ ★

At the urgent request of Mr. Whipp (Big Bull) Cluney, of McPherson, Kansas, we beg of you to look around your neighborhood for a stray bridge. Mr. Cluney says

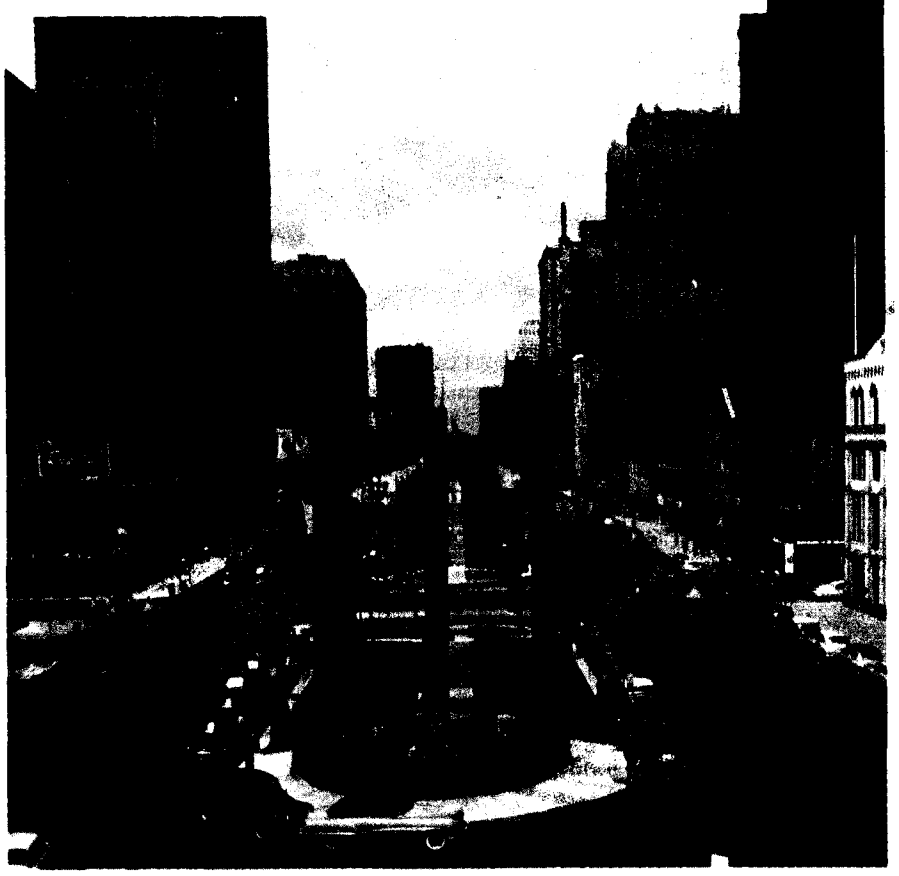


they've discovered that the steel bridge that used to span the Smoky Hill River near Lindsborg is missing. It is common belief that the July floods were responsible,

(Continued on page 45)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Best seller in Detroit!

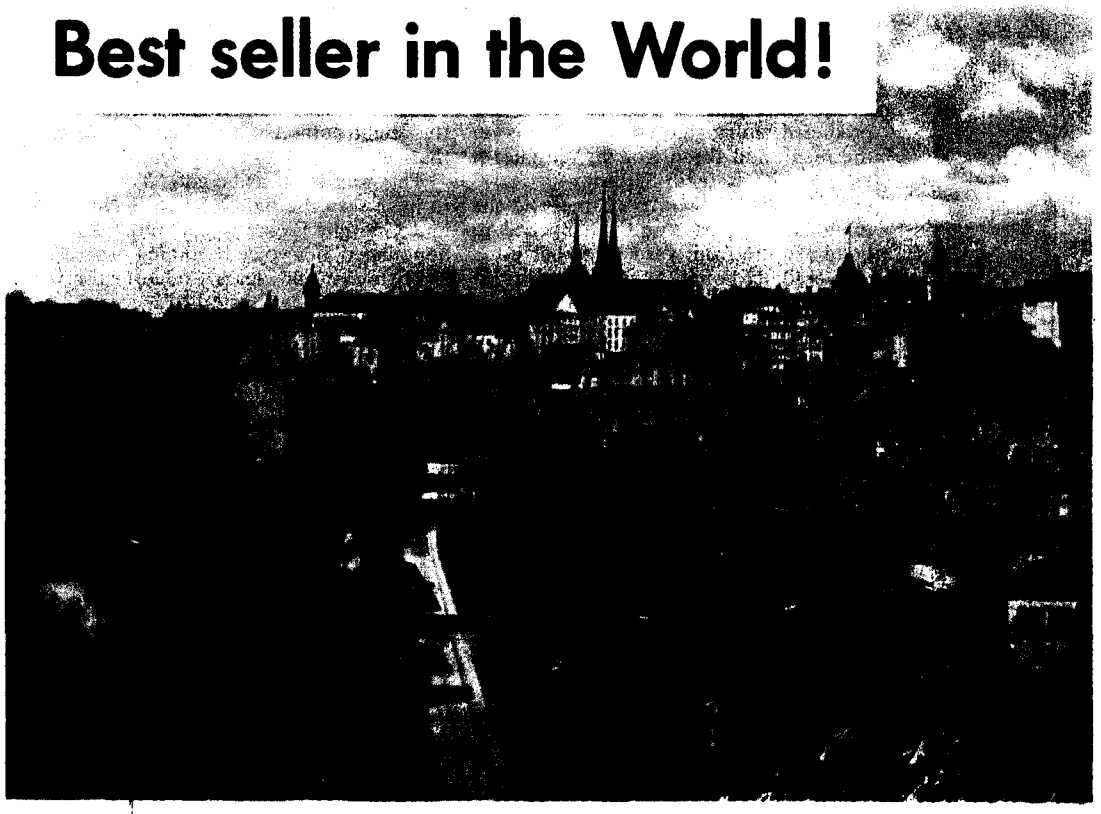


Car makers know a tire can be built to excel in mileage alone, or safety, or comfort —but that Goodyears are built to combine more of *all* these important qualities. These experts demand top, *all-around* performance . . . *and they put more Goodyear tires on the new cars than any other kind!* (Above: Washington Blvd., Detroit, Mich.)

Best seller in America!

America's motorists drive *billions* of miles, yearly, over all kinds of roads. They've learned by experience that, for the *triple* value of greater traction, softer ride and longer wear, Goodyear tires have no equal. *They buy more Goodyear Super-Cushions than any other low-pressure tire!* (Above: Mt. Rose, Nevada.)

Best seller in the World!



More people the world over ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind! Next time you need tires, ask yourself this—*doesn't it stand to reason that the tire that gives the most people the greatest satisfaction is the tire for you to buy?* (Above: Luxembourg, from Rue de Trèves.)

More people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind

Super Cushion by GOODYEAR

Super-Cushion, T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He Thinks He's The Brains Of The Family!
NANCY, IF YOU HAVE A GRUDGE, IT ISN'T SMART NOT TO TELL ME! GROW UP, HONEY! LET'S HEAR IT!
JACK, WHEN IT COMES TO BAD BREATH, I'M SMARTER THAN YOU ARE! I'M SORRY, DARLING, BUT—WON'T YOU SEE OUR DENTIST? PLEASE!
OOPS!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH. AND THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!
LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM DOES A SUPER JOB OF POLISHING TEETH, TOO! AND HOW I GO FOR COLGATE'S GRAND WAKE-UP FLAVOR!
COLGATE CARE, PLUS A BRAINY WIFE, INSURES A HAPPY FAMILY LIFE!

READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

MOST THOROUGHLY PROVED AND ACCEPTED HOME METHOD OF ORAL HYGIENE KNOWN TODAY!

Reader's Digest recently reported the very same research which proves that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed that the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other toothpaste or powder—ammoniated or not—offers such proof—the most conclusive proof ever reported for a dentifrice of any type!

Use Colgate Dental Cream
To Clean Your Breath
While You Clean Your Teeth—
And Help Stop Tooth Decay!

*YOU SHOULD KNOW! Colgate's, while not mentioned by name, was the *one and only* toothpaste used in the scientific research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

Now You HEAR It and Now You DON'T

By PARKE CUMMINGS

ROBERT DAY

It was at this point that Patsy told us about the party

IF a competent psychologist could explain to me exactly what motivates the conversational habits of the young of the human species, I would listen attentively. Why does a child give a realistic imitation of a clam one minute and of a magpie the next?

Recently our Patsy, who would nominally appear to qualify as a normal eight-year-old girl, was invited to a party, an invitation she accepted with alacrity and enthusiasm. "It's going to be the best party I ever went to," she predicted, going into copious details on the menu and the list of invited guests. "I just can't wait till Saturday!"

Patsy waited, Saturday came, and she attended the party; and I happened to be out in the front yard when her hosts delivered her home. As she came toward me I studied her expression. It had the impassivity of an Indian—a cigar-store Indian. The following conversation then took place.

"Well, well, so you're back! And how was everything?"

"Okay."

"Have a good time?"

"Yup."

"What did you have to eat?"

"Oh—stuff."

"And what did you do?"

"Um—things."

"Come on, now, tell me all about it. Start at the beginning and tell me everything you did and everything you had to eat."

"Umph." Having delivered this last remark, Patsy edged rapidly by me, and entered the house. I followed shortly, just in time to overhear an exact facsimile of our recent conversation—this time between Patsy and her mother.

Virginia turned to me. "Apparently," she said, "Patsy didn't have a very good time after all."

I nodded. "Do you feel sick?" I asked Patsy.

"Nope," replied Patsy.

"You're sure you feel absolutely all right?" pursued her mother.

Our treasure nodded.

An hour or so later a few friends came in for drinks, and, if I do say so, some pretty lively conversation ensued. Charley Saunders and Matt Bruce got into a spirited political argument with pretty impressive overtones.

It was at this point that I became aware of a small figure occupying the center of our living room. It was Patsy, and on her face was the ecstatic expression of one who had seen visions. "Boy!" she said. "Did we have a wonderful feed at that party! Hot dogs and hamburgers—and four different kinds of relish. I had three pieces of cake and all the ice cream I could eat and six bottles of—"

Saunders nodded absently, and then lashed back at Bruce. "Nonsense!" he snapped. "Taft has more affinity for the eighteenth-century English school that—"

This was as far as he got. "You ought to have seen the fight that Susie Horton and Georgie Edwards got into!" Patsy announced, her voice becoming progressively louder and clearer. "George threw a bun at Susie, so Susie—"

Here Patsy's mother coughed nervously, and suggested: "Patsy, why don't you go outside and play?"

"Sure," said Patsy agreeably. "In a minute. And we saw a fox too. A real live fox. It was on top of a wall, and Jimmy Howard chased it. But the fox—"

"Yes," said Virginia. "But you said you were going out to play for a little while."

"That's right," said Patsy. "I am. But do you know what? We had races. We had a potato race, and I came in second. Betty Miller and me. Betty slipped and bruised her knee, but she got up. And we had a treasure hunt too. The treasure was—"

"Now Patsy," interrupted my helpmate. "I don't intend to speak to you again."

"But, gee," pleaded our little raconteur, "can't I tell how Sammy Gordon tore his pants?"

Here I played my first part in the conversation. "Of course you can!" I said emphatically. "You can tell us all about it. In fact we want to know *everything* about that party. Start at the very beginning. Don't leave anything out. Tell us what everybody wore and said and—"

"Umph," said Patsy, and, with the speed of the unchained lightnings, she was gone.

Come to think of it, maybe there isn't anything a psychologist could tell me after all. THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RCA VICTOR television

first 21-inch Super Sets with "Picture Power"!

Clearest "Big-Picture" detail ever

The bigger the screen, the better you see the reasons why you need "Picture Power." Test, compare with any other set—only RCA Victor Super Sets have "Picture Power"!

- These 21-inch Super Sets with Picture Power give you the *sharpest, most detailed* big pictures you've ever seen.
- You get virtually *no interference.*
- *You get clearest reception possible*—whether you're near to or far from the sending station.
- These receivers are ADAPTABLE to U.H.F. and color.
- You get the matchless "Golden Throat" tone system.
- You get the benefit of RCA Victor's unsurpassed engineering and manufacturing know-how.
- You get a complete choice of *beautiful cabinet styles*—no extra charge for mahogany finish.
- You get the world's most popular television set. More people own RCA Victor than any other make.
- You get the dependability of RCA Victor Factory Service.

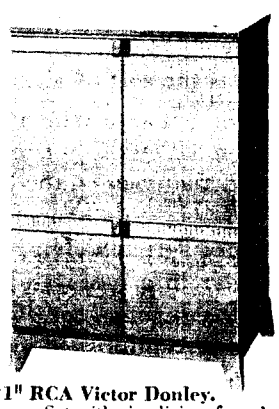
When you buy RCA Victor Television—with RCA Factory Service—you get television's greatest combination. For the best in television service, buy one of RCA Service Company's budget-priced protection plans. The cost—as little as $7 for a year's protection on your RCA Victor picture tube.

21" RCA Victor Suffolk. Super Set with television's clearest, strongest, big-screen pictures. Colonial-style cabinet in walnut, mahogany finish. Limed oak finish slightly higher. Model 21T176, $425.

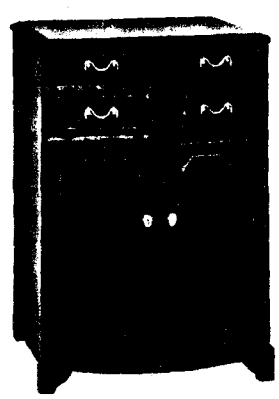
Replace your small-screen set. Now, RCA Victor gives you the kind of big-screen television you've been waiting for. It's the best reason you've ever had for replacing your old small-screen set. Surprisingly easy terms at RCA Victor dealers. Find out today.

21" RCA Victor Clarendon. Super Set with distinctive Provincial styling. Walnut, mahogany or maple finish. Model 21T179, $495.

"Stay-put" doors are a standard feature of all RCA Victor Super Sets. There's a built-in antenna in wood cabinet models.



21" RCA Victor Donley. Super Set with simplicity of good modern design. Model 21T177. Mahogany, walnut finish, $450. Limed oak, shown, $470.



21" RCA Victor Rockingham. Super Set with family-size television. Gracious Regency styling. Model 21T178, $475.

Tune in the Phil Harris Show, Sundays at 8 p.m. New York time, on NBC radio.

Prices shown are suggested list prices and include Federal tax and warranty. Subject to change without notice and to Government Price Ceiling Regulations. Slightly higher in Far West and South. "Victrola"—T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

RCA VICTOR

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

WORLD LEADER IN RADIO . . . FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC . . . FIRST IN TELEVISION

Make your set a phono-combination —only $12.95 including records

Limited time only—you get $6 worth of RCA Victor 45 rpm albums when you buy an RCA Victor that plays "45" records exclusively. "Victrola" 45 Attachment above—only $12.95—plugs into TV sets shown—attaches to any AC radio or phonograph too!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRISONER-OF-WAR CAMPS in Michigan and Illinois were "home" to this young German prisoner for 20 months of World War II. Even from behind the fences, the U. S. and its people looked good to him. "How I wanted to stay there!" he says. Because he is now in Russian-occupied Germany, we cannot publish his name, though both his name and his PW record have been checked and verified by the U. S. Army Adjutant General's office.

"I'M IN THE RUSSIAN ZONE," the ex-PW writes, "sitting in my father's shop watching the socialists smothering the last remnants of private enterprise. There is no future here, except to become a communist and sell the people socialism. And this I'll never do."

HIS LETTER TO THE U. S. had to be smuggled across the Berlin Russian Zone border, and mailed from the address of a friend living in the American Zone. "That is one of the sides of living in a socialist-totalitarian state," he explains.

"I had the good luck to be a prisoner of war"

That's the moving statement in a letter received in the U. S. from a young German now living in the Russian Zone of Germany. He draws a grim picture of the difference between life in free America, even as a prisoner of war, and life under socialism, Russian style.

"It is freedom that makes life worth while," he writes. "You Americans worry about your freedom because you still have it. But socialism means the loss of many other things that make life easier. The wheels of progress not only stop, but eventually turn backward. You find your time taken up by fighting for your basic needs like food and shelter, against an ever more obstructing bureaucracy."

A message like this has a meaning to all Americans. Especially today, when we all are willingly giving government vast powers over our plans, our businesses, our very lives — as the cost of arming against aggression.

But some Americans are trying to take advantage of the present emergency by urging that government own and run many businesses and services permanently — the railroads, the doctors, the electric light and power companies, for example.

There's a great difference between giving up our freedoms *temporarily* and losing them *permanently* to a more and more powerful government. *It's the difference between freedom and socialism.* To help everyone remember this difference, this message is published by America's *business*-managed, tax-paying Electric Light and Power Companies*.

*Names on request from this magazine.

• "MEET CORLISS ARCHER" —CBS—Sundays— 9 P.M., Eastern Time.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BILL STAPLES

Garden party in Formosa: Gen. Chiang, Gov. Dewey, Madame Chiang. In rear, U.S. Admiral Harry B. Jarrett, U.S. Minister Karl Rankin

Beginning:

PACI[illegible] RI[illegible]

Free China [illegible]

By THOMAS E. DEWEY

In addition to strong defenses in Europe, American freedom requires strong allies in the Pacific whose 270,000,000 free people could give us the balance of power for peace. But is Japan safe? What of Indonesia, Formosa, the Philippines, Australia and New Zealand? To study these questions at first-hand, Governor Dewey traveled 41,000 miles and this is the first of a series of reports which are part of a book to be published later. "This does not pretend," he says, "to be an authoritative economic and political analysis of the entire Pacific. It is just a report of what one American who has spent 20 years in public life saw and thought"

I

THE most dramatic and the most deeply hurt figure I met in the Orient was Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. I had seen Madame Chiang on her visits to this country but not the generalissimo, who has never been to America. We first met at tea at his simple home on the fortress island of Formosa. Since I was dining with the Chiangs two days later, I had expected to stay only an hour but the conversation ran for two hours and a half.

It started out as a delightful tea party, just the Chiangs, Karl Rankin, the American Minister to Free China, and Shen Chang-huan, the government spokesman who served as an interpreter. We talked of conditions on the mainland under the Communists, the imminent peril to southeast Asia, the Korean war and the new Japan. I was about to go when the explosive subject of the Japanese Peace Treaty came up.

I was the first person out from the U.S. the generalissimo had seen since it had been announced that neither Free China nor Red China was to be invited to San Francisco to sign the treaty. The depth of Chiang's emotion and that of Madame Chiang was so real that it swept away every other subject. They felt that we had again forgotten our ancient friendship for China. This deep feeling, so emotional and so intense, was almost impossible to reason with.

I did my best to explain the necessities which brought about this handling of the Japanese Peace Treaty and fortunately I was familiar with the details. To win that peace was a single task of the utmost urgency and difficulty. It required cooperation by British Commonwealth and Far Eastern countries, all of which had either recognized Red China or felt that the generalissimo was no longer the actual government of China, in the sense of being able to speak for and bind all China to a treaty of peace.

Toward the end of the discussion Karl Rankin

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of the farmers on Formosa struggling to raise food for the island's 7,000,000 people

This farm scene, typical of those visited by New York's governor, is 20 miles from Taipeh

A Chinese machine-gun crew practices for Dewey and Major General W. C. Chase, head of U.S. military advisory group. Beside Dewey is Gen. Sun Li-jen, Nationalist ground commander

spoke for the first time. In five minutes, he made a forceful and effective summary of the American position. He did a better job than I had done and I was proud to have him representing my country.

Throughout my days on Formosa this subject came up in every meeting and in every form. No explanation can assuage the searing humiliation, the injured pride, the dreadful sense of frustration and abandonment on the island of Formosa today.

It is a tense drama for control of China, the most populous nation in the world, that is being played on Formosa, one of the most beautiful islands of the world. The very name means "beautiful," and, according to legend was bestowed by a Portuguese mariner in the fourteenth century who exclaimed when he saw it, *"Ilha Formosa!"* On this island, little more than 200 miles long and 100 miles wide, shaped like a leaf, the government of Free China carries on in exile—on Chinese territory but in exile from the mainland.

Here is the flower of China's culture, here are scores of Chinese men and women who were educated in American universities and who understand freedom. Here are respected elder statesmen, young political leaders, scientists and scholars. All are covered with the bruises of military and political defeats. All suffer a sense of abandonment and frustration. But here, too, is a determination one day to return to the mainland and liberate their beloved China from the iron heel of the Communist conquerors.

My introduction to Formosa, or Taiwan, as it is called in both Japanese and Chinese, was at a dinner given by the Premier of the Republic, Chen Cheng. First a teacher, then a long-time leader in the liberal, revolutionary forces for uniting a free China under Chiang, he became a general—and a successful one. But his basic interests are the philosophical and political leadership of government. A thin, tiny man, dressed simply in a gray, peasant's tunic and trousers, quiet of speech and scholarly by nature, he makes an increasingly profound impression on any listener.

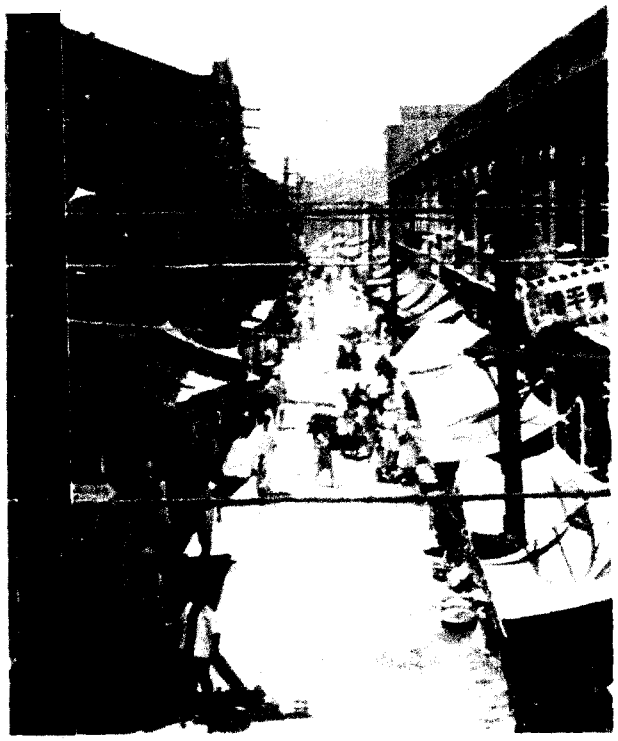
His dinner party consisted of members of the government. It was my first on Chinese soil, and I found it completely fascinating. After tea—not cocktails—had been served, we sat down to dinner at two tables of 12. The Chinese rice wine, which has the flavor of a fine, mild French sauterne, was served immediately with the first course, as was also beer, which turns up on every table in the Orient. You finally accept beer as a substitute for water, or you stay dry.

For centuries, tomorrow's food has been a principal preoccupation of the Chinese. As a result, it is an ingrained tradition that, however dark the world may seem, eating should be a cheerful social occasion, spread through many courses. Drinking should never be for drinking's sake—but to give or respond to a toast or a pleasantry. Even more civilized and delightful is the custom that permits and rather expects the guests to rise at the end of dinner and after 10 minutes or so go home to bed.

The first course was served in a large hollowed-out squash, piping hot, with pieces of melon, fish, shrimp, mushroom and some bread, all cooked together. It sounds confusing; it was delicious. This, like each succeeding course, was placed in the center of the table and the premier served me and Shen Chang-huan, the government spokesman, who was on my right. The other guests helped themselves in turn.

Each dish included a small quantity of inexpensive, native food. It was the skill of its preparation that made it an experience to remember. Later courses included a delicate crawfish, soup, green string beans and soybean sprouts, soybean curds with mushrooms, pickled eggs which might be two, three or four years old or, as someone suggested, perhaps a thousand years old. That startled me,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Business street in downtown Taipeh, largest city on Formosa and center of opposition to Communists

A youngster buys a cold lemonade on a busy street in Taipeh. Street vendors like him are numerous

Dewey gives a light to K. C. Wu, 48, governor of Taiwan (Formosa)

A food vendor in Taipeh. Tomorrow's meal is the eternal preoccupation of the Chinese on Formosa

Chiang has 600,000 soldiers on Formosa, but only half are trained. They need leadership, equipment

Dewey pauses during his extensive tour of island to talk with children

particularly since they were almost black. But however old, they were wonderfully good and tasted almost exactly like the yolk of a fresh-laid chicken egg. Serve this with pickled Chinese cabbage and wild mustard and you have an exotic and very good dish.

The subject of table manners came up. K. C. Wu, the able governor of Taiwan, announced with a smile that in China there are no table manners. Others immediately disagreed with him. They held that there are, indeed, table manners in China: whatever the guest does is right. After considerable banter around the table, all agreed that everyone could eat in any manner that suited his own taste without offending either his host or the other guests. The only condition is that you enjoy yourself, and that, everybody did.

Fried chicken seems to be a universal dish. At this meal it was served broken up into small pieces that could be picked up conveniently with chopsticks. I have never had finer chicken, and as a seasoned political campaigner, I am an authority on chicken dinners.

In the course of this delightful meal, a few things on this incredibly complex island began to get in focus. The men in authority are young. The government spokesman is thirty-eight. K. C. Wu, who is regarded as the ablest administrator in the government, is forty-eight. The premier himself is fifty-four. This group is spirited, bitterly experienced and aggressive. We analyzed some of the reasons for the victory of the Communists on the mainland. It was agreed that a first element was that they successfully incited class hatred by tenants against landlords and by employees against employers.

Another major factor in the Communists' successes has been their battle cry, "Asia for the Asians." The people of the Orient feel deeply that for centuries the white man has exploited them. They want no more domination from the Western World. They do not intend to have it. The Communists know it is easier to make the masses hate than to make them love. They teach hatred of the French in Indochina, hatred of the British in Malaya and China, hatred of the Americans everywhere.

One of the wisest men at the premier's dinner told me with deep earnestness, as did many others, that a fundamental problem for the United States is to convince Orientals that we, too, believe in Asia for the Asians. Moreover, that we practice our belief. By our acts and through our propaganda we should hammer, hammer, hammer that Korea should be for the Koreans, not for the Russians; that China should be for the Chinese, not for the Russians; that Indochina should be for the Indochinese, not for the Russians; that Japan should be for the Japanese, not for the Russians.

This seems to me a simple and powerful propaganda program. Focus the spotlight on the Russian imperialists. They are the alien aggressors and oppressors in Asia. They have been falsely accusing us of imperialism, of exploitation, while they practice both—and we should not let them get away with it.

Here on Formosa, in Hong Kong and in every other country I visited, I was impressed with the great need of another important change in our official attitude. One of our most damaging errors in the East has been our presumptuous desire to make Asia over in the image of Western civilization. This is an impossibility. The East is very old. Its cultures are deeply rooted. Orientals do not feel inferior to us, and they are not inferior. They do not care to be reformed by us in terms of green tile bathrooms, and "the American way of life," an expression that has no meaning helpful to us in the Orient. They do not want to be made over into our image. They love their own traditions and cultures, even as we love ours. We should respect

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

theirs even as we hope they will respect ours.

We talk of freedom and democracy. The Russians talk of "democracy" too. And to the Oriental, freedom is a strange word. He doesn't know what it means. In his experience, government has always taken more from him than it has given him. To him, all government is a nuisance. Since that is so, he wants a native government, good or bad, not a white man's government.

What of the future of Free China? Has the Chiang government risen in public esteem now that the people have seen the horrors of the Communist rule? Would the people rally to his banner if he invaded the mainland? Have the mass executions turned the people against the Communist government? Some answers are clear, others clouded in doubt.

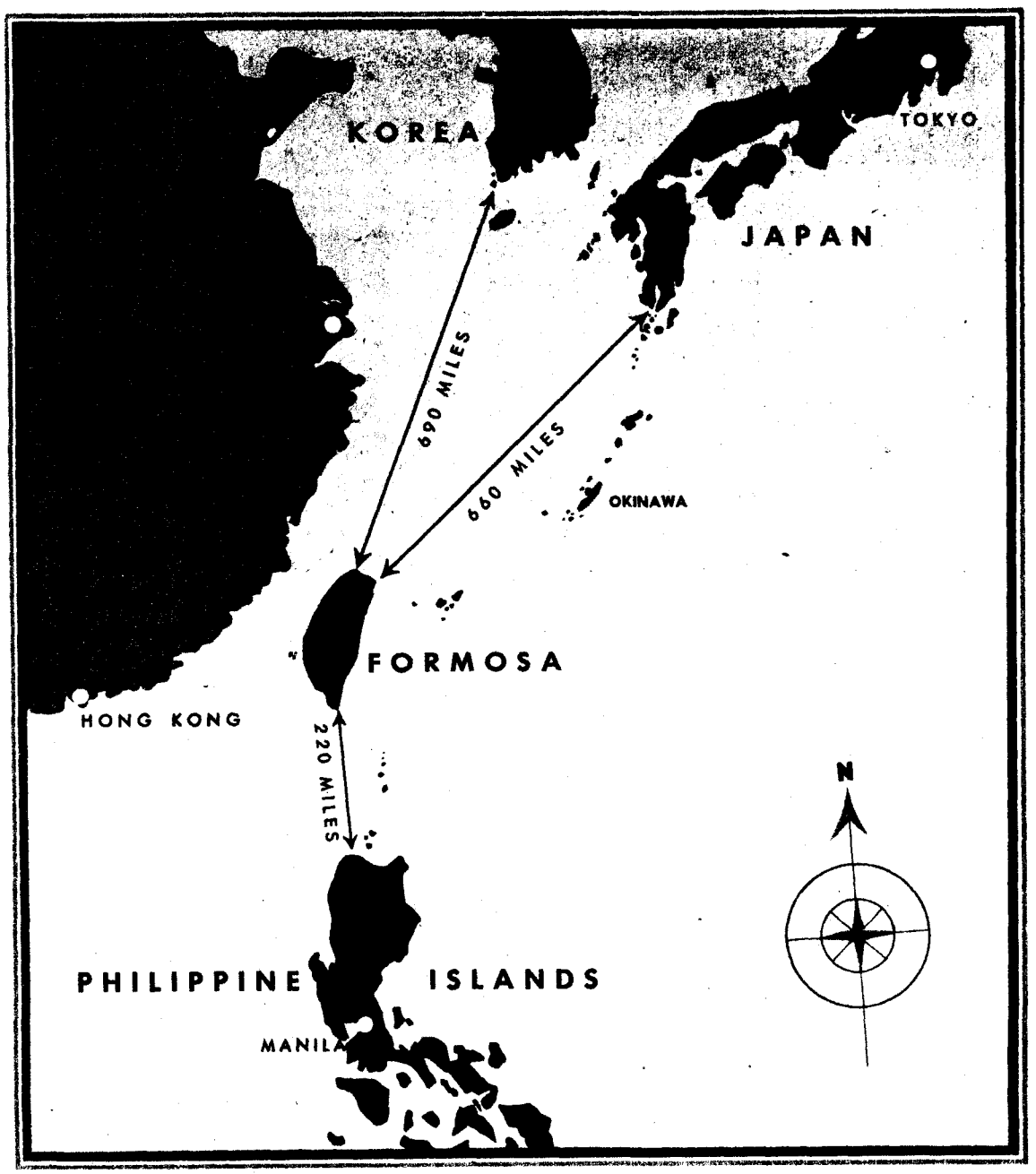
The theory of the mass executions by Mao Tse-tung's Red government is very simple: if a government kills off all its opponents, there will be nobody left but its friends and those who do not dare to oppose it. The Chinese leaders on Formosa admit that the mass executions are working. One said that if the Communists kept China for 10 years they would have an iron hold which could never be broken. Another feared that even two more years would break the spirit of the people.

The final insult to China's family tradition is a sharply calculated Communist move. Mao Tse-tung has used the Russian practice of getting wives to denounce husbands, children to denounce their parents. They are systematically and savagely breaking the family unit, the traditional basis of all China's society.

The purges and mass executions are equally cold and calculated. The "mass trials" reported by the Peiping radio are not trials at all. They are merely public shows at which the people are whipped up into a frenzy of hatred against a group of already condemned prisoners who are then shot before the people's eyes in an orgy of blood lust. I talked with people in several countries who personally witnessed these executions this year and they report scenes too horrible to describe.

Eighty per cent of the Chinese live in rural areas and there the formula is exact. The order has gone out that 500 must be killed out of every 10,000. The victims are usually former "landlords," small businessmen and intellectuals, who might understand freedom and favor America—all "enemies of the people." Often the victims are brought from distant areas so their identity will not be known. After they have been secretly tried, the public trial and denunciation is held as a mass spectacle and the peasants are required to beat the victims long after they are dead, until every member of the mob has taken part. This skillful psychological trick makes sure that each person has blood on his hands and fear in his heart.

Is it possible that this reign of terror can win the loyalty of the Chinese people to Mao Tse-tung? The answer is no. But the answer is also that all opposition can be crushed until a fanatical new generation is educated and trained in Red schools. Until this new generation takes over, Mao Tse-tung will have troubles—and I hope, through my proposals here, his troubles can be multiplied. He has some troubles on the land now.



AL TARTER

Map shows graphically the importance of Formosa to our defense. Should Reds from mainland take the island, Japan and the Philippines will be placed in danger of capture if war comes

In most of China the Communists did carry out a land reform program. They gave the Chinese peasants an average of roughly an acre apiece. Freed of rents to the landlords, millions thought this was the millennium. But their enthusiasm was short-lived. They found that the new taxes imposed by the Communists were so much harsher that they amounted to more than the old taxes plus the former landlords' rents. With the Chinese invasion of Korea, the taxes increased still more and they were collected with an iron hand. Inflation was stamped out through this simple process of depriving the people of any money whatsoever to spend.

No generalization can be entirely true, but the people I talked with who have been in China most within recent months confirmed a rising unrest over economic conditions.

There are real cracks in the Communist armor in China. But whether the forces of Nationalist China can move quickly enough and effectively enough to regain the mainland is the big question. Time is running out. Guerrilla forces have been reduced to pockets. Systematic murder, extermination of intellectuals, landlords and businessmen, is having its effect. In the light of the evidence as of today, those who wait and hope for a break between Mao and Moscow are waiting in vain. It cannot come soon enough to help. Every day that our government continues its vacillation, confusion and refusal to work all-out for Free China is another day of help to Communist China.

Even if Nationalist China were as bad as its enemies paint it, I would favor supporting it as one of the forces necessary to keep the Reds from overrunning the whole Pacific. If Chiang Kai-shek were as bad as his enemies claim, he would still be a thousand times better than Mao Tse-tung, who has killed American boys for a year in Korea.

How Would Nationalist Army Fight?

On Formosa is the largest anti-Communist army in the whole of the Pacific. There are some 600,000 men in that army and perhaps half of them are well trained. Will they fight? Throughout all history the Chinese always have fought well under good leadership.

They certainly look as though they will fight. I visited a camp near Taipeh in the company of General Sun Li-jen, a graduate of Purdue University and of Virginia Military Institute. He is a real soldier. Despite the handicaps placed upon him, General Sun is vigorously building a real fighting army to the limits of his authority and resources. We visited a regiment on the field, divided into groups engaged in various exercises. Some were throwing hand grenades into a small square. Next was a company engaged in bayonet practice. Others were receiving rigorous rifle training. Still more were putting machine guns together blindfolded on split-second timing, while others were erecting and operating field radio stations under the pressure of simulated battle conditions.

Our new Military Assistance Advisory Group had not yet seen the whole army in training, but I think I can say that what they have seen is good. The old China hands among the M.A.A.G. say the Chinese make great pilots—when they have airplanes to fly.

There are grave defects in the military and governmental picture. Just by way of comparison, all the officers of the rank of general or admiral in the whole American Army, Navy and Air Force number about 1,100. On Formosa there are 1,700 generals!

Any island of 7,500,000 people which must support a great national government, an army of 600,000 with 1,700 generals, is in trouble. Formosa is in trouble. There is no retirement system. Most of the generals are dreaming of again commanding divisions and armies on the mainland. But too many of them are not fighting generals. And too many are engaged primarily in intrigue and political activity.

Why doesn't Chiang clean house and get rid of his huge accumulation of unnecessary generals and public officers? He cannot—he is a prisoner of his past successes. I have never seen it put this way but I think the difficulty is quite clear.

For years China was divided under the control of many war lords. By force and then by compromise the generalissimo *(Continued on page 71)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We'd lie there under the cottonwoods and talk about the old days and how we'd of run away and got jobs on the steamboats

HIGH-CLASS

BY [illegible]

When we were kids, all Stud Elliott and I could think of was how we'd work on the river boats someday. Stud's on the river now, and I'm—well, I'd just as soon not say where I am

SOMEPLACE west of Chicago, on that auto trip to the Black Hills, you'll come to a bridge that arches high above a river, a pretty big river, and that'll be the Mississippi.

"Look, now put them comic books down, you children. This is the Mississippi River," says Papa.

"I got another of my sick headaches coming on," says Mother. "Stop at the next drugstore and I'll pick up some aspern tablets. I wonder is this bridge safe?"

Ever since the family left Massillon, Mother has been wondering if the bridges are safe.

"Papa, c'n we have an ice cream Smoozie bar?" says little Verne, pinching the baby surreptitiously to see if she'll squawk.

"I wonder will we find a good motel in Fort Dodge," says Mother.

"I am glad," says Papa, "that we are spending fifty dollars a day on this educational trip, because it is sure improving the kiddies' minds and broadening their horizons."

By then, the Mississippi is behind and the kids return to fighting over the comic books; the baby throws up, and Mother says did you remember to stop the paper before we left?

Looking at famous rivers en route is not very profitable anyway as most of them look alike to the amateur, while viewing something like the Dickeyville Grotto, in Dickeyville, Wisconsin, which is a shrine built by hand entirely of broken glass and reject onyx gearshift knobs, gives you something to talk about when you are bragging up the trip at home.

The upper Mississippi is nevertheless something to brag about to the inhabitants of its valley and it gets worked overtime in high-school descriptive themes and pamphlets issued by the chamber of commerce; and rightly so, for it is really some river. There's a lot of fish in it and history galore, and there's scenery and boating and hunting and hand-painted sunsets, and in the fall of the year the ducks and geese begin flopping down into the sloughs, and the bluffs turn all different colors as the autumn haze drifts through the birches and back to the prairies.

But a big river like this without any shipping on it is a lonesome and tragic affair, no matter how beautiful it all is, and that's the way it was up until the government put in the dams and created the slack-water system. In the twenties, when I was a kid, there wasn't any shipping, and in the course of a whole summer vacation spent bumming around on the river between Cassville Chute and Bellevue, Iowa, I don't believe we'd seen more than half a dozen steamboats; there was the old Elinor, the government boat that maintained the buoy and light system for a nonexistent river traffic; there was the mighty excursion steamer Capitol, whose popcorn machine you could smell upstream a mile and a half, and whose colored jazz band could be heard pretty nearly to Chicago; and once in a while somebody would send a few barges of coal to St. Paul in front of some Ohio River steamboat and they'd spend two months getting there, aground most of the time.

We'd lie in the shade down on Nine Mile Island, Stud Elliott and I, and watch one of these curiosities go by. "Just think," he'd say. "Back a few years there were packets and raft boats and all kinds of steamboats up in here. Wouldn't that be gay, though? Man, I wished it was them old times, don't you?"

Then we'd fry up some catfish and lie there under the cottonwoods and talk about the old days and how we'd of run away and got jobs on the steamboats; Stud said it was easy to get a job in the engine room in those times but you had to have pull to get a cub pilot's job. I thought about it so much I do believe I'd have done anything on earth to be a cub pilot on the Grey Eagle or the Key City or the Morning Star or even the Uncle Toby. We knew the names of all the old boats—boats that had died, some of them, thirty years or more before we were born—because we used to *(Continued on page 56)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK MC CARTHY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KILLER IN THE PASS

By HAL G. EVARTS

Trapped in the lonely mountain pass, Nanka Tal stared down at the huge snow wolf. It could wait, but he could not. He must outwit it, or this refuge would become his grave

NANKA TAL stirred under his blanket, shivering in the dawn's bitter chill, and raised his head to listen. It came again, the thin, quavering sound—half howl and half cry—that had wakened him; then it faded away on a lingering, mournful note. For fully another minute he lay motionless, all his senses alert, but he heard only the moan of the wind outside. He got to his feet unsteadily, rubbing his eyes, threw a shell into the chamber of his rifle, and pushed open the door of the hut.

A blast of cold air whipped at his face and he blinked against it, peering out at the bleak frozen mass of Rongbar La. The snow, scoured by constant winds here on the summit of the pass, lay only a few inches deep, but the drifts on either slope covered the trail, higher than a man's head. It had taken Nanka Tal two days to climb up through those drifts from the village, a climb that in any other winter he could have made in several hours—a climb that had left him weak and lightheaded.

This sound, now—he could not be sure whether it was real or part of some evil, half-remembered dream. Hunger did that to a man, confused him and slowed his responses, so that the simplest things often seemed complex. He could see his own tracks where he had stumbled up the pass the night before, and he could see the tracks of a blue sheep, made perhaps a week ago, but otherwise the white expanse had been swept clean by the last storm.

"Wind," he muttered. "Nothing but wind." And he tramped back into the hut, which, in happier times, had been the refuge of a merit-seeking lama.

Laying his rifle on a ledge, he stamped into his boots and buckled on his knife, and scrubbed his face with a handful of snow. Every movement was an effort and he leaned against the rock wall of the hut, panting and dizzy, until the pounding in his chest subsided. But a fierce exultation gripped him. Where there was one sheep, there would be others. They might be higher up the peak and difficult to find, but this time he would return with meat for Rongbar village.

For a moment he let himself think of Rura, his wife, and Ladar, his five-year-old son, of their blue, pinched faces and their dull and haunted eyes. This the Chinese had done, the Red bandits who had invaded Tibet the summer before—stolen the grain and butchered the yaks and seized the guns, all but this one. One rifle to a village and fifty rounds of ammunition, they had said; then they had marched away and left the village to starve. Nanka Tal groaned aloud. This time he could not fail, for he would not have the strength to try again.

He reached into the leather bag on his belt, fingering his last three strips of dried horse meat, and drew one out. It was small and rank-smelling, mostly sinew and gristle, but it was food and he had not eaten since the previous noon. He felt saliva gather in his mouth, felt the queasy gnawing of his stomach, and he clenched his teeth together as he dropped the meat back into the bag. One piece a day he had allowed himself, one for each day of the hunt. There would be no more in his house if he came back empty-handed. He could do without a little longer.

Throwing his sheepskin cloak over his shoulders, he stepped out into the snow to look at the weather. He was a tall, lean young man, hollow-cheeked and sunken-eyed, with fatigue lines deep in his bony face. The sheep prints caught his eye, and he moved toward them, reminded of milder winters when game had been plentiful and meat abundant in every family's pot. There had been antelope and deer to shoot, bears to trap, rabbits and pheasants to snare.

Now, in this harshest winter of a lifetime, the game was fleeing south to warmer, sheltered valleys. Only the blue sheep remained, and they had retreated to the mountaintops where no hunter could safely follow.

The tracks led upward. Nanka Tal hesitated and climbed the last few steps to the saddle of the pass. A gust of wind swooped down and he drew his cloak tight about him and crouched in the lee of the shrine. It loomed above him like a wall, a squarish, seven-foot mound of loose rock and stone, erected there by the same pious, long-forgotten lama, but the remnant of a prayer flag still fluttered at the top of its flagpole.

Grimly Nanka Tal said, *"Hla ragellah.* To the gods." And he flipped a pebble onto the pile. He would need the gods today.

His glance followed the tracks to a snowbank and he caught his breath as a vulture flapped away in alarm. Puzzled, he walked over to a half-buried carcass and kicked its rib cage. Fragments of shattered bone were scattered all about, and he uncovered the horns of a ram. What he did not grasp at first was how it had died; then he noticed the other tracks that angled off the crest of the ridge.

They were fresh and they were big, bigger than those of any mastiff, but the cupped foot pads were strangely like a dog's. He knelt down to study them, uneasy now as well as curious, for if the cry had been a dream, these were undeniably real. He felt a momentary relief that his senses had not deceived him, and then cold fear tingled along his spine. It could not be, and yet his instinct said it must be so, although he had never seen one. *"Kang-schang,"* he whispered. "Snow wolf!"

CLOSE to panic, he turned to run for his rifle, and halted. Squatting on its haunches, an old dog wolf was blocking his path to the hut. Its battle-scarred coat was dingy white against the snow and its yellow eyes returned Nanka Tal's stare with a shimmering intensity. Nanka Tal ran his tongue over his lips and took one step forward as he drew his knife, but the wolf did not yield ground.

He had heard old men tell of the *kang-schang,* who swarmed down from the northern plains in the worst of winters, preying on game and slaughtering everything before them, wolves so huge and fearless they sometimes attacked armed caravans. Like Reds, he thought; vultures, scavengers who stripped a land of food. In wild, impulsive anger he scooped up snow, packed it into a ball, and hurled it at the wolf.

The wolf jumped aside and sat down again in the same position of wary patience, its brushy tail switching to and fro. Its flanks and belly were gaunt. This one has come to hunt our sheep, Nanka Tal thought. His legs began to tremble uncontrollably. Somehow he had to reach his gun.

A step at a time, he backed away, his eyes fixed on the silent, watchful wolf. He reached the base of the shrine and was edging around behind it when the wolf suddenly sprang and charged across the snow. Nanka Tal saw the open jaws, saw the gleaming yellow teeth, and terror held him for one awful instant. Then he jumped for the platform of rocks and hoisted himself up one side by his arms. The wolf leaped, slashing at his boot, but Nanka Tal jerked up both legs and sprawled over the top, beyond immediate reach. The wolf made a second snarling leap, fell back, and settled on its haunches at the foot of the shrine.

Nanka Tal snatched up a stone and threw it and missed, and threw again, but the wolf trotted off some distance. Nanka Tal waited then, watching, and lowered his arm when the wolf stretched out with its head between its paws. He glanced around at the open door of the hut, fifty paces away, and considered his chances. The wolf might be old, but it was faster than a bighorn ram, faster by far than Nanka Tal, and it was ravenous. Otherwise it would not have returned to gnaw at fleshless bones where the scent of man was so strong.

Now it had learned that this man was harmless. This man was food, prey to be stalked.

SQUINTING against the snow glare, Nanka Tal squatted on his rocky perch. It was cramped, no more than six feet square, but the sides were too steep and too high for any wolf to scale. Eventually the wolf might tire of waiting and go away, but Nanka Tal could not wait. The wolf was concerned only with its hunger. Nanka Tal had a wife, a son, and a village of twenty souls dependent on him. Without him to bring food, some of them would not live to see the snow melt from the passes in the spring.

His fingers tightened on his leather bag. Quivering with excitement, he pulled out a chunk of meat and sank his teeth into it. The smell teased his nostrils and he almost choked on the first bite. The wolf gave a whimpering growl and stood up, its ears pricked up and its pink tongue drooling. Nanka Tal paused in his chewing and sighed. He had been thinking with his stomach instead of his head. Hunger had brought the *kang-schang* here and hunger would be its finish.

He searched on the shrine until he found a large, smooth rock to his liking. He gripped it in his fist and tossed his half-chewed bit of meat onto the snow below. The wolf stiffened and wrinkled its nose, sniffing the air, and slunk forward. Nanka Tal drew a long breath and cocked his arm, but the motion distracted the wolf. It made two cautious circuits around him at a safe distance, then lunged in close. Nanka Tal threw, aiming for the head, but the wolf swerved nimbly and he overshot. Before he could grab up another rock, it had darted in and raced away with the meat in its jaws.

Tears welled up in Nanka Tal's eyes and he shook his head angrily, ashamed of his weakness. He had been a fool to leave his rifle behind, even for a second, a fool to imagine he could brain this brute with a rock. He had tricked only himself, and wasted a third of his meat. The thought of food wrenched him like a pain, and he bit down hard on his lip.

The wolf finished licking itself, threw back its head, and howled. Nanka Tal listened to the unearthly dying tremor and shook his fist in a spasm of rage, "Cry, you devil, *(Continued on page 44)*

The broad wings beat, struggling to lift Nanka Tal into the air, and the beak raked viciously at his face

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

M-M-M-MEET J-J-J-JOE F-F-F-FRISCO

By PETER LIND HAYES

The famed stuttering comedian has been at the top of the heap for 25 years. During that time so many of his gags have been pirated that nowadays he's accused of stealing his own material

A topflight young comic himself, Peter Lind Hayes has been in show business since he quit school at sixteen to join singer-comedienne Grace Hayes, his mother, on the stage of the famous Palace Theater in New York. Now thirty-six, Peter shares top billing with his wife, pretty Mary Healy, on the Star of the Family TV show over the CBS network

WHEN a young man sets out to attract the notice of a reluctant world, he should start by emulating the thinking of an older man who has already arrived at the young man's goal. This wasn't apparent to me, however, until I had wandered through two years of show business in a state of paralyzed astonishment—until, to be specific, my meeting with the stuttering, cigar-smoking, rock-candy-chewing, doughnut-eating little man who has been my idol ever since.

It was 1934. I was eighteen and had been touring the vaudeville circuit with my mother in an act you may recall, billed as Grace Hayes & Company. My mother was a singer and, since hers was a "class" act, she had to dress up the stage with a handsome young piano player. And to make it a full-fledged company, she added me. I did impressions of everything from Cab Calloway to the Spirit of Radio (a routine in which I was the voice inside a big papier-mâché dummy set) and showed, we fondly hoped, considerable promise. Everything looks promising at eighteen.

The act was signed to appear in Manhattan, at the Eighty-sixth Street Theatre. We turned up for rehearsal at eight thirty in the morning in the dead of winter and were waiting impatiently for the star of the bill to finish a run-through of his act. Suddenly he tripped and tumbled halfway down the stairs into the orchestra pit. Everyone stood spellbound until a crumpled derby and a shredded cigar appeared above the footlights. As they emerged, the little apple-cheeked man to whom they belonged pointed a reproving finger at a placard bearing his own name and stammered, "You're n-n-n-not working n-n-n-next week." Laughing, I walked over and introduced myself to the greatest character I have ever met.

His real name is Louis Joseph, but to the theater- and night-club-going public he is known as J-j-j-Joe F-f-f-Frisco. (Some people claim that Mr. Frisco stutters in order to get his punch lines over more solidly. But whatever the reason, Frisco's stutter is as much a part of him as his ever-loving derby and his constant cigar.) This was the beginning of a solid friendship that has lasted for 17 years. It was also the beginning of my approach to comedy through the tutoring of my favorite comic genius, the most literate illiterate in the history of humor.

Joe Frisco, who was one of the biggest stars on Broadway in the twenties, whose acts have been imitated until he is accused of stealing his own stuff, has become a special sort of institution in the entertainment world. For years, the dapper little comic's chain-lightning wit has contributed a whopping percentage of the gags used with complacency by the cream of today's comedians.

At sixty-two, Joe is still touring the country, doing his imperishable routines in the nation's night spots, and pulling off some of the most crushing ad libs in the annals of repartee. But Joe's wit is unique; and a great many of his admirers, unable to understand why some people don't appreciate the Frisco brand of humor, insist that he always has been ahead of the times. I agree; and I also like to think that if Charles Dickens were alive today, you would see them together a lot—Frisco, with his cigar and his derby, and Dickens with a pencil and paper.

So, just call me Charles.

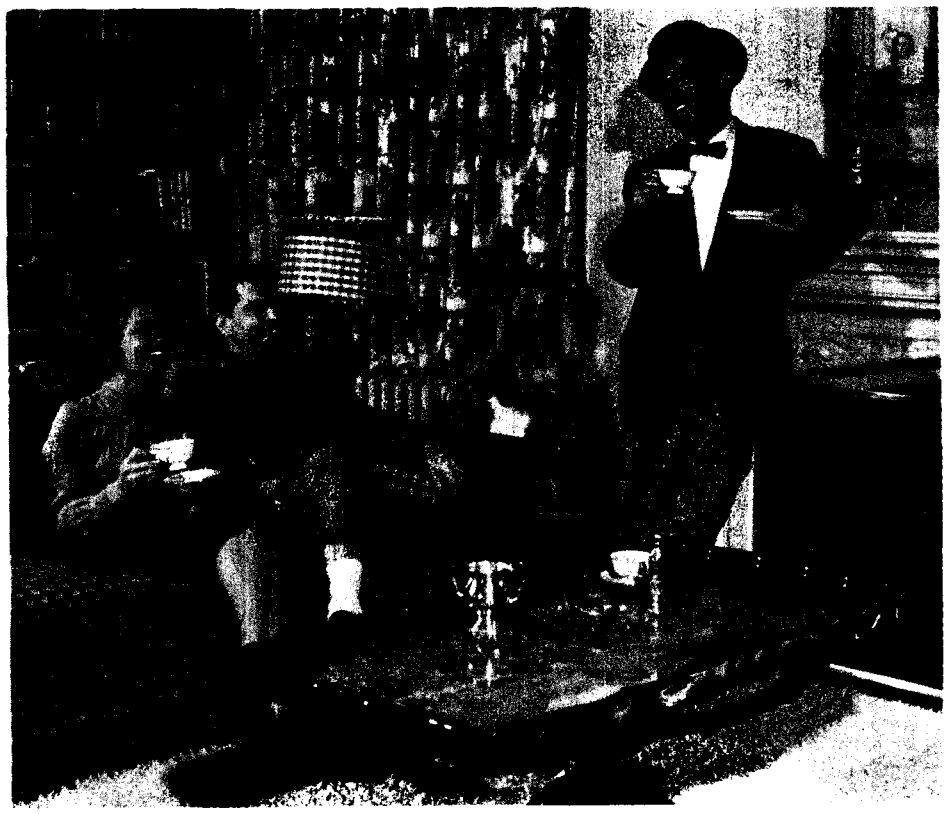
My mother had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Frisco long before I did. It was back in 1915, when she first started as a night-club singer-comedienne in Big Jim Colosimo's renowned night spot in Chicago. Frisco was then a penniless "busker," dancing for whatever uncertain amount the public would throw him. My mother used to sneak Frisco and Loretta McDermott, his dancing partner, in the back door and let them dance for nickels and dimes until the warning was given that Big Jim was returning. Then they were whisked out the way they came. Big Jim did not like actors dancing in his place for tips.

A few years went by and Mother finally decided to try to make a go of it on Broadway, where by this time the same Joe Frisco had become a sensation. One night at a very elegant party, my mother was introduced to Frisco. She started to give him a big, friendly "hello," but Joe just said coolly, "Hello, I'm g-g-glad to meet you." Several nights later, at another party, she again greeted him cordially and the same thing happened. After several such incidents, my mother's Irish temper finally took over. She grabbed Frisco by the collar, dragged him into a quiet room and said, "Don't forget, I'm the gal who knew you at Colosimo's and used to sneak you in the back door so you could pick up enough change to eat. Now, what's the big idea?"

Frisco answered, "Q-q-q-quiet, g-g-g-girlie, I'll never give you away."

Joe and my mother are still the best of friends. Sometimes when wandering from East to West, or vice versa, Frisco will stop off especially to see her at the Red Rooster, the supper club she now operates in Las Vegas, Nevada. Mother is quite a story herself. She has been star performer, bartender and doting parent. Last year, she ran for constable of Las Vegas—"most human office in the world"—against solid male opposition. (She lost by only eight votes.)

If you ask Joe where he comes from, he will say, "R-r-r-Rock Island and D-d-d-Dubuque," just as if they were twin cities. To Joe they are, I guess. Although he was born in the little town of Milan, near Rock Island, Illinois, he was only a kid when his family moved to Iowa. Frisco went to school in Dubuque for a while, then worked as newsboy, bellhop and bus boy, in fairly rapid succession. Somewhere in this sequence he ran into a man named Andrew Coffee, who had an act. By then Joe had his eye on the theater and had worked up a pretty good soft-shoe routine. He and Coffee decided to team up, and since *(Continued on page 50)*



MARVIN KONER

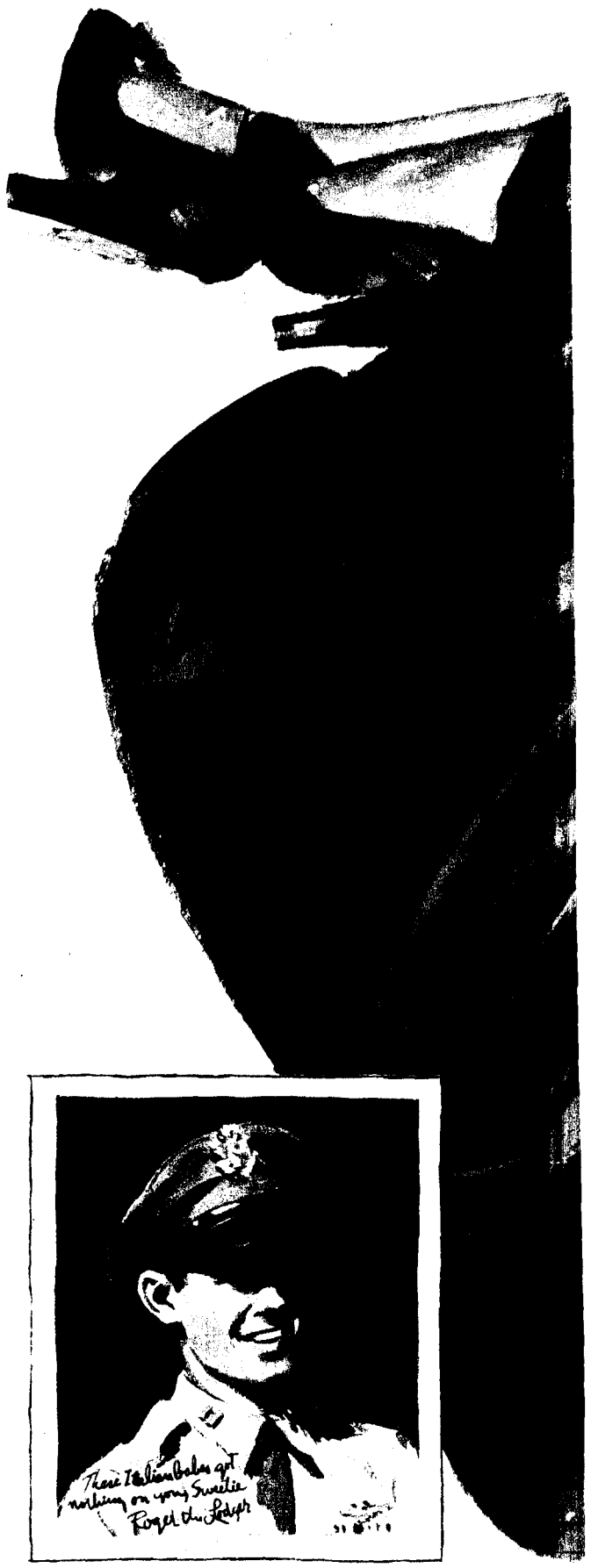
The author and his wife entertain an honored guest. The derby and cigar are a Frisco trade-mark which he won't surrender even while drinking tea indoors

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ILLUSTRATED BY AL HERSCHFELD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The FRENCH DOLL



By WILLIAM FULLER

Kathleen's first war had been a time of gaiety and fulfillment. Now there was a new war, and she would have her exciting suitors back again

KATHLEEN TAYLOR lived with her mother in a small, two-story house on Central Avenue. There was an open porch all the way across the front of the house. There was a hammock at one end of the porch, where Kathleen liked to lie and rest on summer evenings after a long, hot day at the typewriter in Judge Wilson's law office. On the lawn in front of the house there was an iron deer—the only one in town—and there were several pink, plaster-of-Paris flamingos that Freddy Baker had given to Kathleen's mother for Christmas in 1948.

The parlor in the house was dim and cool. The furniture in the parlor was dark and heavy. On one side of this room there were two bookcases with glass doors. On the other side of the room there was a piano that no one in the Taylor family had ever known how to play. On the mantel were several brilliantly colored pottery vases that Mrs. Taylor had bought at a native handicraft mart in the Ozarks in the early thirties, and an engraved walrus tusk that her Uncle Jeff, the black sheep of the family, had sent her from Nome, Alaska, when she had been a little girl, in 1898. The pottery vases were full of old recipes, receipts, addresses, buttons, and rusty keys to no one knew what.

Kathleen often sat sadly alone in the parlor, remembering the war years, when the huge air base just out of town had been in operation and the skies had resounded to the exciting roars of bombers, fighters and trainers, and the streets of the town had been crowded and noisy with throngs of khaki-clad young men, and the parlors of most of the houses in town, the Taylors' included, had been open all day and most of the night to the brave young fliers so far away from their own homes. The air base was still there, beyond the town; empty now, deserted—a stricken, brooding giant. The sight of it—the staring, sagging buildings, the crumbling company streets, the weed-choked runways—always saddened Kathleen. She went there often.

Kathleen spent a great deal of time in her own room. She was there now, dressing, getting ready to go with Fred Baker to a Merrymakers' Club party at Ruth Trumbull's house. She loved her room; it was, she felt, so much a part of her. It was a very young, very feminine room, with chintz curtains, soft, fuzzy white rugs, and a ruffled bedspread on her bed.

The walls were lined with snapshots. There were several pictures of Kathleen—pictures taken in high school or at the university—in which she looked very sweet, pretty and demure. Many of the pictures were of young men Kathleen had known in high school or at the university. Most of these were inscribed in some manner, such as: *All my love, Baby—Butch,* or simply *XXXXX! Piggy.* On a small chest of drawers, hidden behind the closet door when it was open, was a picture of Fred Baker, looking serious and intent and businesslike, but slightly bug-eyed behind the thick lenses of his eyeglasses. It was signed: *Faithfully yours always, Fred.*

But all over her dressing table, in the most favorable light, were pictures of the boys she had known at the air base during the war. Many of the pictures were inscribed, also, in this manner: *The next zero is for you, Kat—Sammy,* and *These Italian babes got nothing on you, Sweetie—Roger the Lodger.* And right in the middle of the dressing table was the most prized one of all: a picture of Bill Mason standing beside a B-17 with seven black swastikas painted along its fuselage and her name, KATHLEEN, painted in big letters on the side of its nose. Bill was dead now.

Lying limply across the bedspread on Kathleen's bed was the French doll that Bill had sent her from Paris. The cloth, china and sawdust of the doll had been artfully fashioned in the image of a pertly smiling mademoiselle in her early twenties. The doll was dressed in black velvet slacks and a sheer little blouse.

When it had come to Kathleen, its hair had been black. It had been necessary for Kathleen to experiment several times with various blonde rinses to change the doll's hair to a shade similar to that of her own hair. It was still not the *exact* shade of her own hair, but it was pretty close.

After all, Kathleen had decided, the doll's hair, though real human hair, was dead, and couldn't be expected to glint and glisten as her own hair did. Kathleen was very proud of her own hair. She was thirty-three, but there wasn't a single gray hair in her head. She looked every night before she went to bed.

Kathleen was all dressed when she heard the doorbell ring. It was exactly seven thirty, so she knew it was Fred Baker. Freddy was never late, never early. He had been dating Kathleen Wednesday and Saturday nights and Sunday afternoons for almost three years now. He had been proposing to her on an average of once a week for the past year and Kathleen was still telling him that she wasn't quite sure.

She hated to have to admit it to herself, but she supposed she would have to marry him sometime. He was a C.P.A., and just about the most substantial C.P.A. in town. But there was nothing very exciting about Freddy. He had been in the war, too, but he had been a finance officer in Atlanta, Georgia, the whole time. Kathleen really didn't consider him good enough for her.

Kathleen decided to keep Freddy waiting downstairs for a while: she wasn't just *any* girl, all ready and waiting and panting for her date! And besides, she wanted to show her mother that what she had told Kathleen for the umpteenth time earlier that evening had gone right in one ear and out the other.

"I think it's simply awful, the way you treat poor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kathleen flung herself on her bed, held her French doll up at arm's length, then kissed its cool cheek. She was ready for the dance

Fred," her mother had said. "Just like the dirt under your feet!"

"It's good for him, Mama," Kathleen had said.

"Well, when are you going to *marry* the poor dear?"

"Perhaps soon, Mama." She had smiled mischievously, just like a little girl. "Perhaps never!" And with a tinkling laugh at her mother's consternation, she had scampered up to her room.

The party at Ruth Trumbull's was informal. Kathleen was dressed in a simple little dress of sheer gingham. Her hair was caught up in a perky little knot at the back with a piece of green ribbon. She had widened her somewhat thin lips considerably with a heavy application of dark red lipstick and had rouged away the sallowness of her cheeks. Now she backed several yards away from her mirror and assumed a pose she had seen many times in the magazine ads of the New York department stores for dresses for the younger set: feet wide apart, hands on hips, arms akimbo, a pert smile on her lips. As long as she was smiling, the crinkly little lines around her eyes and the corners of her mouth looked quite natural, as if they were only there when she smiled.

She blew a farewell kiss to her French doll—this was a sort of ritual with her and she never left without doing it—and went downstairs. Her mother and Fred were in the parlor. Kathleen made her entrance: she stood in the doorway in that wide-stanced, arms-akimbo pose she had been practicing upstairs.

Freddy saw her, and the solemn set of his face was transfigured by an immediate, adoring beam. My God, Kathleen thought—he's looking like a spaniel again!

"Hey, Shug." Freddy's voice was a caress.

He always called her Shug. She was *so* sick of it. When they were married, *(Continued on page* 64)

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crane lowers tank hull into "Queen Elizabeth" machine, which drills 100 holes simultaneously

HOW TO

From soybean storage to assembly lin

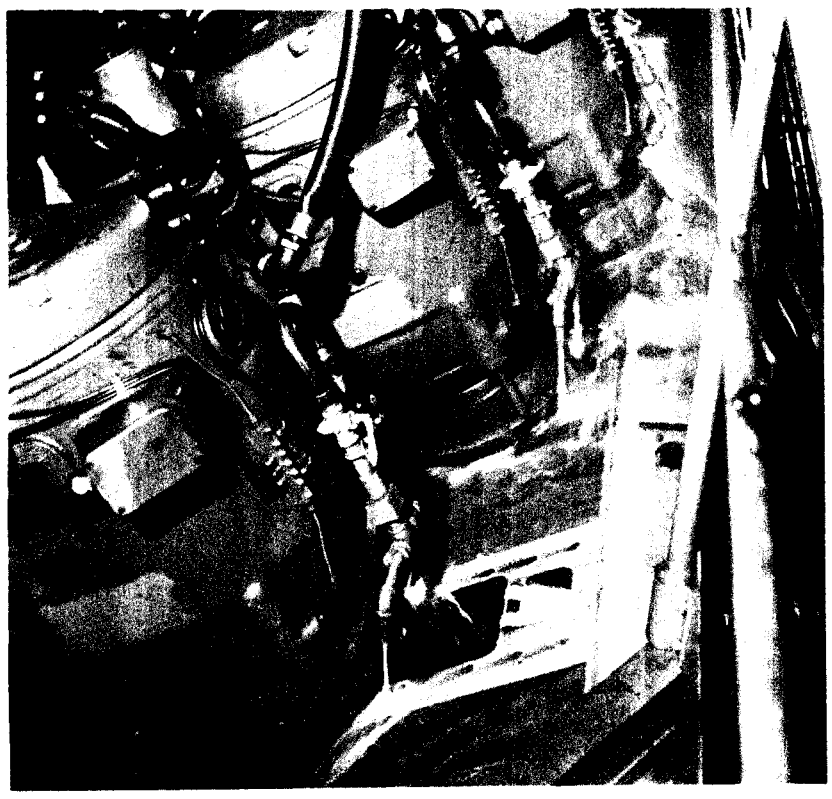
THE chain hooked to the thick underbelly moved the hull of the tank with slow sureness down the assembly line. The heavy frame of the T41-E1 Walker Bulldog looked like an armor-plated scow, dull and thick and gray as it jerked along. The foreman put his hand on the rough metal and looked it over carefully, without haste, tracing each welded seam with his eye. A few feet back, this hull had been a heap of armor plate, brackets and rivets. A dozen covered, gloved and masked figures had put it together, pouring molten streams of homogeneous metal against front, rear and toe plates, the flooring and bulkhead.

The foreman stepped back. "Okay. It's ready for the queens," he called.

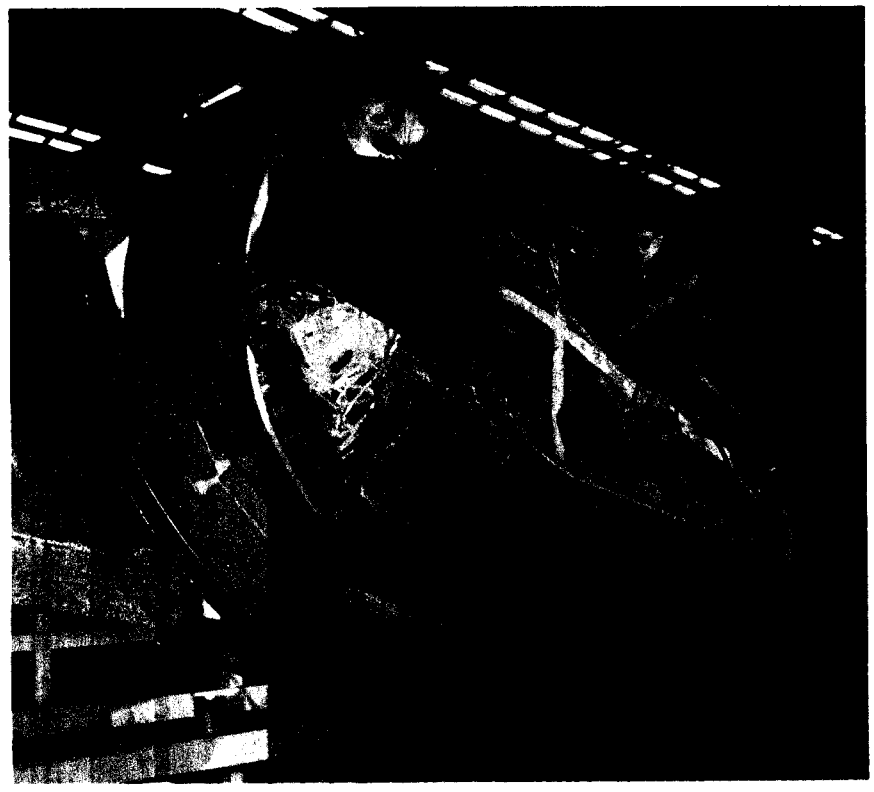
Twenty feet above him, operators stepped back from catwalks on a piece of machinery half as big as a good-sized supermarket. The catwalks swung upward, leaving an open maw. The tank was raised up and then lowered down into the maw by a huge crane. The catwalks settled back. The operators mounted the catwalks again, adjusted levels, studied gauges, threw levers, and the 10 grinding heads of the 350-ton "Queen Mary" started revolving.

In the olden days of tank building, back in World War II, 10 operations would have been required to grind the 10 surfaces on the hull, to which wheel assemblies would be added. The purpose of the grinding is to smooth the surfaces and to achieve the thickness necessary for other parts to be attached to the frames. The mammoth "Mary" did it swiftly in one operation, and as the operators stepped off the safety-conditioned catwalks, which will not move as long as a man stands on them, the

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RALPH ROYLE



Like drilling, which once required many machines, the grinding of big hull areas is now done by one mechanical giant, called "Queen Mary"



Welder and grinder work on turret. The conception of assembly line as beehive of activity is false; instead, the pace is steady and efficient

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAKE TANKS IN A HURRY

...a seven months—that's the story of Cadillac's fabulous Cleveland plant

By Lt. Col. CLARKE NEWLON

hull was swung forward to the "Mary's" slightly smaller sister, the "Queen Elizabeth."

The "Elizabeth's" maw opened, the hull was settled and positioned, there was a waved signal and the "Elizabeth" bored, in one operation, the 100 holes necessary for mounting the wheel assembly to the hull. Once each hole would have been bored singly.

Back on the assembly line, groups of men moved in quickly and surely. Wheels went on, and other suspension assembly. The hull was inspected, steam-cleaned, sprayed with primer paint, dried and pushed into one of three "float" lines. Then a crane lifted it effortlessly and set it down at the first station of final assembly, nudging it gently into a spray booth.

More masked and gloved men sprayed the T-41 with paint, white on the interior and greenish tan on the outside, and then, the chain hooked to its belly, moved it forward into a shuttered, 220-degree drying oven which would have provided two-story living space for half a dozen families.

Thirty-five minutes later, it was out and ready for the final line.

Throughout the entire assembly operation is the sense of unhurried speed with which the more than 6,000 men in the Cleveland Tank Plant, Cleveland, Ohio, make the T-41 Walker Bulldog light tank for the U.S. Army Ordnance Corps.

Larry Kortkamp, a pug-nosed, flat-faced man, bosses final assembly. The Cleveland Tank Plant is a branch of the Cadillac Division of General Motors, and Kortkamp has been with Cadillac 23 years—since 1927, when he was eighteen years old.

"People think of an *(Continued on page 60)*

Plant manager Larry Kortkamp (r.), who has been with General Motors 23 years, joins John Shaughnessy of Army Ordnance in last check. Tanks are complicated; many parts are made by subcontractors

Cadillac's general manager Don E. Ahrens (l.), Brigadier General Carroll Deitrick of Ordnance and Edward N. Cole, the firm's tank production expert

Tanks come off line. Men in foreground are inspectors for Cadillac and Army Ordnance

Tank demonstrates its hardiness, plowing through mud at 40 miles an hour on proving ground

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PAUL HAMLIN

In the jalopy was the darnedest assortment of fancy-dress characters you ever saw

No Rain, Me Hungry

By CHARLES CARVER

THE Indians weren't bothering us. They were just rubbernecking around the plane like a bunch of overgrown kids while we loaded the dry ice. But Jed's nerves were edgy. He began yelling at them. "Clear out of here, you people! Can't you read English?"

He meant the sign at the edge of the field. *Rain, Inc.*, it said. *Private Property. Keep Off.*

"They can't read," I told him. "But they can sure beat out a mean belt buckle. Look at this." I pointed to the silver buckle Chief Henry High Eagle had given me in return for a ten-minute flight.

Jed glanced at the buckle, then at the solemn faces around us. "Tell your buddies to scram," he said impatiently. "We've got work to do."

I walked over to the chief. "White boss feel bad," I explained. "Please stand away until we make bird ready. Big doings today."

"Now," Jed said excitedly, "this is the pay-off. We got a radio report in town that clouds are building up to the west, and there's a good west wind. You seed those babies right and the rain can't miss the watershed." He rubbed his hands together. "Boy, oh, boy. I smell money at last."

"Money," I said. "What's money?"

It was a fair question. Rain, Inc., was only paid on performance, and for six weeks there hadn't been a wisp of moisture to work on. We'd had a shot at it two months before but something had gone wrong and the cloud had dumped several hundred thousand gallons twenty miles off in the desert. Now the city fathers were getting ready to call off the whole deal.

"The plane's gassed and ready," I said.

"Good. I'll go back to town and keep the aldermen pepped up." Jed shook hands with me dramatically. "This is it, boy," he said. "This is it." Then he hopped into his station wagon and vanished in a burst of dust.

As I stood looking after him, the chief and his friends ambled back toward the plane. Barefooted, shabbily dressed, lazy in their movements, they didn't look like very noble savages. One or two of them had bandannas tied turban-fashion around their heads, and Chief Henry High Eagle wore a great silver medallion which kept getting tangled in the drawstring of the tobacco pouch in his shirt pocket.

Sitting around day after day, waiting for the right cloud formation, gave me plenty of free time, and I had struck up a friendship with the chief. This was cemented, you might say, when I took him for a quick ride in the plane.

Mornings the chief sold native jewelry to tourists in town; afternoons he hung around the little field we had set up, explaining at great length to the other Indians how it felt to go up in the bird. At night he vanished with his gang into a sort of adobe apartment building. It was built against the side of a hill, and the Indians entered it through holes in the roof which they reached by ladders. A weird setup, but every man to his taste, I say.

The chief shuffled up to me. "Boss hot in head," he said. "He shout." His coal-black eyes gleamed with sympathy.

"Boss wants rain," I said. "No rain, we go very hungry."

He grunted and interpreted this to the mob. "My. My," they said. "Bad. Bad."

"Not too bad," I explained. "Big cloud come. I fly in bird and drop ice. Rain falls down. Maybe."

"You hungry unless rain?" the chief asked gravely.

I nodded, not paying much attention to him because Jed's clouds were beginning to appear. They were still a long way off, but they looked fat and happy, and they were drifting right toward me.

FOR the better part of two hours I sat chain-smoking and taking them in. Finally it was time to wind up the flying machine and get moving. I was undoing the tie-downs when I heard a car. I expected to see Jed. Instead, an old jalopy came bouncing across the field with the darnedest assortment of fancy-dress characters in it you ever saw. When they came close, I recognized my friend Henry High Eagle at the wheel, but it took a lot of recognizing. He and the rest were in full feather, their faces painted, beadwork gleaming on their doeskin jackets, fancy moccasins on their feet.

This send-off moved me deeply, and I walked over to the chief to thank him. A minute more or less wouldn't delay the job. "You good to come," I said. "See friend make rain."

"No," said Henry High Eagle. "You come with us."

I grinned. What a guy! "No can do now," I explained. "Bird go drop ice. This big day we wait for."

The chief didn't crack a smile, and I must say there was something impressive about him all dressed up that way, something a little frightening too. Two of his boys flanked me and another glided behind me. They weren't smiling either.

"Come." Chief Henry turned and walked to the car. When I hesitated, six hands gripped me and eased me after the chief.

I suppose I got a little violent then, because when we reached the adobe building they had tied my hands with some leather thongs. I remember being carried up the ladders and lowered into the entrance. Then they closed the trap door and sat me in a corner.

"We friends," the chief said with satisfaction.

"Friends!" I yelled. "When the cavalry gets here they'll cut you all down. Ever hear of the Lindbergh Law? You can't do this to me!"

The chief made a signal with his arm, and a couple of characters in the far corner began beating on a drum. It was like an oven in the room, and the thudding notes didn't make it any cooler. But they did make further pleading a waste of time. I sat back in despair and let the sweat run down my face.

Someone began blowing into a bamboo whistle. It had three different notes, and sounded like three fingernails being drawn across a slate. There were lyrics, too, and eight or ten of the Indians began grunting in rhythm. It was something.

When they grew tired of sitting, they danced. They'd get up, stamp twice with one foot, then once with the other, like a man shaking snow off his galoshes. Then they'd hop and bend over like they had stomach-aches. It was something all right.

AFTER a while the heat and the steady beating of the drums became hypnotizing, and I lost all sense of time. All I could picture, as the tears mingled with the perspiration on my cheeks, was one fat, black cloud after another rolling over the watershed without losing a spoonful of H_2O.

The sun was sinking when they opened the trap door and let me out. I staggered back to the plane, rubbing my wrists and trying to shake the pounding from my ears. What could I tell Jed—"Sorry, boss. I've been to a dance."? How stupid could a guy look?

He came roaring up in his station wagon, and I braced myself.

He was hopping up and down like one of those Indians. "Boy, I thought we were licked when the wind shifted," he shouted. "Christmas! What a sensation!" He was laughing hysterically. "And then at the last minute it whipped around and herded those clouds right over the watershed! It was like opening a sluice gate. What a deluge! How much ice did you use?"

"Not much," I answered weakly.

"Doesn't matter." He reached into his pocket. "Speaking of ice, my lad—" He pulled out a wad of money and handed me some. "The city is in an uproar, boy. We're heroes!"

He looked about him nervously. Following his glance, I saw that Chief Henry High Eagle and about twenty of his mob had gathered in a silent circle about us. No longer in their ceremonial dress, they had become the same ragged crew as before, looking impassively at us with their dark, dark eyes.

Jed drew in his breath.

"Wait a minute, Jed." I guess I spoke abruptly, because he looked at me in surprise. "These are my friends. I want you to meet Chief Henry High Eagle, Joe Fleet Runner, Edward Big Moon . . ." and I went gravely around the circle. "These people," I told him quietly, "have talents and powers that make you and me look silly."

Jed must have caught some of the awe in my tone. He nodded. Then he looked with sudden interest at my belt buckle. "Yeah," he agreed. "They do at that. Do you suppose I could buy one of those? Make a nice souvenir."

Chief Henry High Eagle promptly drew from his pocket a buckle like mine. "Ten dollars," he said.

As Jed peeled off the two fives, the chief winked at me slowly, like an owl. It may have been because we both knew the current price for buckles was only five dollars. Or, possibly, it may have been something else. THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Hospital Orderly They Call "DOCTOR"

By JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

Before he went to work at Boston's famed Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, Adolph Watzka was a stevedore. Today, this immigrant from Bohemia advises surgeons, bosses nurses and designs operating instruments

THERE were five operations scheduled for eight o'clock on a typical morning recently at Boston's famed Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. The corridors of the surgical wing came alive at seven. Doctors arrived and changed into gray-blue sweat shirts and pajamalike trousers before scrubbing up. Nurses scurried about. Interns and medical students (for this is the teaching hospital of the renowned Harvard Medical School) stood talking in low tones before going up to the balcony of the central operating room, where they could look down through plate glass at the surgeons at work.

As the minute hand moved around the clock on the corridor wall, the tempo of activity heightened. The number of nurses increased from 10 to 20 or more. By 7:30 A.M. their heads were swathed in gray-blue turbans, and masks covered their noses and mouths. By 7:40, 16 doctors were on hand, coming out of washrooms, their hands and forearms scrubbed and held high. In uniform surgical dress, famous surgeons, heart and brain specialists were indistinguishable from associates and anesthetists.

Standing at one end of the corridor, a little apart from the bustle, was a tall, gray-haired, powerfully built man named Adolph Watzka, a man famous in medical circles and the only one present who had an interest in all five of the operations about to take place. Under the skillful guidance of this expert in surgical logistics, surgeons, anesthetists, assistants, nurses, patients, instruments and supplies would arrive at their places in the separate operating rooms at exactly the right times. Equally important, the swift, safe delivery of each patient, from hospital room to operating table and back, was his responsibility and his alone.

As each patient was wheeled in, Watzka stood at the foot of the bed. Doctors, some of them renowned, looked to him for directions. Nurses jumped at his command. Of all those present, only he and the chief surgeon were authorized to touch the patient.

When an inert form had to be moved from bed to table, Watzka gently *(Continued on page 57)*

One of Watzka's duties is moving surgical patients. He's virtually the only person except for the operating surgeon who may touch them

ARTHUR GRIFFIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Blaise shifted himself slowly. He had seen Hugh Norden only once, the night Simon was killed—and it took him a moment to recognize him without glasses

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RECLINING FIGURE

By MARCO PAGE

It was a desperate, dangerous chance to have to take. Blaise was convinced that Lurie would kill if he had to; and Norden, the bait, might be his victim

The Story: When ELLIS BLAISE, a young New York art dealer, was hired by eccentric Los Angeles millionaire LUCAS EDGERTON to sell some paintings from his fabulous private collection, he stumbled upon an intrigue that involved theft and art forgery, and was to result in two murders: Edgerton's son, SIMON, was killed because he learned that some "Renoir" paintings he had stolen from the collection were actually forged, with incredible skill, by a neurotic painter named PAUL WELDON; and Weldon was killed because he threatened to give Blaise information that would expose the forgery ring which was headed by KENNETH LURIE, a crooked dealer, and JONAS ASTORG, his accomplice in selling the forgeries, for enormous sums, as genuine Renoir paintings. LIEUTENANT IVES and SERGEANT BONNER, of the Homicide Bureau, went to work in an attempt to solve the murders, while Blaise, assisted by Edgerton's pretty niece, CASSY, tried to track the forgeries to their source.

The police got hold of a forged "Renoir" that had been sold to a collector named NATHAN ORDMANN. This painting had been seen by WESLEY CORUM, an art critic and friend of Edgerton's, and not detected as a forgery, and had been authenticated by ROGER VERNET, a refugee art expert. But VICTOR GRANDI, a craftsman in Edgerton's employ, was convinced it was spurious. The police, ever since the night of Simon's murder, had been looking for HUGH NORDEN, a dealer who had been with Simon and was known to have at one time handled the sale of a painting Simon had stolen from the collection. Norden had disappeared when Simon was killed. Blaise, himself, had certain suspicions about MIRIAM WAYNE, Edgerton's secretary, who had had a love affair with Simon: he could not see how Simon, by himself, could have enjoyed such easy access to the collection as he did unless Miriam, who was in charge of the gallery, had assisted him.

When Weldon was killed, some paintings stolen from Edgerton were found with his body. Blaise didn't believe Weldon had taken them; he suspected they had been planted there to sidetrack the investigation of the forgeries. A set of keys to the gallery and to the vault where part of the collection was kept were also found with the body. Blaise thought that if he had the keys and could "borrow" a few genuine Renoir drawings similar in period and style to the forgeries, he might trap Astorg and Lurie into revealing their conspiracy. Blaise had been fired by Edgerton, because Edgerton didn't believe his theories about the forgeries, and had been barred from the Edgerton premises. Ives, under the circumstances, was unwilling to authorize Blaise to lift the drawings, but he did contrive to make it possible for Blaise to get hold of the keys. Blaise left police headquarters and started for Edgerton's estate, after promising to keep in close touch with Ives about any future developments.

CONCLUSION

THE first sign of his fall from grace came when Blaise nosed his car into the driveway and Edgerton's gateman barred the way. "Nothing doing, Mr. Blaise," the gateman said. Even the dog at his side appeared to have been alerted. As Blaise leaned out the window of the car, the animal growled and bared ugly teeth.

"Down, Rover," Blaise said, with little conviction. To the watchman he said, "I'm barred, huh?"

The gateman nodded, eying Blaise with admiration. "You must have really given the old man a hot-foot."

"Call him," said Blaise. "Tell him I'm here."

The man's eyes bulged. "After what he said?" He eyed the twenty-dollar bill in Blaise's hand longingly.

"He hasn't heard my side of the story," Blaise said. He spread the money in his hand so that two twenties were visible. He took some comfort from the fact that this was still part of what Edgerton had given him for expenses. The gateman went to the telephone and Blaise saw his head moving up and down as he talked. Then he leaned out of the hut. "He's waiting for you. Brother, is he waiting for you!"

Blaise drove up the driveway, fixed a confident smile where he thought it would stay put, then went bravely into the gallery.

He came out, in some twenty minutes, feeling like a man who has somehow survived an explosion. He thought he knew what heights of execration this rancorous old man could attain but he had to admit, as he wobbled away from the library, that Edgerton had outdone himself. To intensify Blaise's discomfort, Miriam Wayne had been present throughout the diatribe. She appeared—though he had little interest in the phenomenon—more beautiful than he had ever seen her before. She was in black, as if she had robed herself for the execution.

It was Miriam who, at the last, handed him a check and efficiently asked for a statement of his expenses.

He found Cassy on the beach. "You look like one of the more vivid illustrations in Foxe's Book of Martyrs," she said. "Complete with arrows."

He lowered himself gratefully to the sand. "I know. You haven't got a drink on you, have you, Cassy?"

"Where do you suppose it might be?" she asked, looking down at the few square inches of bright blue silk that covered her.

"I thought you might have a hollow tooth," Blaise said. "Let's go where we can get one."

Cassy tucked herself into a terry-cloth robe, and they went to his car. "Farewell," Blaise said to the gateman as they rolled by. "Farewell, O scene of triumph!"

"Uncle tied a can to you?"

Blaise nodded. "Not until he had filled it with firecrackers, however. I was roasted to a turn, Cassy, and Miriam Wayne was right there to baste me."

"You poor baby," she said.

On the highway, she guided him to a fish joint with a bar and a rickety terrace. After two double whiskies, Blaise recovered enough to try the great stone crab, served cracked and cold.

"You said I could help," Cassy reminded him.

"I've got an idea," he said. "It's big trouble if it backfires." Her face grew anxious as he outlined his plan.

"You could get the same results," she said, "by hanging a sign around your neck: *Three Shots for a Quarter. Win a Prize.*"

"Ives thinks it might work," he said. "That's how I got the keys."

"Ives," she pointed out, "will be home in bed, miles from the rattle of muskets."

"Not really. Once I've got the drawings, Ives will cover me."

"Ellis, is this something you've got to do?"

"I think so," he answered gravely.

"Vanity?" She went on hastily: "I understand that. I'll do whatever you say, Ellis, and for any reason, or no reason."

He reached across the table for her hand. "I'm an art dealer, Cassy. It may seem like a silly thing to be, but there it is—I am. I sell important paintings to important people. Your uncle thinks he made that possible, and as of now, he's absolutely right, but I think I would have made it on my own: as people began to have confidence in my judgment. That confidence is my biggest, most vital asset. With it, if I tell a client a painting is a good buy at thirty, or forty, or fifty thousand dollars, there's a good chance he'll buy it, hang it proudly, and defend his judgment and mine against sniping from other dealers and collectors. Without that atmosphere of confidence, I'm back in the bush leagues, selling Mother's Day cards and second-rate prints. My reputation is at stake. Your uncle fired me. That's bad enough, but there's also the matter of the Renoirs. There are bound to be lawsuits. If I have to go into court with nothing but my hunch, I'll be cat-meat when I come out."

"Thanks for the explanation," Cassy said.

"I laid it on thick," he said. "Actually, with a rich wife at my side, my fears are largely imaginary."

"What do I do?" Cassy asked.

"A trifle," Blaise said. "Hide in the gallery, switch off the alarm, open the door, and let me in."

CASSY considered this. "I don't think that's asking too much. After all, we're friends. I take it you're not actually going to steal anything from Uncle Lucas."

"Just his niece."

Cassy's smile changed abruptly to an expression of wariness. Blaise instinctively started to turn, but she caught his arm in a frantic little gesture. "Don't—you'll frighten him. It's Hugh Norden. He looks funny without his glasses, but it's him. Turn around slowly now."

Blaise shifted himself slowly. He had seen Hugh Norden only once, the night Simon Edgerton was killed, and he remembered him that way. It took a moment to recognize him without the heavy glasses, but it was certainly Norden. He was neatly dressed, but he sagged over the counter like a man about to drop from exhaustion. "Ives predicted we'd be hearing from him," Blaise said.

"You haven't heard yet. Be careful."

Blaise moved along the strip of terrace, coming in on Norden from the street. He sat down on an adjoining stool and was treated to a quick flash of panic as Norden recognized him.

"You've run a long way," Blaise said. "How are things on the road?"

"Stay away from me," Norden said.

"I'm having a beer on the terrace with Cass Edgerton," Blaise said. "Come and join us." Norden was gripping the counter as if he were steadying himself for some sudden move. "Be smart," Blaise said. "I can get you out of this jam in one piece. Sooner or later, you've got to square yourself."

Norden's grip on the counter relaxed. "You won't holler for the cops?"

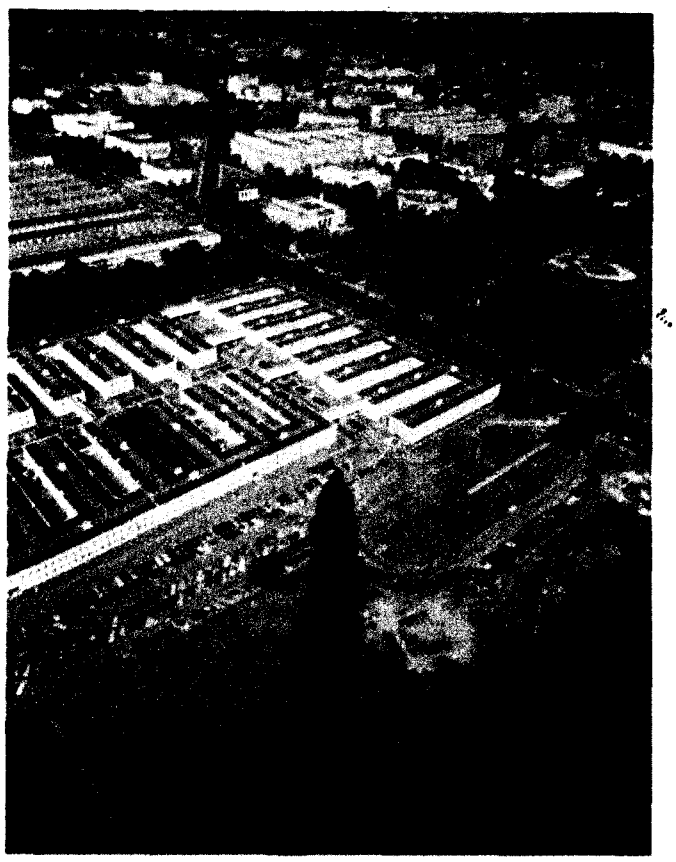
Blaise smiled. "The cops are inevitable—you know that. Your problem is how to face them." He moved away a step. "Coming?"

Norden stood up. "He's with me," Blaise explained to the counterman. . . .

The motel, a tourist facility in most areas, is that and more in southern *(Continued on page 36)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD FORSBERG

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



10:00 A.M. Washington Monument, as a sundial and pointer, marks positions of Navy offices and, in distance, the six-sectioned Dept. of Interior building

6:15 A.M. On fall mornings, shadow points to the Lincoln Memorial and the Navy office buildings near banks of the Potomac

Just past noon, short shadow falls over The Ellipse (containing public ball fields) and points almost directly at the White House, which is about four blocks north of monument

CAPITAL SUNDIAL

THE Washington Monument, the simple monolith which stands in praise of the nation's first President in the city of Washington, D.C., is the epitome of tranquillity. It has an air of motionless detachment, inexorable peace and inflexible calm. About a million people a year visit it. Most of them take the elevator to the 504-foot level to look out of the eight windows which face north, east, south and west over the city. But only a few notice that the magnificent tower on the slope near the Potomac functions as a colossal sundial, or that the shadow it casts not only tells the time, but also points out almost all of Washington's most famous landmarks in the course of a day.

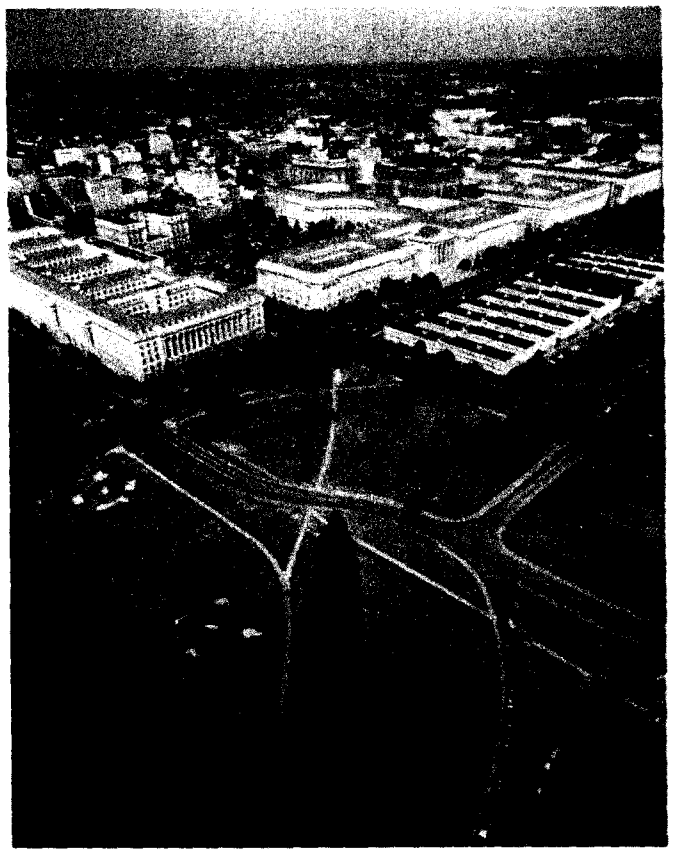
The monument is perfectly situated to work as a gigantic sundial pointer. Standing on a grassy mound near Constitution Avenue and Fourteenth Street in the southwest sector of the city, it is near the center of a two-square-mile area which includes some of the best-known buildings in the U.S. Directly east of the monument, beyond the wide streets and lawns of The Mall, sits the Capitol Building. Some four blocks north of it is the White House, and due west, across the Reflecting Pool, is the Lincoln Memorial. From sunup to sundown, year in and year out, the monument points out all of these as regularly as a clock—leaving out only the Jefferson Memorial, which lies across a tidal basin to the south where the sun casts no shadows.

The monument wasn't designed for the job of telling time. As a matter of fact, when the finished structure was opened to the public on October 9, 1888, a good number of folks felt the 555-foot monument wasn't designed at all. They objected to its utter lack of horses, wreaths, battle scenes, columns and marble stairways. But the monument weathered all controversies and criticisms. Today it is recognized everywhere as a thing of supreme beauty.

President Washington would have liked the sheer simplicity of his monument. But in all probability he would have been even more gratified with its function as a sundial; for it tends to prove that nothing—neither stone, nor man, nor national symbol—stands still in the capital of the U.S.A.

SEY CHASSLER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



2:15 P.M. Turning northeast, monument's big pointer directs attention to the Department of Commerce buildings (left) and the Labor Department's offices on Constitution Avenue

5:30 P.M. In the evening, shadow almost touches National Gallery. As it moves toward the Capitol (top), the sun sets, shadow fades, the sundial's day is done

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WERNER WOLFF

Never seen by tourists, this vertical view of monument was made by placing camera through bars on eastern window

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THERE NEVER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IT WAS A FOOTBALL UPSET

When all the facts are known every football upset proves to be a logical development.
Most grid surprises are built step by step on Machiavellian defenses. Just ask the top coaches

By STANLEY WOODWARD

ONE hundred and two thousand people saw it happen and couldn't believe it. Here was Navy, a nondescript football team which had been trounced by Maryland, Princeton, Northwestern, Pennsylvania, Tulane and Notre Dame, actually whaling the daylights out of Army, unbeaten in 28 previous games.

It was not only unexpected; it was impossible! Still, when the frozen November twilight closed in on Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium, the Navy had put it over, 14 to 2. Bob Zastrow, the tall, powerful quarterback produced all the points for both teams. He had split the line on a quarterback sneak for one Navy touchdown, had passed for another and was tackled in his own end zone for an Army safety.

Sports writers called it the greatest upset of 1950. Some went further; called it the upset of the decade, or even the half century.

Upset? It was no such thing, except in the loose interpretation of the term. From start to finish the Navy was the better football team, the more purposeful, the better poised. Army never had a chance.

We let the delirium die, which it did in a matter of months, then called on Eddie Erdelatz, the Navy coach, in an effort to get at the reason for the midshipmen's obvious ascendancy. He wasn't too helpful, for he insisted on being modest.

"That game," he said, "belongs to the brigade of midshipmen, to everyone at the Academy from the admiral down to the guys who pick up the towels in the locker room."

Good, but not enough.

It is true that the Navy, after a stretch of bickering and recrimination which had persisted through two previous coaching regimes, had at last gained a unified spirit. However, in the naval service they take for granted such things as courage and devotion to duty, and they don't rely any longer on cutlasses and boarding pikes to win battles.

Spirit, sure. But we've seen spirited Navy teams get licked 40 to 0. I talked to Erdelatz for an hour and got little more out of him.

No, Navy didn't do anything abnormal to further the victory . . . Played a six-man defensive line right through the game . . . You noticed that, didn't you? . . . The team had a few new plays, having had a two-week period to put them in . . . Army had some new plays, too . . . Sure, the Navy played its best game . . . For once, the boys showed the top-notch form through 60 minutes which they had previously shown only in streaks.

There was nothing for it but to track down, one by one, the scouts we had seen in the Philadelphia press box. From them a clinical consensus was gathered—and confirmed by a look at the movies of the game.

For Navy was prepared for that game with a technical thoroughness which matched its spirit. Its scouts had put the microscope on Army throughout every game on the schedule. Its coaching staff had studied movies of previous Army-Navy games a hundred times.

Erdelatz and Frank Foster, the old Marine who acts as chief scout, obviously came up with two main conclusions: (a) Army was weak at the guards; (b) Army's attack was dangerous because its linemen had become adept at knocking down the men who were backing up the enemy line. The long runs the cadets continually brought off were attributable to the fact that the opposing line-backers were not on their feet to close the holes.

The Navy scouts also noticed that Army did not use much straight-ahead power, quick-opening shots into the line. They therefore concluded it would be safe to use a slightly delayed defense, retracted two to three feet from the ball and planned for the purpose of putting out of action the Army linemen whose assignment it was to knock down the Navy line-backers.

Deployment of defense in modern football almost always leaves one or two offensive players with no primary defensive man immediately opposite. This means that the unopposed offensive man can start with the snap of the ball and direct his energies against a secondary defensive man, usually one of the line-backers.

Navy, with its defensive line pulled back two to three feet, put no one in front of the Army right tackle or center. However, the Navy left guard, instead of plowing ahead into the Army right guard, would loop-charge and go head on into the Army right tackle. The Navy right guard, instead of making a straight-ahead assault on his Army counterpart, would veer around him and crash into the Army center.

This maneuver, and others like it which are too complex to go into, served to scramble the Army running attack. The Army linemen who were supposed to block the looping Navy defenders wandered in limbo trying to find them. The Navy tackles pinched inward to cover the holes left by the guards. The line-backers, the Messrs. Bernie Botula and Ted Kukowski, whipped through the line to mess up the Army defense in the backfield, or just stood their ground and tied the runner in bowknots when he showed his nose through the line.

The press box was talking about the candidacies of Botula and Kukowski for All-America before the game was over, and they certainly looked like supermen that afternoon. They had more clean shots at the runners than they had had in eight preceding games. They racked up the rugged Army runners as if they were high-school neophytes. When the Army found its running attack worthless and Bobby Blaik, the quarterback, went into the air, Botula, Kukowski and the linemen piled through on him from unexpected quarters and made him eat the ball or throw it away.

So, the Navy stopped the Army. What spirit! What an upset!

Upsets? There never was a football upset.

The results which we call upsets are painstakingly worked out on the drawing board in advance. Back of each upset is a scouting report and a plan of campaign which often have taken months to devise. If the team's spirit is high, the scouting keen and intelligent, the plan of campaign clever, the underdog becomes the better team and wins the game.

This writer has investigated dozens of so-called upsets over a long period of time. Each reveals itself as a logical development, when all the facts are known.

One of the games of the current season which set off the cry of "Upset!" was the 27-20 victory of Southern Methodist over Notre Dame. Two persons whom it did not surprise were "Rusty" Russell, the SMU coach, and Frank Leahy of Notre Dame. On the Tuesday before the game, Coach Leahy said to a newspaperman from Chicago, "We're going to see nothing but passes Saturday and I'm afraid of them. Inexperienced teams show their lack of seasoning most in pass defense." Leahy knew his young team was overrated on the basis of lopsided victories over Indiana and Detroit. He worked hard all week on his pass defense.

Southern Methodist had been beaten 21-7 by Georgia Tech and 7-0 by Ohio State. Fred Benners had to throw a slimy ball against Georgia Tech. The game was played in the rain. He completed a flock of passes against Ohio State, but Vic Janowicz and his experienced backfield mates always were able to knock down the ones that could have produced touchdowns.

Southern Methodist walloped Missouri 35-0 in its third game, and kept Benners in reserve most of the time while gaining 385 yards on the ground. The supposition that Russell was holding his great passer out of action to fool the Notre Dame scouting staff, which, on that occasion, included Leahy himself, was inaccurate. Russell wanted most to beat Notre Dame among his nonconference opponents. He did not need Benners against Missouri, so he kept Fred out of danger, sitting on the bench, and tried out his running attack. Leahy was not fooled, nor was Russell trying to fool him. Leahy's defenses were plotted in the full realization that the SMU attack would be Benners' arm. In the first half, Notre Dame tried to rush Benners; in the second, the Irish rushed only with the ends and one or two linemen.

The change was made between halves because it was discovered that it *(Continued on page 67)*

Veteran sports writer Stanley Woodward makes a habit of turning out important and dramatic copy. His last year's Collier's article, The Pro Game Isn't Football, stirred a controversy that continues to rage. And in 1947, as sports editor of the New York Herald Tribune, he broke the story of a contemplated baseball strike against Jackie Robinson that almost brought him a Pulitzer prize. A native of Worcester, Massachusetts, Woodward at fifty-six is now a confirmed countryman and spends most of his time, with his wife and two daughters, on their Circleville, New York, farm. The best tribute to his football background comes from other writers. They call him "Coach"

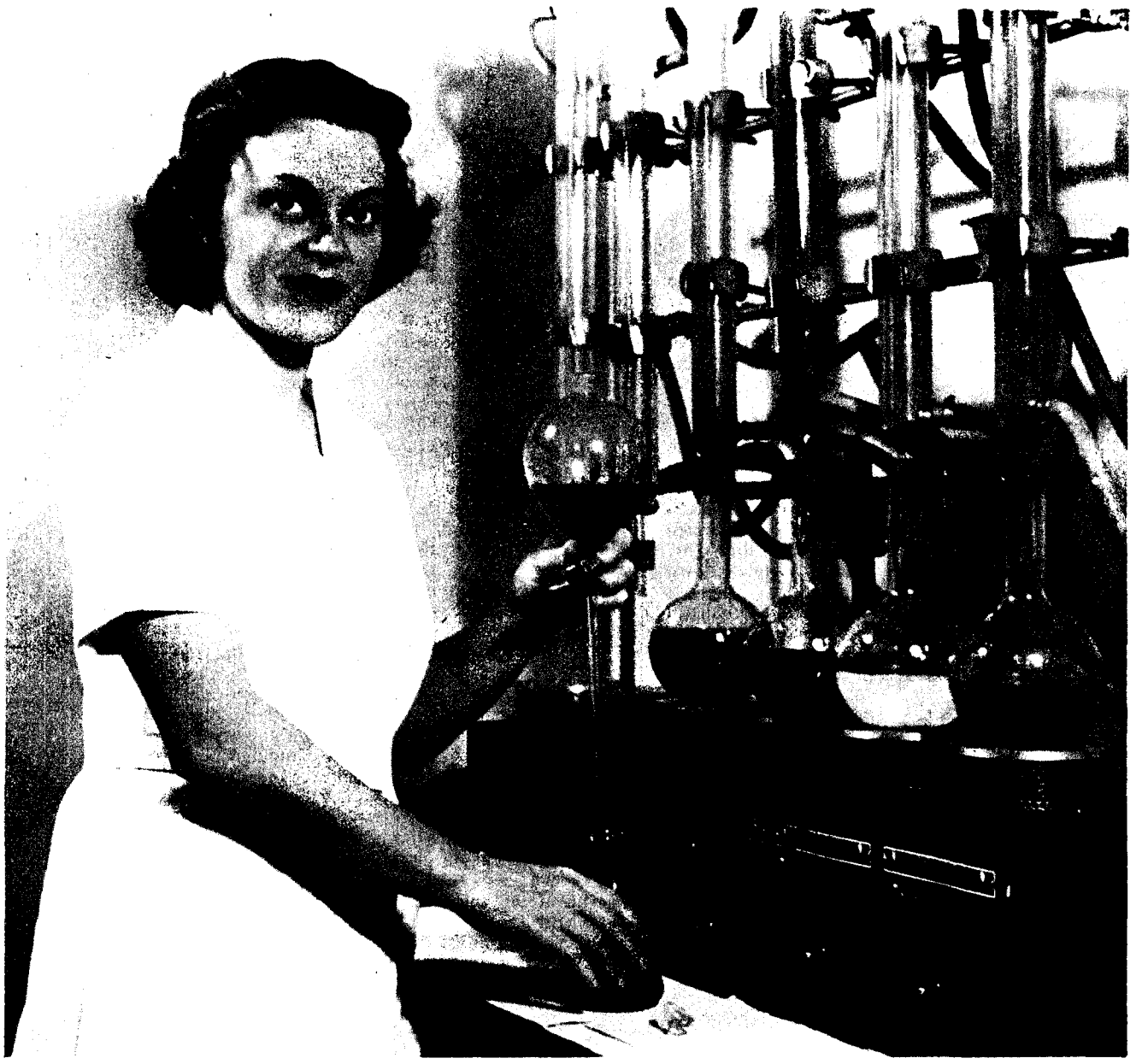
The results we call upsets are painstakingly worked out on the drawing boards in advance. Back of each upset is a scouting report and plan which often have taken months to devise

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLARD MULLIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lady in a Lab

By LESTER DAVID



Mrs. Ellenson not only develops new salable products, she has salvaged many unprofitable ones

Research chemist Evelyn Ellenson solves technical problems for small U.S. businessmen, thus providing many with a "new products division"

A WORRIED manufacturer of games and novelties dropped in to see Evelyn Ellenson at her kitchen-clean testing and research laboratory in New York City and tossed a flat, four-inch plastic box on her desk. Sales of a line of Chinese puzzles he had been marketing had petered out and he had been left with tens of thousands of empty boxes. "Figure out something for me to do with them," he pleaded.

Mrs. Ellenson began to figure. Could they be made into compacts? Too big. Cigarette cases? Too shallow. Pocket fishing kits? Market too limited. Finally, she struck on the idea of fitting the box with a miniature checkerboard for traveling, but found that the tiny checkers slithered around in the case. So she made another board of plastic, daubed it with metal paint, molded some checkers out of magnetized iron, and had the solution. The checkers clung to the board, could be easily moved, and the little game was compact enough to lie bulgeless in a pocket.

The manufacturer was understandably very delighted, and in a little over a year has sold almost 100,000 all over the United States and South America, turning a total loss into a gross profit of $25,000.

Research chemist Evelyn Ellenson is one of the few women in this country to own her own laboratory, and small businessmen pay her court because she helps them to make money. A far cry from the layman's notion of the attic-bound alchemist. Mrs. Ellenson is a dynamic little brunette in her mid-thirties, has a fashion-book figure and a gamin's grin, and seems as miscast in a stained laboratory smock as Eve Arden in a grease monkey's overalls. As chemist, inventor and shrewd businesswoman, however, she has salvaged tons of useless merchandise, developed new products by the score, and set dozens of people up in business—fattening the bank accounts of all concerned.

Helping Evelyn to pull off these minor miracles in Testing and Research Laboratories' six-room lab on Fifty-seventh Street in Manhattan, and in the downtown annex used for heavy-duty experiments, is a permanent staff of six chemists, food technologists, engineers and bacteriologists. This number often swells to 20 or more when particularly complex jobs come along. Astonishingly, there isn't another woman scientist in the crowd, but this isn't a matter of policy.

"Every time I need a specialist," Mrs. Ellenson says, "I hope one woman applicant will turn up. But that never happens. There are mighty few female chemists around doing this type of work, even though it's a wonderful field for women—and I ought to know. I'm convinced there is nothing a man can do in a lab that a woman cannot, except maybe do a better job of opening a tightly corked chemical bottle."

Evelyn's clients, the majority of whom find out about her from other Ellenson customers, range from disabled veterans with shoestring financing to nation-wide corporations. "Most are small-to-middling fellows, however, who can't afford their own technical staffs," she says. "That's where we come in." Heads of widely varied enterprises refer to Evelyn as "my new products division."

She Broods If Her Clients Lose

Although she has no financial interest in these businesses after she has helped to launch a product, Evelyn keeps in constant touch, brooding when the profits dip, which happens occasionally, and crowing happily when they zoom, which happens more often. She estimates that she has made several million dollars—for other people. Evelyn herself collects fees ranging from $5 to $5,000 for specific assignments, more than that only in rare instances.

Apart from working out ways for people to make money, a testing and research laboratory such as Mrs. Ellenson's is a catchall for technical problems of all kinds, involving everything from pharmaceuticals, paints and cosmetics to food products. Very few assignments are sufficiently quaint or fantastic to throw Mrs. Ellenson off her stride.

"One day," she recalls, "a middle-aged gentleman slipped into the office, furtive-like, his hat pulled far down over his eyes. Safely inside, he took off his hat. I blinked, for underneath it was a shock of bright pink hair. It seems he had gone to a beautician to have his graying thatch dyed, but something had gone very wrong."

Evelyn worked on his hair for five hours with countercoloring agents before she was able to get it back to normal.

Many jobs involve less spectacular, though equally troublesome, situations, such as the time the soundproofing kept falling on the heads of employees of a suburban New York telephone exchange. (The laboratory discovered that the workmen had simply applied the adhesive in blobs instead of thin coats, as required.) Or the time she was asked to produce a nonallergenic face powder for a woman who sneezed at the mere sight of a commercial product.

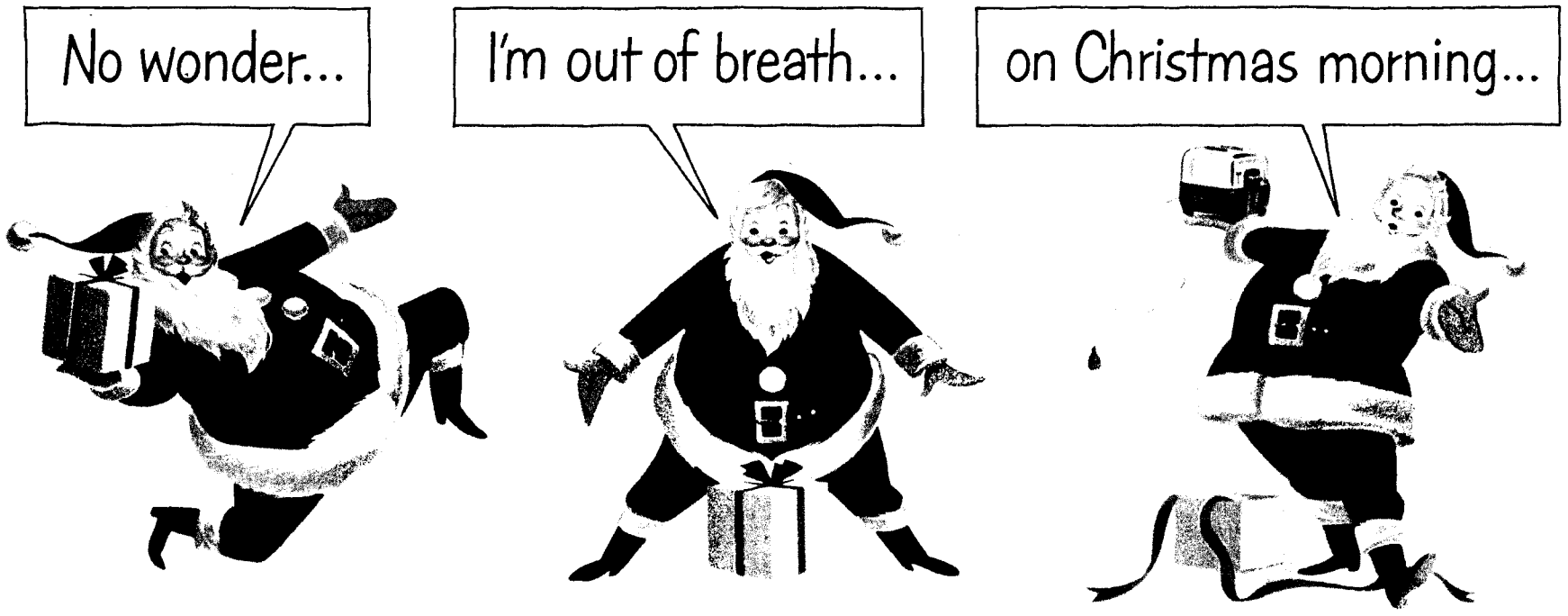
Evelyn's money-making alchemy takes off in many directions, one of which is that of breaking up unsalable or unprofitable products into their raw components.

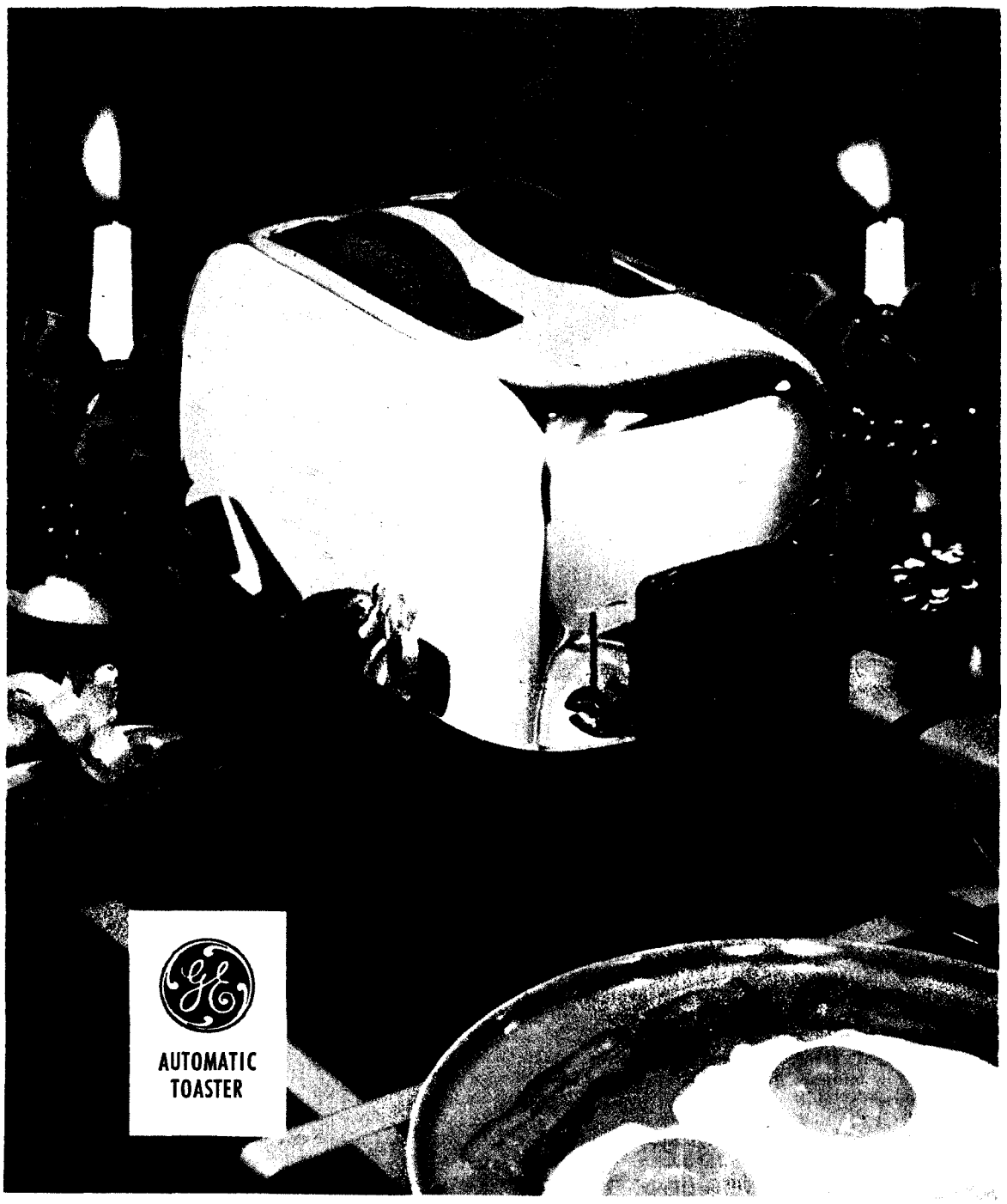
Businessmen who find themselves stuck with things no one wants are thus delighted to learn that they contain materials far more marketable than the original products.

Such a happy situation developed recently for the head of a large Manhattan export house. He had bought up a huge quantity of European candles at a low figure, then learned that he could not market them here at a profit. Evelyn melted them down and found they contained large quantities of stearic acid, now commanding high prices because of shortages due to the defense program. Stearic acid, a fatty acid, is used in pharmaceuticals, rubber compounding and metal polishing, and for many other purposes. *(Continued on page 48)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY FRANK BAUER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





Specifications subject to change without notice.

TOAST TO YOUR TASTE EVERY TIME

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Everybody wants one!

EACH CHRISTMAS thousands and thousands of thoughtful folks make the season a little bit happier by giving a beautiful new General Electric Automatic Toaster.

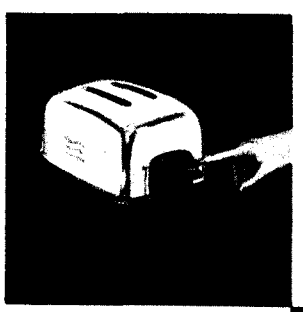
It's easy to see why they select this G-E beauty. It has *all* the new features you look for in a toaster.

Why, *this* toaster waits on *you*—toast pops up or keeps down until *you* want it! Every slice is toasted exactly the way you like it just by setting the control knob at light, medium or dark. And you keep it free of crumbs with a snap-in, snap-out crumb tray.

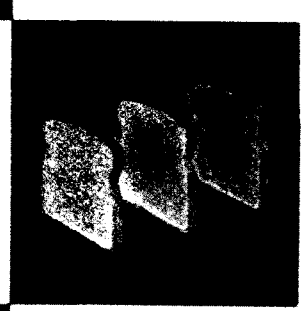
This toaster carries the famous G-E warranty which means years of dependable service.

So this season, give the gift that will remind them of *you* every morning of the year.

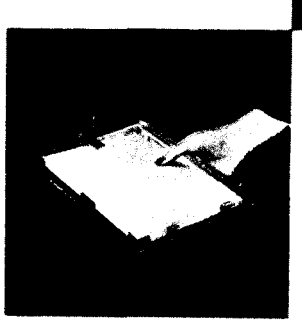
General Electric Automatic Toasters are on sale at leading retail stores everywhere. General Electric Company. Bridgeport 2. Connecticut.



"A"—Toast pops up or stays down until *you* want it.



"B"—Set the control knob—light, medium or dark, and let *this* G-E brown each piece—the way *you* want it.



"C"—The snap-in, snap-out crumb tray cleans in 10 *speedy* seconds.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reclining Figure

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

California. Some are respectable establishments but others specialize in the quick turnover and are as much a part of the mating habits of the citizenry as convertibles. It was in such a caravansary that Blaise found a lodging for Hugh Norden. For still another few hours, it was important to keep Norden free, and the motel was ideal.

THE cabin was mildewed and dreary, but Norden had a quart of whisky to help him overlook its shortcomings. "Don't worry," he said, when Blaise gave the bottle a perturbed look. "I'm not a drinker. I need this. My nerves are shot."

"For an innocent man," Blaise said, "you went to a hell of a lot of trouble."

"On paper," Norden said, "you can make it come out the way you want it. In the clutch, when the pressure suddenly comes on, clear thinking isn't so easy." He sipped his drink, and it seemed to be working for him. "There I was," went on Norden, "a trespasser on the Edgerton place the night Simon got killed—with my record, and with what I knew was going on. That's a beautiful spot for me, with no alibi."

"I take it," Blaise said, "that you've got one for last night."

"I was in jail." At Blaise's startled look, he said solemnly, "So help me! Guy gave me a lift, and something was wrong with his registration. He went through a light. The cops in some rube town up north held us until after midnight. There was a picture of me hanging in the squad room, but nobody spotted it."

"When you ordered those contact lenses, under an assumed name—wasn't that for a getaway?"

Norden nodded. "That's true, but I wasn't planning to hide from the police. Once I cashed in on the Renoir drawing, I didn't want to tangle with Kenneth Lurie. I figured on hiding from him, not from the police."

"Jonas Astorg was assuming that the forgeries were authentic Renoirs stolen from the Edgerton collection, wasn't he?"

"Yes. My plan was to cut in on Simon's share. I told him I wanted ten thousand dollars or I'd see to it that Astorg learned what was going on. The funny thing was that Simon didn't turn a hair. He told me he'd give me the money later on at the house. That's why I went there."

"And, meanwhile, you let him keep the drawing?"

"Oh, sure. I could still spill everything to Astorg, drawing or no drawing. You see," he said, with his shrewd, wolfish smile, "your problem is convincing an honest judge and an honest jury against the weight of the evidence. My problem was only to convince one crook that a couple of other crooks were robbing him. Astorg bought the paintings on sight because they came from the Edgerton collection. I could prove that was a lie. I don't know why Simon wanted to keep the drawing but I was glad to let him have it."

"I think I'm beginning to understand," Blaise said. "Stay out of sight," he warned Norden. "I'll look in on you later." . . .

Cassy strolled into the gallery at seven o'clock. She tried to maintain an air of unconcerned innocence, but her heart was pounding and she knew that some of the color had drained out of her face.

Edgerton was sorting some documents spread on the desk. He muttered, "Hello, Cassy," in a distracted tone. Then he looked up at her. "What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing. Why?"

"You look all washed out."

"Me?" She made a great show of peering in a mirror, pushing up her lip and sticking out her tongue. "I've got it," she said. "Edgerton's disease, the dread scourge of Highway 101. The symptoms are painful swelling of the ego, choleric rages, heavy deposits of money around the heart."

Edgerton said, "Oh! Blaise, huh? Well, in decency, I suppose you have to do a certain amount of fatuous mooning over him, so go right ahead. I'm surprised at you, Cassy!" he added. "Hell, Blaise must be old enough to be your father."

"He's thirty-one," she said. "I'm twenty-five. Is that December and May?"

"Thirty-one!" snorted Edgerton. Then he seemed to think about it. "Well, age doesn't mean a thing. He's an irritating, driveling loudmouth, and doesn't know his backside from a Tintoretto."

"I suppose that's why for nearly two years you've been telling everyone how smart he is."

"Me?" hooted Edgerton. Then in a pained, hurt voice, he said, "Well, he took me in." He turned away, and after a few moments, was happily absorbed in his papers. Cass watched him out of the corner of her eye. It would be difficult to stay behind if he finished for the day. Her hope was for a diversion that might enable her to stow away. It came in the appearance of Victor Grandi and an argument about the carving of a frame that took both men down into the vault.

Cassy slipped into the coat closet in the front of the gallery. She left the door a crack open. Edgerton, on returning to the gallery, would take it for granted that she had gone back to the house.

She heard their voices again after she had been in the closet only a few minutes.

"I made some tests on Ordmann's painting today for Lieutenant Ives," Grandi said. "I'm afraid the lieutenant was disappointed. There is absolutely nothing to betray the forgery."

"Who says it's a forgery?" demanded Edgerton.

"You know it is," Grandi said quietly. "You saw the drawing, and Cassy saw the forger practicing right in this room."

"You didn't see the forger practicing, Victor. What makes you so certain Blaise is right?"

There was always some mockery in Grandi's humility around Edgerton, and now it was openly derisive. "For your information," he said, "Lieutenant Ives now suspects that I may have helped poor Weldon grind his colors. His suspicions were aroused by some significant ingredients in my workshop. Fortunately, I was able to tell him that they were imported to do some retouching for you. I am greatly in your debt," he added formally, "for confirming this story. Especially since there was not one word of truth in it."

Edgerton's fists were clenched and his eyes bright with anger. Grandi, in his old, paint-flecked clothes, faced him like an inquisitor.

"I confirmed what you told Ives," Edgerton said at last, "because you're always bringing in some smelly paints and chemicals. I took it for granted that this was just another batch."

"I think not," Grandi said gently. "Your main concern now is that the great name of Edgerton should not be connected with these forgeries. Not even through a lowly employee. I know what you think of your collection, what you're capable of doing to protect it."

"Gibberish," Edgerton said. "Jealous, spiteful gibberish. I'm locking up. Get out."

"Yes, sir," Grandi replied meekly.

In the closet, Cass leaned weakly against the wall. The lights went out, one after another, and then she heard the sound of the door closing. Blaise would not appear until dinner was in full swing at the house, when the chance of detection would be at a minimum. So she had time to think, and, now, plenty to think about.

Grandi, she knew, could be bitingly sarcastic, and Lucas Edgerton evoked this trait in him. His remarks might mean nothing. On the other hand, she was afraid to let her mind stray to the bitterness between Lucas Edgerton and his son, or to recall the wild rage with which Simon had been ordered out of the gallery the night he was killed.

She tried to gather and focus her puzzling and elusive thoughts into some channel that would make sense. She was still gathering and focusing when she heard a tapping at a window, and, scuttling to it rapidly, saw Blaise crouching in the shrubbery. She set the switches rendering the alarm silent, then opened the door.

Blaise kissed her, holding her tight. "You're the best little confederate a second-story man ever had."

"I'm scared," she said, clinging to him.

"So am I. Leave me alone now, Cassy, so I can shiver in private. Your job is lookout. Here."

Cassy gasped as he slipped a gun into her hand. "I got this for you," he whispered. "Don't use it unless you have to, but then shoot straight and save the last bullet for yourself." She gulped weakly and looked down. She was holding a glass gun full of jelly beans, but before she could talk, Blaise eased her out. She moved around to the side, watching the approaches to the gallery. She could see Blaise through a window as he worked with a small flashlight in one hand, riffling through boxes in which the drawings and prints were stored. He worked neatly, replacing each drawer as he finished with it.

He had been alone inside for nearly an hour when Cassy saw Miriam Wayne come out of the house and start for the gallery. She rapped on the glass and, as Blaise's head turned, pointed frantically to the door.

He nodded, swiftly pushed the drawer he was working on back into place, then slid around behind the cabinets. Cassy's relief was instantly replaced by a new terror. If Miriam came into the gallery, she would have to give the all-clear code signal on the burglar alarm. Finding the alarm shut off, she would suspect an intruder and sound battle stations at once. At the last moment, as Miriam had her key in the lock, Cassy threw her head back and screamed. She had her heart in it, and all the power of her healthy young lungs. It froze Miriam Wayne at the door and it brought Blaise out of hiding and over to the window. He could see Cassy, apparently unharmed, then Miriam approaching warily from one side while a watchman came running from the other.

"There was someone here," Cassy sobbed. "A man. He was looking in the window. He ran off that way." She pointed to the beach, and as the others looked away, Blaise saw her gesture to him. It was an unmistakable signal to depart. He had three drawings, exactly suited to his purpose, and with these tucked away, he let himself quietly out and circled the gallery and went down to the beach. The watchman was supporting Cassy's limp body now—the fainting act was her way of stalling the man hunt—and Blaise blew her a kiss as he edged into the comforting obscurity of the dunes.

BLAISE was stretched on the couch in the living room of his suite at the Ocean Inn. He had a drink in his hand and, when Cassy saw him from the doorway, seemed to be disgustingly at ease.

"How can you be so calm?" she said. "I'm still weak in the knees."

Blaise jumped up, put his arm around her, and steered her to the couch.

"By the time I was pretending to faint," she said, "it was darn' near the real thing."

Blaise patted her hand. "You were swell, Cassy." He kissed her gently.

"Shot and shell fell all around," she said, "but I never flinched."

"Not once." He kissed her again.

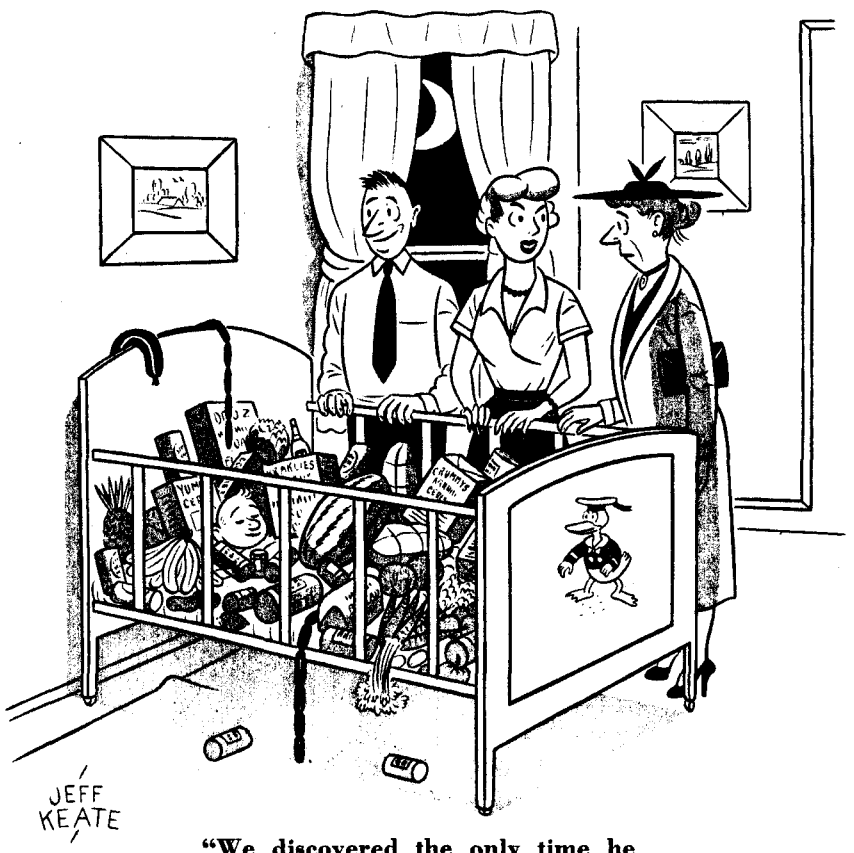
She smiled up at him. "Now you know what a scream I can unleash. I had to do something. Miriam would have noticed that the alarm was turned off. You would have been cornered."

"I'm much obliged. I'm thinking about just how to reward you."

"Think hard," Cassy said. Then her smile faded and she described the scene between Edgerton and Victor Grandi.

Blaise studied her. "You feel disloyal, Cassy?"

"Who wouldn't? Here I am, helping you



COLLIER'S

"We discovered the only time he really sleeps perfectly is when I'm coming back from the market with his carriage filled with groceries"

JEFF KEATE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

set traps as if it was open season in the beaver country, and, for all I know, the prize catch may turn out to be my uncle."

Blaise nodded. "I understand. The drawings are on the table, Cassy. Take them with you. I'll try to think of something else."

She leaned against him. "That's no solution. You're the one I started out to help."

"I think," Blaise said, "that what Grandi told your uncle is pretty much the truth." He just wants to have the investigation wrapped up where it stands now, to keep the sacred name of Edgerton from being mixed up in a forgery scandal. He's not a public-spirited man and I don't think he cares who gets trimmed—just so he doesn't."

"That sounds like Uncle Lucas. You don't think his doings are any darker than that?" she asked.

"This time tomorrow," Blaise said, "he'll be bringing me my slippers, mixing me a drink, and offering to increase your dowry."

"Tomorrow night, huh? Do we have to wait until the check clears? If we don't," she rambled on contentedly, "we can have a police-station wedding, the kind every girl dreams about from childhood, with an arch formed by crossed night sticks."

THE telephone rang, and Blaise jumped for it. He said, "Yes, Ives." Then, after an instant, he said, "Right away," and put down the telephone. "Sorry I interrupted your reverie, Cassy."

"All right," she said. "But this is your last night for helling around in prowl cars. You'll be a better art dealer if you stay home nights and study." At the door, though, she clung to him. "Be careful, Blaise. Please be careful."

He tapped her under the chin with the drawings. "I'll be on deck tomorrow." He kissed her, and her arms came up to hold him tight. He disengaged himself reluctantly. "Ives is waiting for me, Cassy."

"Let him wait. I'm a taxpayer." But she let go, and Blaise went off alone, heading north to the motel where he had put Hugh Norden. The headlights of a parked car winked on and off, and Blaise pulled up behind it. Ives was walking to meet him.

"What's in here?" asked the detective.

"Your friend and mine, Hugh Norden."

"The hell you say!" It was the first time Blaise had seen the lieutenant actually startled. He told Ives how he had spotted the fugitive and of Norden's eagerness to square himself.

"I'll square him," Ives said. "I'll put corners on him while I'm about it."

"I located a couple of those drawings I mentioned," Blaise said casually. "If Norden really wants to help, I think we can go places."

"Let's go inside," Ives said. On the way, he reached under his coat to adjust the holster he was wearing.

At the sight of Lieutenant Ives, Norden's eyes all but revolved in their sockets. The detective pushed him back in and closed the door. Together, Blaise and Ives told him what he'd have to do to save his skin.

When Norden left the cabin a half hour later, he was carrying one of the Renoir drawings Blaise had "borrowed" from the Edgerton collection.

ASTORG was resting on a couch in Kenneth Lurie's drawing room. Lurie was showing some pictures in the next room, and Astorg half listened to the patter, the clichés of buyer and seller which followed one another like tracer bullets. He was in a strangely lethargic state, as if, having accepted the leadership of Kenneth Lurie, he had relinquished all responsibility and initiative. He was afraid of Lurie now, and he felt helpless. He was afraid to leave, afraid to stay, and, most of all, afraid to ask questions.

Lurie brought his customer into the drawing room. "Jonas!" he cried. "You'll never guess what this wicked, wicked woman has done. She's taking away our Sisley!"

"No!" cried Astorg, in pretended disbelief. "She can't!" The Sisley was a shabby landscape, probably a sketch for a painting, reluctantly accepted in trade. "I wanted that for my personal collection!"

"So did I," Lurie said. "She went straight to it," he told Astorg. "Ignored all the things I wanted to sell. But it's going into a happy collection. Mrs. Parnell," he informed Astorg solemnly, "has the largest collection of Bouguereau in Texas."

Lurie was ready to take her away now, and Astorg bowed low over her hard, rugged hand. Her car was waiting in the street, and Lurie took her to it. His careful, fitted smile stayed on until she drove away. Then he started back into the house.

"Lurie!"

The dealer stopped. Hugh Norden was standing ten yards away, his right hand in the pocket of his loose gabardine coat.

"Oh, it's you," Lurie said. "What do you want?"

"I'd like to show you a Renoir drawing," Norden said. "An early one, about 1875. Like the one I gave Simon Edgerton."

Lurie nodded. "I'll take you somewhere else, where we can talk. I'm not alone—"

"Astorg," Norden said, interrupting him. "I know. It's all right with me, if it's all right with you."

"Come in," Lurie said quietly.

On the doorstep, Norden said, "I've got a gun. This isn't a stickup—you know that."

"Come on in," the dealer said amiably. "We'll talk about it."

Norden followed him into the drawing room. "This is Hugh Norden, Jonas," Lurie said. "He'd like to show us an early Renoir drawing." When Astorg bounced upright, Lurie added, "He's got a gun."

Norden said, "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Astorg." He drew out the drawing and placed it before Astorg.

Astorg was trembling, but Lurie was calm, not even troubling to glance at the drawing.

"*The* Renoir?" Lurie asked politely.

"Or thereabouts," Norden replied with a smile.

Lurie moved around to look down over his colleague's shoulder. "How much?"

"Ten thousand."

"Just for one drawing?" Lurie's eyebrows went up.

"For three."

Astorg spoke for the first time. "How many have you got?"

"Three," Norden said, grinning, and, at Astorg's skeptical glance, he added, "That's the lot."

"You've brought the other two?" Lurie asked.

"They're handy," Norden said. After a moment, he

"And how much hair will a quart let down?"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

Christmas Gift Special

Give him deluxe size
PALMOLIVE
After-Shave Lotion

Your Shopping's Snappier...

Check 'em off your list . . . dads and dream-boats . . . brothers and boy friends . . . *every* man cheers for this brand-new idea in after-shave comfort! Especially in this strikingly handsome green-and-gold gift package!

His Face is Happier...

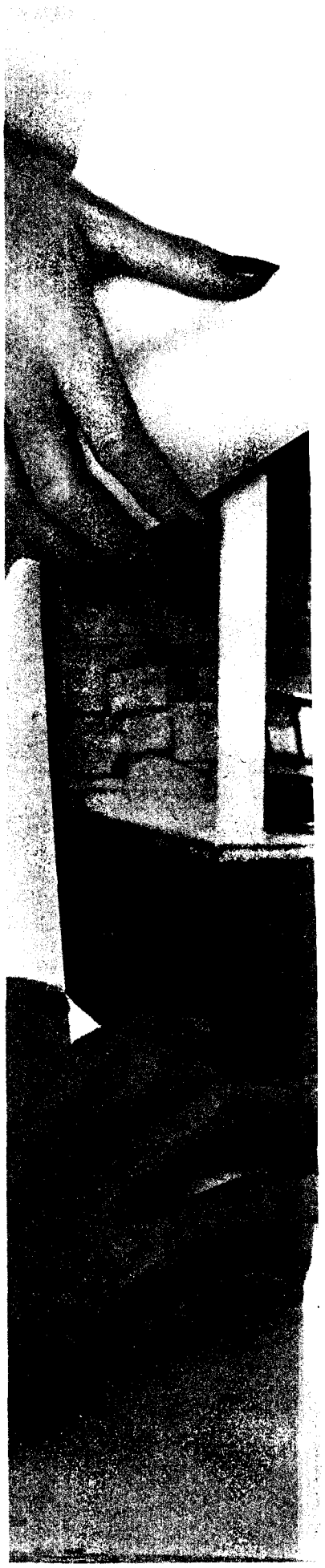
For here's one after-shave lotion that not only cools in seconds . . . but *also*, soothes for hours! What comfort! What a keen, outdoor aroma! Remember the name—Palmolive After-Shave Lotion . . . perfect gift for every *big* shaver on your list! At all good toilet-goods counters, everywhere.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRESENTING PACK

with motordom's newest, most exclusive beauty-

Fashion-Keyed by Dorothy Draper



Here is the newest new automobile idea in over a decade!

Dorothy Draper, internationally famous decorator and color stylist, has touched the 1952 Packards with the magic of her color and fabric genius . . . *and the result is the most breath-takingly beautiful car of our time!*

Throughout the fashion world, the achievements of Mrs. Dorothy Draper have long been legendary. Now, for the first time, she has brought her talents to the field of motoring . . . in the magnificent new 1952 Packard.

From the stunning exterior combinations to the matching interior fabrics and trim, Mrs. Draper's artistic daring and instinctive good taste are in evidence everywhere.

Blendings, harmonies, color complements — one more magnificent than the next — are here . . . not only to win admiring glances from other motorists and pedestrians, but to suit *your* personality—*your* temperament—*your* taste!

And underneath it all is the brilliance of Packard engineering and precision workmanship: From new Packard Thunderbolt Engines, America's *highest-compression eights* . . . and Packard's exclusive, now smoother-than-ever Ultramatic Drive . . . to revolutionary new Packard Easamatic Power Brakes!

The total effect is definitely something to see—something to drive—something to own!

It's more than a car--it's a

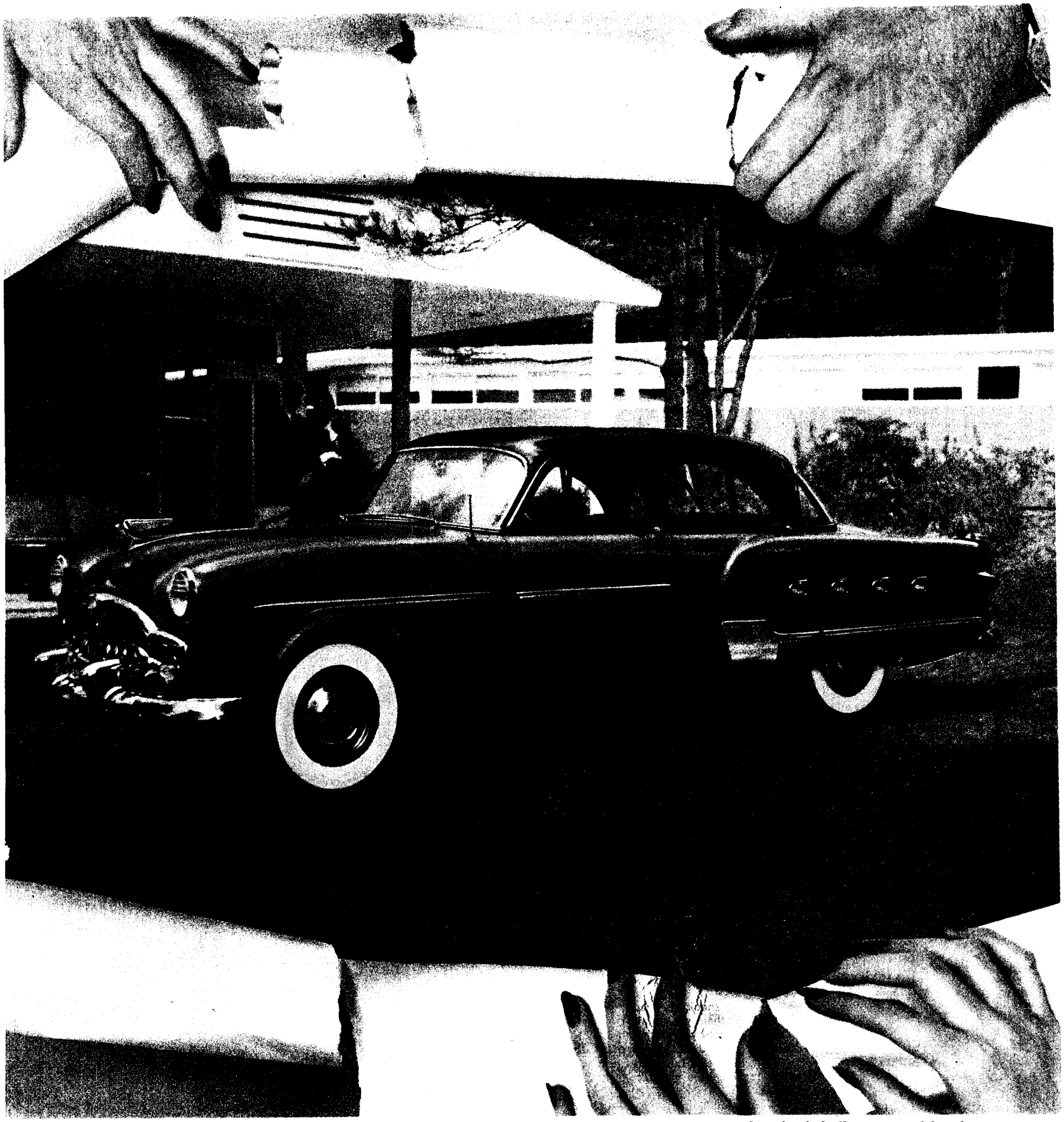
PACKARD

Ask the man who owns one

Photographed at House & Garden's "House of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RD FOR 1952



per Brookville, Long Island.

Most luxurious motor car in the world: New Packard Patrician '400' for 1952. One of eight brilliant new models in four price ranges.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Winter-Time Warm-up!

TRY Spudnuts TRADE MARK and COFFEE

When it's cold outside . . . try those golden Spudnuts with a cup of hot coffee *inside* for an appetite-satisfying winter warm-up! Good anytime — morning, noon, or night — and good for you, too! Made of finest ingredients, deep-cooked in creamy shortening, Spudnuts are energy-packed, digestible! Perfect for holiday parties . . . more than 300 Spudnut dealers throughout the nation are waiting to serve you tantalizing goodness by the dozen!

America's Finest Food Confection

The formula for Spudnuts is a closely guarded secret, but one ingredient is especially prepared potatoes, softly folded into the basic Spudnut recipe. Raised in a proofing box just like the finest French pastries, you'll love the fluffy, golden goodness of Spudnuts!

More and more Spudnut Shops now have Spud-Overs, the All-American Fruit Confection and other exciting Spudnut Pastry Varieties--each making yum-yummy eating history. Ask your nearby Spudnut Shop!

Spudnuts- made only by authorized, franchised dealers, and sold in the genuine Mr. Spudnut Bag or Box. Be *sure* you get *genuine* Spudnuts!

Pelton's SPUDNUTS Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Franchises Available: Write the Franchise Division, Pelton's Spudnuts, Inc., 1488 South State Street, Salt Lake City, Utah. Canadian Offices, 1307 Burrard Street, Vancouver, B. C. Copyright, 1951

asked, "How handy is the ten thousand?"

Lurie looked at Astorg. "What do you think, Jonas?"

Astorg pushed himself up. He stared at Norden, his eyes wide, his mouth a little slack. "Blackmailing devil," he muttered, and launched himself at Norden, his fingers curved into raking claws. Norden fell back quickly, whipping out the gun. Lurie caught Astorg's shoulder, spun him around, and pushed him away. Norden let his hand fall back into the pocket.

Lurie smiled apologetically. "He's not used to these transactions. I'll handle this for both of us. All right, Jonas?"

Astorg nodded. Lurie turned back to Norden. "You've got three drawings—that's all?"

"Three," Norden repeated firmly.

"I take it you don't plan to spend the money right here in southern California," Lurie said.

"A friend of mine is on a ship going out of San Pedro tomorrow morning. He'll sign me on—if I raise some money," he finished pointedly.

Lurie reached into his breast pocket for a thin sheaf of currency. He glanced at Astorg and, when the dealer nodded, tossed the money on the table. "There's a couple of thousand. I'll bring you the rest later tonight."

"Fine." Norden picked up the money. "I'm at the Far West, a motel out on the highway."

Lurie was studying the drawing. "You got this from Paul Weldon, didn't you?" he asked.

"I picked him up one night about a month ago," Norden said. "He was pretty drunk and I helped him get home. After he passed out, I had a look around. I found these drawings and a half-finished Renoir. Believe me, I had a new respect for Paul Weldon."

"A month ago eh? But you didn't approach Simon Edgerton until the other night?"

"I couldn't approach him—or anybody. I didn't know what was involved. I knew a big forgery racket was going, but I had to know how and with whom before I made a move."

ASTORG was sitting up straight now. His voice was impatient. "Go on. I might as well hear it all now."

Norden glanced at Lurie, who shrugged. "Mr. Astorg is entitled to know the truth," Lurie murmured.

"I watched Weldon until I picked up the connection with Simon Edgerton," Norden said. "That damn' near drove me crazy for a while. I knew that if the forgeries were destined for a collector, you wouldn't need Simon—it would mean admitting that the paintings were stolen property. Then I learned that Mr. Astorg had these great new Renoirs. It all made sense then: you were selling him paintings ostensibly stolen by Simon from the Edgerton collection, and Paul Weldon was knocking them out for you in his studio. A great idea," he said respectfully to Lurie.

"Brilliant!" Astorg said stiffly. He turned a bitter stare on Lurie. "My partner! My friend!"

"Don't be a fool," Lurie said. "Am I in business to make friends? Are you?"

"Anyway," said Norden, "once I knew the program, all I had to do was pick the weakest spot. I thought it would be Simon," he finished thoughtfully. "As it turned out, that may have been a mistake. You knew by the time I went to Simon that the Renoirs were forgeries, didn't you?" he asked Astorg.

The dealer shook his head. "I'm rather more dense than you think."

"Oh. I thought you did because—" Norden's voice trailed off. "It doesn't matter."

"He means," said Lurie, "because he saw you at the Edgerton place the night Simon was killed."

"I'll say good night," Norden said politely. "I'm sure you must have a lot to talk about."

Lurie took Norden into the hall. He came back with a humidor from which he selected a large cigar. "Want one?"

Astorg shook his head. "Bad for my heart," he said.

"You must be careful," Lurie said gravely. He closed the humidor, picked up a small, gracefully executed bronze, and placed it on the lid. "This little statue was in the first good collection I ever handled," Lurie said. "I sold everything else and at last decided to keep it for luck."

"The story of your life, when you get around to it," Astorg said, "should be very interesting. Let me know if you need a finish."

Lurie laughed. "I'm glad you're showing some spirit, Jonas. You were beginning to depress me. I'm ashamed of what happened here. That a sniveling little thief should have the gall to demand money!"

"Is that why you gave it to him so readily?"

"I'm not a fool. It would be silly to deny that Norden can make trouble. But," he added with satisfaction, "we've been lucky so far."

"What are you going to do?"

Lurie tapped the ash gently from his cigar. "Would you really like to know, Jonas?"

"No!"

Lurie smiled. "That's what I thought. I'll do," he said, "what I have to do. Neither more nor less. Something like this has been inevitable. I was never content with running just a business. Were you?" he asked abruptly.

"I know what you mean," was Astorg's low, hesitant reply.

"I'm sure you do. My earliest admiration for you was touched off years ago when I saw what you sold an automobile manufacturer. A quarter of a million dollars' worth of great paintings, but you couldn't resist including a few worthless pre-Columbian vessels made here in Los Angeles. That gave me great pleasure. I knew then that we were destined to be partners."

"Why did you have to fool me?" Astorg demanded. "Of all people, why me?"

"Challenge, I suppose. Most collectors bore me. I am frequently honest with them only because they're sitting ducks. But with you, Jonas," he said affectionately, "my faculties had to be at their very keenest. Besides, as you know, my own facilities and standing would have been inadequate." He put down his cigar. "I'm going now," he said. "Shall I drop you, or will you wait for me here?"

"I'll go home," Astorg said. He paused in the hall and caught Lurie's arm. "Give Norden the money," Astorg said, in a pleading tone. "Don't get crazy notions of pride or revenge now. Give him the money. I want to be sure Norden isn't going to trouble us."

Lurie smiled. "I give you my word. My word of honor."

AT THE Far West Motel, Ives had requisitioned the two cabins adjoining Norden's, and another facing this layout on the other side of the court. His men were installed in them, and all was in readiness.

Norden rendered a faithful account of his interview, after which Ives relieved him of the two thousand and the gun. Sergeant Bonner took charge of both, settling himself in a corner with the money and several sheets of closely typed paper.

"If it's all the same to you, Lieutenant," Norden said, "I'd just as soon meet Lurie in an armored car."

"Sit down, scum," Ives said. "I'm using you, but don't crowd your luck. If you're useful, I may let you plead to something easy. If you're not, you'll wish Lurie had stuffed you with cement."

"Yes, sir," Norden said uneasily.

"The lieutenant really likes you," Blaise said. "His manner is gruff but underneath beats a heart like—" He never finished the simile. Sergeant Bonner jumped up from his researches. "Here it is. The entire two thousand is part of what Weldon drew out of the bank."

"Well, what do you know!" Ives said.

The sergeant showed Blaise how the bank kept track of its currency. "We don't know the exact bills the bank issued to Weldon," the sergeant explained, "but we know that on the day of this withdrawal the serial numbers were somewhere in this range. And here they are."

"How much did Weldon have?" Blaise asked.

"He got six thousand in this batch," Ives told him. "We may get more of it later."

In a frightened voice, Norden said, "My God, Lieutenant, you don't really think Lurie is coming here to give me that money, do you?"

"Shut up." Then Ives condescended to add, "Of course he'll give you the money. He's got to have the drawings. His best bet is to kill you," he said thoughtfully, "but not until he has the drawings, and definitely not here."

"Is there any way I can meet Lurie?" Blaise asked, and, at Ives's curious look, he added, "It was my idea."

"If anything happened to you, there'd be an awful stink. This one"—he jerked his thumb at Norden— "he's expendable."

"I'd like a drink," Norden said.

"Give it to him, Bonner," Ives said.

Sergeant Bonner, whose duties were varied, took a bottle from a cupboard and

COLLIER'S

"It's the only light we have, so you'll have to work fast!"

FRITZ WILKINSON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

poured a stiff drink into a tumbler. Norden swallowed it, then lighted a cigarette with trembling fingers. "All I need now," he said bitterly, "is a blindfold."

A tape recorder, its spool wound for two hours, was planted in a cupboard. Sergeant Bonner started the device, checking for noise or vibration, and it was left running.

Norden looked like a horse with a broken leg who knew he was about to be abandoned to die.

"You're doing fine," Blaise told him reassuringly.

Bonner stayed in the shadows outside Norden's cabin, crouched at a window. The lieutenant and Blaise went into the adjoining cabin. A thin, nervous crackling issued from a loud-speaker on the floor, over which they heard the heavy sound of Norden's footsteps. Then the footsteps stopped, to be followed by a gurgling splash.

"He's at the whisky," Ives said.

"Do you think he'll be all right?" Blaise asked.

Ives nodded. "Do you suppose I'd risk it if I didn't think so? It's a hundred to one Lurie won't try anything here, and if he should, Bonner is the best shot in the department. My main concern is whether or not Lurie talks."

"I think he will," Blaise said. "He won't just take Norden's word that these are all the drawings. He'll try to—"

Ives gripped Blaise's wrist as Lurie's voice came over the speaker. "I'm a few minutes early," he was saying in his grave, deliberate voice. "I'm pleased to find you at home."

They heard Norden fiddling with the bolts. Then Lurie said casually, "Let me see the three drawings."

"Two drawings. I gave you one at the house."

"So you did." There was a pause, then Lurie said, "My colleague thinks you may be holding back a few things as security for your old age."

"I'm not. I had four of Weldon's drawings originally. I gave one to Simon Edgerton, left you one tonight. I've got two more and that's all."

"I hope so. Even an impoverished old age is better than none. I'm giving you a great deal of money."

"Because you've got a hell of a lot at stake. You've got at least two more fake Renoirs and now there's nothing to stop you from unloading them."

LURIE spoke calmly. "I'm well aware of that. However, the proceeds have to be divided into several shares. Frankly, I thought we had too many partners all along. To be sure, the ranks have thinned out somewhat. You might speculate on the hazards of the career you are embracing. Would you care to know the life span of the average blackmailer? No? Well, perhaps the subject is a depressing one." In a brisk, businesslike manner, he said, "I've brought the money. Let me see the drawings."

Ives, still listening and waiting, had nevertheless moved to the door. The microphone next door picked up and transported the rustle of papers.

"Beautiful! Wonderful work! These are good enough to fool anyone," Lurie said. "Actually, for all I know, these might even be genuine. This one on top has even been mounted, as if it had been exhibited somewhere."

"I wanted—I tried to sell it when I was ducking the police," Norden muttered in a frightened, quavering voice.

"You lying stool pigeon!" bellowed Lurie. "What kind of drawings are these?"

Ives yanked the door open and, gun in hand, jumped from the top step. Blaise followed him, just as the two shots were fired almost simultaneously. Sergeant Bonner, also with his automatic ready, reached the front of the bungalow from his post as Ives rushed up, then the door banged open, silhouetting Lurie as in a frame. He was clutching his shattered right wrist, his face twisted with pain, but when he saw the police and Blaise he dropped both arms and forced the muscles of his face into their accustomed composure. Hugh Norden, unharmed, leaned weakly against the cupboard in the background.

"This way out," Ives said quietly, and Lurie followed the two detectives to the waiting car.

THOUGH he was a man of erratic personal habits, in some ways Lucas Edgerton followed an inflexible pattern. One of these was his breakfast, served to him alone every morning at seven thirty in the huge dining room. The hour itself generally afforded privacy. Beyond that, it was a rare being who would face Edgerton on an empty stomach. He betrayed no surprise, however, when Cassy padded in. She was wearing a housecoat, some inches of nightgown protruding at the hem.

"Damn it, Cassy," said Edgerton, who was wearing a blue blazer with brass buttons over his pajama coat, "can't you get decently dressed for breakfast?"

Cassy ignored him. "I want caviar, blintzes with sour cream, and a pint of champagne," she said dreamily to the startled butler, and Edgerton's coffee cup banged the saucer in his astonishment. "Do not unquiet yourself," she said. "I have odd whims, but I'm not pregnant."

"Fine talk," muttered Edgerton. Then he looked up at Jennings. "You heard Miss Cassandra," he roared.

Edgerton concentrated on his scrambled eggs.

"I talked to Blaise," Cassy said.

Edgerton nodded. "The boy G-man," he muttered.

"He's coming out," she continued imperturbably.

Edgerton shrugged. "Don't suppose I could stop him. I remember when this place used to be private property. Nothing but a lousy public picnic ground now."

"You need more contact with the outside world," Cassy said. "This gilded hermitage has made you grumpy, arbitrary, pigheaded, and vain. However, Blaise and I are going to live with you for the first few years. The house will be filled with the laughter of young people, and—who knows?—perhaps the patter of little feet."

"Are you joking?"

"No, I'm not. We're getting married. Right away."

Edgerton reached out and patted her hand. "All right, Cassy," he said gently.

At this sudden and warm surrender, Cassy broke into tears. "Damn it, Cassy, stop crying!" Edgerton said. "It's all right, I say."

"You don't mind?"

"What the hell—I suppose you've got to marry somebody."

"I do. I'm all matured and everything." She took the handkerchief he held out to her. "By the way, you've never told me about the birds and the bees. This is your last chance."

"I'll buy you a book. Incidentally, I don't suppose you managed to suppress the facts about your income, did you?"

"He knew," Cassy said proudly. "He checked up right away. He's really awfully smart."

"You were able to overcome his manly opposition to living on your money?"

"The facts are, as you darn' well know, that Blaise is very successful." She shut off his attempted interruption. "And today you need him more than he needs you. He was right about the forgeries, and you were as wrong as Christmas in July. If he isn't working for you, people are going to be asking themselves why he was fired and probably coming to the conclusion that he got canned because he was too smart and too honest to have access to the great Edgerton collection. Mix that," she concluded, "in your brown umber, add a touch of zinc white, and smoke it."

"He's thought of all that, has he?"

"I've thought of it, and I'm not the type to keep secrets from my husband."

"You'll make a great wife for an art dealer, Cassy," he said.

"That's my plan," Cassy replied. "And

The New AC *Aluvac* Oil Filter Element Guards Your Engine Against Hidden Enemies

Constantly picking off the enemies that shorten engine life—removing the grit that grinds and the sludge that clogs—the new AC *Aluvac* Oil Filter Element gives vital protection to any engine.

Dirty oil comes in—clean, safe oil goes out, in an endless stream of protection for all moving parts. You'd be amazed to know how little wear takes place when engine oil is always clean.

You'd be equally astonished to know how fine and uniform the filtering pores of the AC *Aluvac* Element are. They take out dirt particles as small as 1/100,000th of an inch in size.

You'll get a lot of mileage—low cost mileage—out of your AC *Aluvac* Element, too. Size for size, it has 10 times the filtering surface of ordinary elements—double the sludge-retaining capacity.

So there's both quantity and quality for you, in one precision-built package.

And remember this: It's the filter element that does the work in an oil filter. The next time your filter element needs changing, replace with an AC *Aluvac* Element. Your service man has a size and type to fit almost every oil filter.

IF YOUR ENGINE HAS NO OIL FILTER, **don't leave it unprotected any longer. There's a complete AC Oil Filter, with *Aluvac* Element, to fit your engine.**

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION GM GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you'd better bear it in mind if you still want to fire Ellis Blaise."

"Fire him?" Edgerton looked shocked. "I want to buy a piece of the business." . . .

The morning papers were scattered all over the desk in the library, headlines and pictures telling the story of last night's arrests of Lurie and Astorg. The words "art forgery," "conspiracy" and "wealthy collector Lucas Edgerton" figured prominently, as did the name Ellis Blaise. Blaise's first act was to gather them and drop the bundle in the fireplace.

"They shot my bad profile," he complained, looking at the subdued group around Edgerton. Wesley Corum rewarded him with a weak smile, but neither Victor Grandi nor Miriam Wayne ventured any comment.

"You're a red-hot celebrity," Edgerton sneered. "I'm hoping you'll give me your autograph."

"I've already been invited to appear on Meet the People," Blaise said, "and I think I can arrange a booking for you on It Pays to Be Ignorant."

FOR a moment Edgerton was about to shoot up like a rocket, but he subsided at last. "I guess I had that coming to me."

"I think we have all underestimated Mr. Blaise," Grandi said.

Blaise handed Edgerton the three drawings. "Anyway, you earned an assist."

"I'll be damned!" Edgerton said softly, when he saw them. He looked up at Miriam. "Did you give him these?"

"No," she said, "but I think I understand your niece's fainting spell last night."

"I was collecting these in the gallery," Blaise said. "It isn't easy to find three early Renoir drawings in a hurry, and Lurie and Astorg had to be convinced that proof of the forgery still existed. You can still have me jugged for breaking and entering."

Edgerton laughed out loud. "They thought these were forgeries? What mugs! Do they know how they hung themselves?"

"There were some bitter reproaches," Blaise said. "In the heat of recrimination between the partners, a good deal of the background of the conspiracy was exposed." His gaze swept the group, and Dr. Corum cleared his throat nervously.

"My God!" said Edgerton, in an awed voice. "Don't tell me *he* was in on it?"

A word at a time, like a faltering schoolboy, Dr. Corum said, "I authenticated the painting that was sold to Nathan Ordmann."

"That's no disgrace. Anybody would be fooled."

"I vouched for the history of the painting," Corum said. "I corroborated the background Astorg made up." In what was almost a wail, he continued, "The painting was perfect. I would have taken an oath it was genuine. I needed the fee," he finished miserably.

"It was all very plausible," Blaise said. "Roger Vernet was right here to swear the paintings had been in his family for years. By the way, Vernet had no idea the paintings were forged. He was told that they had been bought from Nazis who were hiding in South America. He didn't object to that, despite the fact that both his brothers were murdered by the Germans."

"It's quite a cast of characters. Sit down," Edgerton said, as Corum got to his feet. "Don't start slinking out like an unmarried mother in a melodrama." He turned to Blaise. "What else?"

"I believe the floor is mine," Victor Grandi said promptly. With no apparent embarrassment whatever, he went on, "Lieutenant Ives has already notified me that I am to await questioning. You see, our poor Paul Weldon was only a fair chemist. A long time ago he came to me with questions about the composition of colors. It was soon obvious that he was trying to duplicate Renoir. The poor chap—his first attempts were ludicrously bad."

"You helped him?" demanded Edgerton.

Grandi smiled. "Why not? I knew that his forgeries would be sold to sophisticated dealers and collectors. My work has not filled me with boundless respect for these guardians of our culture."

"Meaning me, I suppose," Edgerton said dourly.

"I was delighted to help Weldon," said Grandi. "I did not, however, receive a fee."

"Get out," Edgerton said.

"Gladly." Grandi paused on his way to the door, addressing Blaise directly. "I did not know that Simon Edgerton was involved in any way with Weldon, Lurie or the forgeries." Then, with a little bow, he added, "I will await Lieutenant Ives in my cottage."

"Don't do anything rash," Blaise advised. "When I left Lieutenant Ives, he was trying to figure out what laws you'd broken and he hadn't found one."

"I think far too much of myself to even consider self-destruction, Mr. Blaise." He bowed again, and was gone.

"Which the hell side are you on?" Edgerton asked.

"I like him," Blaise said candidly. "He practically pushed me into action on the forgeries when everyone else was steering me wrong or blowing dust in my face."

"I want to make it plain," Dr. Corum said hoarsely, "that I was no part of any plot. I did a foolish and greedy thing, Lucas, but—"

"Oh, be quiet, Wesley. Nobody suspects you of being anything more than a fathead and I've known that for thirty years. If you were strapped, you should have come to me—" As Corum, pale with shock, rocked unsteadily, Edgerton jumped to his side. "Easy now. Easy, Wes." He supported the wilting art critic with his arm. "Come on and we'll put you to bed for a while. You need a rest."

BLAISE stepped up to help, but Edgerton waved him away and led Corum out. Then Blaise turned to look at Miriam Wayne. She was leaning back against a low cabinet. "Amazing what odd reactions an act of violence churns up," Blaise said. "I thought the old man's heart was set in a hand-carved frame, shellacked and lacquered against the elements."

"Perhaps you bring out the best in people," the girl said. "We are all very much in your debt."

"I did only what any red-blooded American boy would have done," Blaise said. "Besides, until a few petty details are filled in—the identity of the murderer, for instance—it doesn't really amount to very much."

"I thought"—her low voice was barely audible in the huge room—"we all thought it was Lurie."

"So did I. Another of my cockeyed ideas."

"Oh, well," Miriam said. "I'm sure you'll have another theory before long."

"I've got it." The girl was still in her position against the cabinet, but her hands gripped the edge now, her knuckles showing white. "Walk out that door," Blaise said, "and you'll find out what it is."

She looked at him steadily, then she walked to the door, her head held high. As she threw it open, Sergeant Bonner stepped up to fill the doorway.

"Will you wait, please, miss," he said politely. He reached in for the knob, the girl taking two short backward steps to let him close the door. She did not turn to face Blaise.

"That was Sergeant Bonner, Miriam. You once talked to him on the phone."

She swung around. "That's not true!" she cried.

"Take it easy," Blaise said. "Why be so vehement? Let's talk quietly, shall we?"

She looked up. Her dark eyes were luminous. "I suppose Lurie has talked some nonsense. Well, I did supply some of the books and drawings Weldon worked from. That much is true."

"What else is true?" Blaise asked. "Were you in love with Simon Edgerton, or did it just seem like an advantageous marriage?"

"I loved Simon." Her voice was low, a little shaky. "And he was in love with me."

"On the night he was killed," Blaise said, "I accused Simon of stealing paintings from his father's collection. He laughed at me. He seemed relieved that I suspected him of that. I didn't understand his attitude then, but now I do. Simon never knew the paintings were forgeries. They were brought here and he thought he was stealing them. That was done to give you a hold on him. If he tried to shake you, you could expose him to his father."

"That's a lie."

"No, Miriam, it's not a lie. When Norden tried blackmailing Simon, he inadvertently did him a favor. Simon learned the truth and you knew you'd lost him forever. It was a fatal favor."

"You fool," she said. "Can't you see that Lurie is trying to distract you from himself—"

"Oddly enough," Blaise said, "this isn't his theory—it's mine. Lurie did say that you insisted on handling Simon yourself, and on keeping him in the dark about the true nature of the paintings. He thinks your plan was to force Simon to marry you. He doesn't believe you killed him. On the other hand, I do."

"That leaves Paul Weldon," she said. "I killed him, too, of course. How about the Black Dahlia? And have you thought of searching my room for Judge Crater?"

"The night he was killed," Blaise said steadily, "Simon first came into the house, woke you up, if you were asleep, and told you he was out from under the whip hand. Then he had to get the cards back into the gallery. That gave you a few minutes to think beautiful thoughts. When he came out, you were waiting for him. You could get up close, maybe to plead for another chance—it had to be someone he knew to fire point-blank like that."

"You're crazy! You're talking absolute nonsense."

"Don't listen," Blaise suggested. "Read an improving book, write a letter, or—if your thoughts turn in that direction—make your will."

"You heartless son of a—"

"I suppose I should be sorry for you," Blaise said. "But then I think of Simon, and of Paul Weldon, who was not even a real threat to your safety, but you saw a chance to pin it all on him. It only meant one more killing, an easy one, considering the shape he was in. Am I boring you?" he asked politely.

SHE struck at Blaise suddenly, a roundhouse slap, then cried out in pain as he caught her wrist an inch from his face.

"I see that I'm not boring you. I'm glad. You jumped too soon and too high when I mentioned Sergeant Bonner. As a matter of fact, that's when Lieutenant Ives began to measure you for this part. Weldon was drunk and incoherent; anyone might have imitated his speech, even a woman, provided her voice was naturally low. But it had to be someone who knew that I was out, and that Bonner, who had never heard Weldon's voice, was in my room waiting for the call. That narrowed it down to someone in this house. Weldon was desperate for money because we know now that Lurie had taken what he had hidden in the studio. He knew he was washed up, and he was frantic to get away. Despite that, he spent twenty-five minutes here *after* he locked Cassy in the vault. He spent that time with you, Miriam, pleading for help! Needless to say, he got a bullet instead."

He was still holding her wrist. When he relaxed his grip, she staggered back and slumped into a chair. Her eyes were boring into his, as if she were searching for an avenue of escape. "You can't prove that," she said hoarsely. "Not a word of it."

"Ives can," said Blaise, "and he will. Everything in your apartment has been carted downtown, and Ives is up in your room. Did you burn what you wore in that last scene with Simon Edgerton, and what you wore when you snuggled up to Paul Weldon in the car? Are you counting on Kenneth Lurie to save your pretty neck if it means risking his own?"

She buried her face in both hands suddenly, and a shudder rocked her slim body. There was a choking sound, as though she were gasping for breath, then great, anguished sobs.

Blaise watched her for a moment, turning away when he heard the door open. It was Lieutenant Ives, grim and hollow-eyed in his rumpled clothes. He was holding the door open.

A little wind was whipping in from the sea as Blaise came out, and he was grateful for the clean, stinging breeze. He walked across the lawn to the beach, and saw Cassy far out on the rocks jutting into the surf. She was waving to him, scrambling back in, and he stood at the base of the jetty until she appeared overhead. He raised his arms, bracing himself in the loose sand, and she jumped. THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Depend on the Favored Five - for Durability by Fisher

How many automobile bodies can you name? To most people only one name immediately comes to mind.

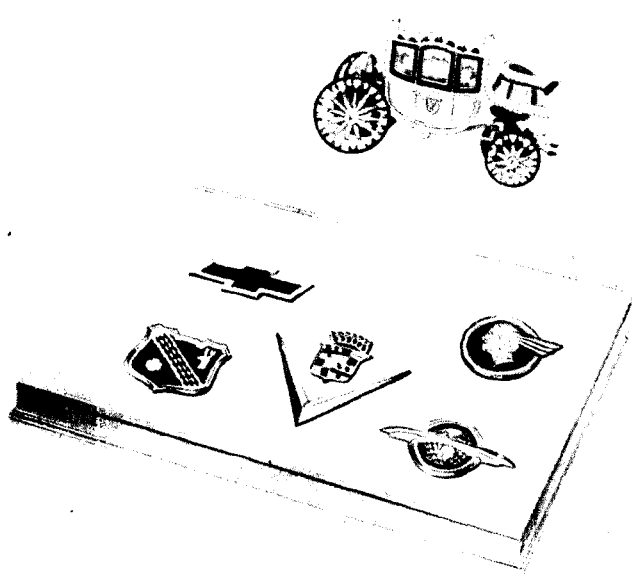
That one name is Body by Fisher — a name as enduring as this body itself.

Most car owners, in fact, believe Body by Fisher to be the best body built.

Fortunately, it is easy to have the great durability of this famed body on your next car.

Simply make sure to select one of the five cars bearing the Fisher emblem of lasting excellence.

Choose one of these favored five — Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac—America's only cars built with Body by Fisher.



Body by Fisher

*On General Motors cars only:

CHEVROLET PONTIAC OLDSMOBILE BUICK CADILLAC

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Killer in the Pass

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

cry!" he shouted. "You do not have me yet!"

The wolf moved in nearer, bolder now, to resume its watch. Nanka Tal ran the ball of his thumb over his knife blade and rammed the knife back in the sheath and hunched down on a rock. The morning sun had laid a wicked dazzle upon the snow and the farther peaks sparkled along the horizon, but in the valley below he could barely distinguish the outline of the village. At that distance it appeared deserted, dead, and no sound reached him across the vast, icebound silence.

He was used to solitude, to the empty brooding desolation, but today it mocked him. No help would come. He had been too proud to admit that he might fail, so he had climbed the pass alone. If he did not return within a week, they might begin to wonder, and organize a search—those who were still able to walk—for the village needed his rifle, whether Nanka Tal lived or died. There were only the wolf and himself, waiting each other out.

A NEW sound, faint and faraway, drifted along the ridge and lost itself against the cliffs, rousing Nanka Tal from his stupor. He strained forward and held his breath, listening intently. The wolf pointed its muzzle into the wind and howled again, as though in reply. Nanka Tal understood. The wolf was calling to its mate.

He wiped a hand over his eyes and looked down at the hut. Whatever he did he must do now, at once, before another wolf came. He could not sit here any longer in the numbing cold. He had no fuel for a fire, not even a few twigs with which to warm himself. He glanced at the staff of the prayer flag; then he wrenched it loose from the rocks and tested its grain across his knee.

Working with feverish haste, he cut two strips of sheepskin from the bottom of his cloak and bound the handle of his knife to the tip of the pole to make a sort of crude spear. Stretched out on the snow, the wolf had been watching him through half-closed eyes, and now it got to its feet and began to pace nervously back and forth. Nanka Tal drew the smaller of the two pieces of meat from his bag and flung it down beside the sheep carcass.

"Now," he said, "let us see how brave you are."

The wolf sidled in cautiously and stopped a length away from the meat. Nanka Tal dropped to the snow, braced his back against the cairn, and thrust out the spear. For some while they stood face to face, measuring each other, before Nanka Tal drove forward. He made a lunging stab, but the wolf jumped clear of the blade and twisted away.

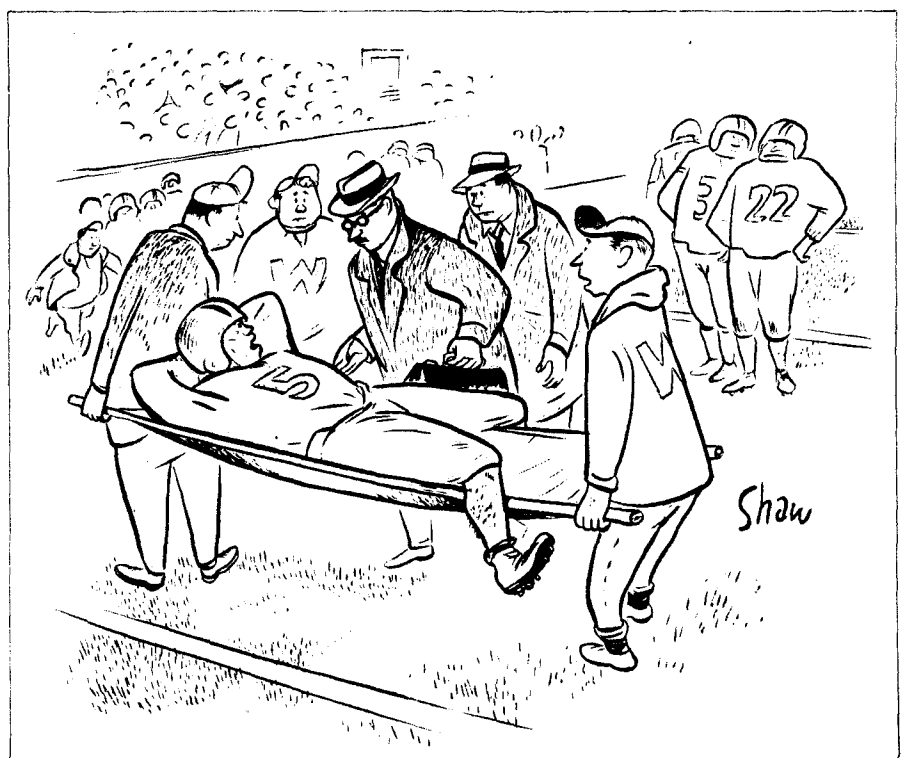
Nanka Tal spun around to meet its rush, tripped over a rock, and fell heavily on his face. He groped frantically for the knife and dropped it with a scream as pain flared along his leg. Kicking with his other leg, he broke the wolf's grip on his boot, rolled over, and staggered to his feet. The wolf attacked again, ripping at his cloak, but Nanka Tal reached the shrine in two long strides and pulled himself up.

His blood made a bright stain on the snow, but it seemed too great an effort to examine his wound. He sank down and closed his eyes, listening to the wolf munch on his meat. First his rifle and now his knife. A hunter so careless of his weapons deserved to die, but dying was too easy. If he died, then Ladar too would die, and a man who left no son behind would be lost and nameless for all eternity. For the sake of his boy, and for Rura, who had given him heart when he needed it most, he could not surrender to despair.

A shadow brushed across his upturned face and he sat up with a start. A lone vulture that had been hovering above him on outspread wings climbed in a widening spiral and flew off. Nanka Tal shuddered. The vulture too was hungry, impatient for him to die, not even waiting for the last sign of life to drain away. He was caught between them: the wolf below and the obscene eater of carrion above. One or the other would strip his bones, as they had stripped the sheep before him.

He looked down at the carcass. Now the female had joined the dog wolf and was restlessly circling the shrine, whining and scratching at the snow. She was smaller than her mate, darker and quicker of movement, but just as gaunt in rib and flank. Presently she prowled off to sniff inside the hut and backed out the door, tugging at Nanka Tal's blanket. Again and again she slashed it with her teeth until she had satisfied herself that it was nothing to eat; then she came back to lie beside the male.

Nanka Tal eyed them appraisingly. They were more intelligent than any animals of



COLLIER'S

"I'm not hurt . . . I just don't feel like playing any more!"

DICK SHAW

his experience, almost human in their cunning and persistence. If he had time to learn their habits, he might devise a way to trap them, but now he had to guess. He had to find their weakness, as they had found his.

Taking out his last piece of meat, he chewed it in half and tossed one piece out in front of them. They got to their feet together, the dog bristling its ruff and snarling, but the female sprang first. She yelped as the dog wolf nipped one hind leg and turned to snap at him, but he cuffed her aside and jumped ahead to snatch up the meat. She leaped upon him in savage fury and they rolled over and over. But the moment Nanka Tal started to climb down, they stopped fighting and ran back to the foot of the pile.

Nanka Tal dragged up his feet. He had learned something. But could he use the knowledge to help himself? His leg had begun to throb, and his eyes ached from the glare of the sun, and hunger was becoming a torment. If he could not kill one wolf, certainly he could not kill two. To escape from this trap, he had to lure them both away.

He searched the pile for another stone, and picked up a small, flat piece of slate upon which some devout worshiper had scratched the inscription: *Sacred Jewel of the Lotus.* Smiling wryly, Nanka Tal thonged it to his last miserable scrap of meat and held it out for the wolves to smell. They jumped at his outstretched hand in a slavering frenzy, and he drew back his arm and sailed the stone in hard, spinning flight far across the brow of the ridge and watched it curve out of sight.

The she-wolf raced off in the lead, with the dog in pursuit. Nanka Tal waited until they had disappeared; then he hopped down from the rocks. Limping across the snow, he picked up his knife and started for the hut. He stopped abruptly at an unexpected blur of movement along the ridge. The wolves were coming back already, charging down upon him with unbelievable speed. He had thrown as far as he could but it was not far enough. The wolves were as fast as they were wily. He fled back to the rocks and scrambled up.

Down by the hut, a third wolf rounded the corner and poked its snout into the open door, followed by its smaller mate. They jumped at Nanka Tal's yell and flattened, their ears back and their teeth bared. He stared at them in sick dismay, unable to move or think. There was for him only the thudding of his heart, the sour brassy taste in his mouth, the agony of failure.

The new pair approached the first two suspiciously, their blunt black noses smelling out the situation. The females sniffed each other and the dogs came shoulder to shoulder, stiff-legged and growling. Then, as though by reluctant consent, each couple hunkered down on opposite sides of the shrine. Nanka Tal beat his fist into his palm. An hour ago there had been one wolf; now there were four. By sundown there might be a pack of fifteen or twenty, lured by his scent.

THE running had reopened his wound and the blood was a sticky trickle inside his boot. He stretched out his leg and rubbed snow over the gash. He had no more tricks, no more food. He had used it all and his bait was gone. The only bait was Nanka Tal, once the hunter of Rongbar village, husband of Rura, father of Ladar, who now had nothing to share but his hunger.

A speck high in the sky caught his eye and he watched it dully, then with frowning concentration. It seemed to be motionless, suspended in space, but he knew it was the vulture, and a hope that had never quite died stirred in his heart. An animal hunted by smell but a bird hunted by sight, and this one's vision was as keen as any hawk's. If he had the patience and the nerveless will to lure it down, there still might be a chance.

He lay back on the rocks, face up, and let his hands go slack at his sides. Through narrowed eyes, he watched the distant dot against the sky. The wind had died, the sun beat down from a cloudless sky, and sweat beaded along his lashes, dimming his sight, but he dared not brush it away. If he moved —so much as twitched a muscle—the vulture would take alarm, for it feared all creatures that were not carrion.

The wolves had stopped their fretful whining, and the stillness deepened around him. This was the craziness of hunger, to act as one already dead when death lay crouched only a few feet away. Hunger was the enemy. It was worse than thirst or heat or cold or pain because it fed upon itself, gaining strength while he grew weaker. He scarcely dared to breathe. He could only wait and pray that the vulture's hunger-craze was greater than its caution.

Then the bird glided back into his line of vision, low and black and large against the sun, its scrawny neck extended as it surveyed the scene below. With exquisite deliberation it hovered and dipped, making its decision; it planed away uncertainly and swung back, then swooped down to make a pass and swooped again to strike. Nanka Tal saw the hooked beak and the talons that were sharp enough to blind a man, and his throat tightened.

AS THE vulture settled on his chest with a ruffle of feathers, he reared up and grabbed it. He caught it first by the leg, then gripped its neck with both hands. The broad wings beat, struggling to lift Nanka Tal into the air, and the beak raked viciously at his face, but Nanka Tal held on. Gradually the thrashing subsided and the bird went limp in his grasp. Nanka Tal flopped the reeking carcass over beside him and gulped down the nausea that shook him.

All four wolves had closed in upon the shrine, their heads lifted and their eyes expectant, but it was the big brush-tail white, his first attacker, that Nanka Tal hated as he had never hated any living thing before. He stared down at the cruel, gaunt head. "You would eat your mate, eat your own young," he said. "If all your breed are like you—they are not fit to live."

With his knife, he began to cut his sheepskin cloak into one-inch strips, glancing now and then along the ridge, where the second pair of wolves had come. Each strip he knotted to another until he had a rope of pliant leather. He doubled it back, bound the ends together, and doubled it again into a four-strand line some twelve feet long and as stout as he could make it. At one end he tied a slipknot, fashioning a wide noose. Gagging at the stench, he sliced a hunk of flesh from the vulture's breast.

Straightening wearily on top of the cairn, he gazed down at his valley, conscious of some atmospheric change. The wind had sprung up again but it blew from the south, not the north—a fresh warm breath that carried the feel of a thaw and coming spring. He touched the prayer beads around his neck. The gods could do no more. The rest was up to Nanka Tal.

He doubted that even a ravenous wolf could stomach vulture meat, but surely this one would try, greedy as it was. Carefully, he lowered his noose to the snow and dropped the piece of bait beside it. The white dog growled deep in its throat, its hindquarters gathered and its lips drawn back. The female jumped to her feet, but the dog sprang first, pouncing on the meat. Nanka Tal flipped the noose over its head and around its throat and heaved the slipknot tight.

The wolf's backward leap almost jerked him off his perch, but Nanka Tal braced his heels against a rock and hung on with all his ebbing strength. The wolf pawed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and tried to slash the rope with its teeth, but Nanka Tal snapped up its head, maintaining tension so the rope could not slip forward over its ears. The big white beast flung itself sideways, gasping and choking against the pressure of its own weight. Nanka Tal gave another upward yank, and the wolf let out a wheezing cough and jumped again, with diminishing force.

The yellow eyes glazed over. The wolf dug in its feet and tugged, feebly now. Suddenly the noose pulled loose and Nanka Tal was holding a slack rope, but it had served its purpose for a few crucial seconds. The wolf gave one convulsive jerk and rolled over in the snow, not dead but strangled into temporary helplessness.

Nanka Tal relaxed his grip on the rope and stared down at the other three wolves in a shocked and wondering daze. If he had learned anything about these killers, it was to respect their near-human cunning. But they were less than human in their lusts; they would not share or help one another. That was the weakness and the curse of their kind.

The gray dog bristled and sniffed at the still twitching white, then jumped with a savage growl and ripped at its throat. Crimson spurted across the snow, and the gray female leaped in with flashing teeth. The white she-wolf hesitated, and then she too hurled herself into the snarling, snapping fight to gorge on the flesh of her mate.

Nanka Tal shook his head, lost in a brief and, for him, rare moment of reflection. A man could learn much about himself from the study of animals—learn and profit. He climbed down the opposite side of the rocks and ran, limping, toward the hut.

He reached the door and got his rifle from the ledge without interference. When he stepped back to the doorway and brought up the gun, the three wolves were still at the cairn, oblivious of him and everything but the carcass they were tearing apart in great red chunks. Nanka Tal, out of some sense of propriety, dropped the white she-wolf first, then the gray pair, with a total expenditure of five shots. Then he walked on to have a look at them.

He prodded one of the great muscular bodies with his toe, and drew air deep into his lungs. Here was meat. Not sheep, true, but meat nevertheless, meat enough to feed his people until he found sheep. The Reds would return in the spring, perhaps, but so would the game. A patient man could always find ways to survive, a man with a woman like Rura.

In a little while, as soon as he had eaten, Nanka Tal, the hunter of Rongbar village, would start down to the valley with food, but first he had a duty to perform. Climbing to the summit, he placed the largest rock he could find on top of the shrine. THE END

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

but Mr. Cluney says too many things are being blamed on the flood. "I happen to know," writes Mr. Cluney, "that a couple of big politicians in the junk business have been around here lately."

★ ★ ★

Some time ago, the government bought a whole city in Nebraska. The name of the place—Republican City. This was not done, as you may suspect, by a Democratic administration eager to wipe out reminders that there is another political party, but rather to use the townsite as a part of the new Pick-Sloan dam area on the Republican River. The government agreed, generously enough, not to wipe out the populace of Republican City, too, even though it is overwhelmingly Republican. Instead, it told Republican City to move four miles into the hills out of the water's way, and gave its rulers $448,000 to do it with. And now the government refuses to let new Republican City build a school because, it says, that would call for 25 tons of scarce steel. Our partisan informant, Mrs. Jennie G. Laudenschlager, refuses to believe that this is due to a steel shortage. "They're afraid good schools are apt to turn out good Republicans," says she.

★ ★ ★

While we were briefly on the West Coast, we were invited to say something into a San Francisco radio microphone. We asked our host, Mr. Jim Braughan, what we'd better say. "Say anything you want," replied Mr. Braughan. "It will sell a lot of radios. Half the people listening will want to sell theirs immediately afterward."

★ ★ ★

The Honorable Sam Lumpkin has decided to write THAT BOOK. He's at it now. The clack-clack of Mr. Lumpkin's typewriter can be heard by apprehensive politicians in Mississippi—from Oxford in the north, where another writing guy, Faulkner by name, works, to Biloxi on the Gulf. Mr. Lumpkin is Mississippi's lieutenant governor. It's high time, thinks he, that the world knew what was going on in "secret conferences and hotel-room powwows" and he's the boy to tell us. The recent federal job sales scandals in Ole Miss will be as mild as the Natchez flower bazaar compared with what Mr. Lumpkin proposes to set down. Local politicos are shrugging their shoulders—a bit stiffly. Wan smiles of professed unconcern may be seen on their faces. Mr. Lumpkin's friends assure us that THAT BOOK is going to be published and that it will not, like the one threatened by the late Senator Theodore (the Man) Bilbo, die on the typewriter. We remember asking the senator about his book. "I gave the idea up for the good of humanity," said he.

★ ★ ★

One of Louisville's best cops is Allen Kennedy. He's a detective. From 4:30 every afternoon until 12:30 A.M., he tracks down malefactors. Does it pretty successfully too, his boss, Major James Malone, says. But by day Detective Kennedy studies for the ministry at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. In a couple of years Detective Kennedy will enter the pulpit. "Trouble with many ministers," he told us, "is that they've seen only one side of life. Just now I'm seeing it at its worst. Maybe I'll be able to do something about making the worst a little better."

★ ★ ★

Sam Ragan, of Raleigh, North Carolina, reports that a speaker at a parent-teacher meeting in his city pointed out that there are two types of speeches: the Mother Hubbard type, that covers all but touches nothing; and the Bikini bathing suit type—brief, but covering the high spots.

★ ★ ★

Progress has hit the jailhouse in Houston, Texas, a heavy censorial blow. They're about to set up TV cameras and microphones in the cell blocks—as an aid for the guards. In 10 offices and squad rooms, screens will be erected. Hereafter, every word and every action of the prisoners will be heard and seen 24 hours a day by all who care to look and listen. We just assume the show won't be sponsored.

★ ★ ★

In Michigan an old man, who for 20 years had been living on back-door handouts and free grub from charitable organizations, decided that sort of thing had gone far enough. He dropped dead. The police searched him. Found more than $12,000 in his pockets. But we can't share in the ensuing excitement. The old boy probably was merely saving his money until he'd be able to eat a meal in a good restaurant.

Tough
BUT OH
SO GENTLE

TOUGH on oil-pumping
GENTLE on cylinder walls

You'll be money ahead if you replace worn-out piston rings at the very first sign of wear. Worn-out rings cause oil-pumping . . . loss of power . . . destructive engine wear.

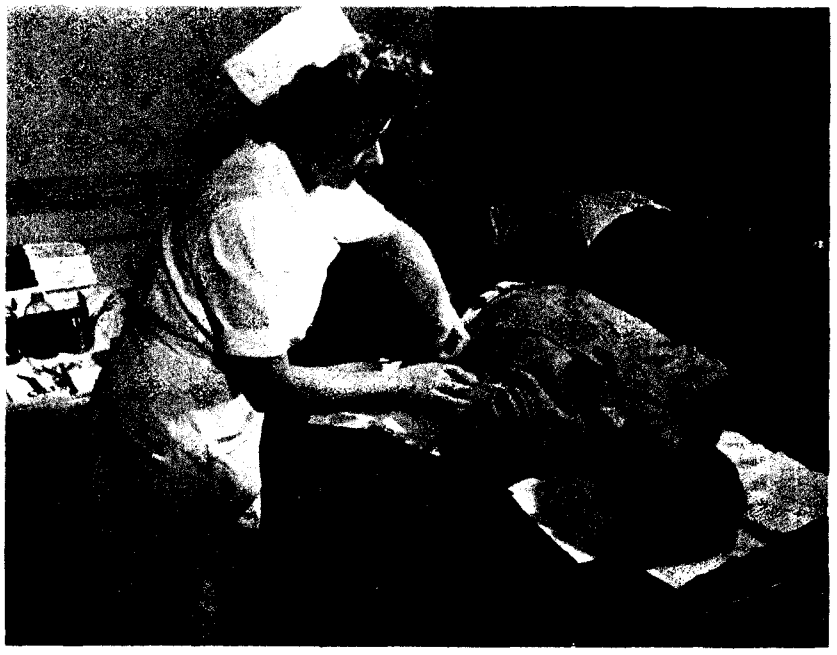
It will pay you to replace those rings with Hastings Piston Rings. They're engineered for *replacement* service. They *stop* oil-pumping, *check* cylinder wear, *restore* engine performance. They're chrome-faced, for heavy-duty service.

It's the best money you can spend on your car.

HASTINGS MANUFACTURING CO., Hastings, Mich.
Hastings Ltd., Toronto
Piston Rings, Spark Plugs, Oil Filters, Casite, Drout

HASTINGS STEEL-VENT PISTON RINGS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Red Cross Nurse Mary Wolfe takes blood from Marine Sergeants Al Williams, of Buffalo, and Merle Evans, of Stratford, Conn.

Blood Brothers

Some Marines, who know how much it is needed, donate blood for Korea. Can't you do as much?

A FEW weeks ago a dozen or so United States Marines—officers and enlisted men in dress blues—went to a Red Cross center in New York City, rolled up their sleeves and gave up about a pint of blood each for the men still fighting in Korea. They kidded one another, talked about being blood brothers of Marines they had never seen, tried to date the nurses on duty and made good-natured cracks about the "postoperative refreshments" the Red Cross ladies served up. But as each man took his turn on the couch and watched the blood dripping out of his vein into the sterilized bottle by his side, the horseplay went out of him. One of them later said it was "a little like going to church."

What went on in the minds of those Marines while they lay on the Red Cross couches? Most of them thought about the action they themselves had seen on Guadalcanal, Tarawa and Saipan, on Iwo and Peleliu Island. As they lay there, their thoughts drifted to all their brothers in arms in Korea. They thought about Seoul and Kimpo Airfield and Hwanchon and Pyongyang. And how it must have been in the fights for the Iron Triangle, Kumsong and Heartbreak Ridge.

A sergeant who had just got back from Korea reported that he could think of nothing but the day his outfit crossed the 38th parallel. The sun was shining that day, and he had a vision of being home again, when suddenly he saw his buddy crumple and fall not six yards away from him. The sergeant remembered the way his friend clutched at his wounds, trying to keep the blood in. The medics showed up in time, and he lived. There was enough blood that day in those sterilized bottles to help. But suppose there hadn't been? Suppose he had to wait in line for the stuff? Suppose when they carried him into the aid station the nurses turned away, and the doctors had to tell him: "Sorry, pal, no blood's arrived in over a week"? He wouldn't have complained about the service. He would have been dead.

The Marine sergeant in dress blues felt a slight tug in the crook of his arm. The Red Cross nurse took the bottle away, and the memory faded.

Maybe you've never seen anybody suffering from pain and shock, desperately needing blood and plasma. But you know what life and laughter are—don't deny them to the young men in Korea. A half hour of your time can mean a lifetime to them. Give—for them—today. THE END

RICHARD BEATTIE

These ex-combat men have seen lives saved with blood we give

Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

Evidently America has come of age. We have measured up to the many demands of history in the making. We have grown up intellectually, and we have matured emotionally. When a group of American writers shows such historical sense and reveals such a depth and scope of constructive imagination, there is no doubt in my mind that we are equal and answerable to the thousand calls of duty expected of our leadership . . .

I enjoyed reading every word of this issue, because it seems to me that this is the right way to approach the solution of the problem you have tackled. You have convinced me that the management of Collier's understands the nature of God and the purposes of man.

RALPH R. RICE, Oakland, Calif.

. . . Congratulations on your terrific October 27th issue!

This thing ought to be translated and distributed through every land of the free world and balloon-barraged behind the Iron Curtain. It's too good to keep to ourselves! I'm sending my copy to England.

EDWARD S. HINCKLEY, Owensboro, Ky.

I think you are to be congratulated on the idea in the first place, and on the excellence of execution in the second.

MILES H. WOLFF, Greensboro, N. C.

. . . I am far from rich, but I would gladly kick in a few dollars to see the first Russian edition of *Koliers* printed now, namely a Russian edition of your October 27th issue. A Russian would remember it for a decade, and wonder about it in odd moments. I think few who could read a copy would remain exactly the same, for who can remain the same when they have seen a glimpse of hope? And no ordinary Russian would be wholeheartedly inclined to fight a foe who seemed more sympathetic than his "friends" to him and his people.

There ought to be *some* way of smuggling a million copies into Russia. If 10 per cent of them slipped past the MVD agents, the effect would be fantastic.

Another point: if war ever did start, America ought to drop 20,000,000 copies by parachute. Distributed in that way, your issue might easily become the greatest single bit of external propaganda ever to affect the course of a nation.

DONALD KINGSBURY, Montreal, Can.

. . . Your current issue devoted to Preview of the War We Do Not Want strikes me as having a strong note of hope in that it attempts to show what might be done in the rehabilitation of a defeated Soviet Russia. This is especially well brought out in the articles by Koestler, Chase, Kasenkina and Senator Smith.

However, I wish you had included suggestions for the reconstruction and development, agriculturally, of what could be the greatest farming country in the world. Surely we would need to help get maximum food and fiber production under way to feed and clothe the huge population of an occupied U.S.S.R. Surely our agricultural scientists would want to look into Russian progress with *Kok-sagyz* (the so-called rubber dandelion) and their attempts at developing a "perennial" wheat through crosses with lime grass and other weeds. And, above all, they would want to free Russian agronomy from the pernicious doctrines of Lysenko and his anti-Mendelian theories.

JULIAN BENTLEY, WBBM, Chicago, Ill.

. . . It is my opinion that this issue furnishes an outstanding contribution to our country in this trying time. May I compliment you and your associates on bringing to the attention of the American people the seriousness of the situation which we now face.

I feel sure that the Civil Defense Organization for Canton, as well as similar ones, will receive a tremendous boost as a result of your excellent presentation.

HAROLD A. MCQUISTION, Canton, Ohio

. . . Congratulations to you for your October 27th issue, an epic of masterful coverage on what is no doubt the most important event of the twentieth century—whether or not the world shall remain half slave and half free, or go one way or the other, just as our Civil War was perhaps the most important event of the nineteenth century.

FRED E. HECKEL, Detroit Lakes, Minn.

. . . I'll do my best to brief this up, but I think your October 27th issue stinks. It offers nothing in the way of public service.

GEORGE B. RUSSELL, New York, N.Y.

. . . The October 27th Collier's is truly magnificent! Your combined effort of 10 months has exposed still further the God-fearing, humble greatness of the American heart.

PAUL GARTENSLEBEN, Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . Only one complaint with your magnificent issue—you didn't give us enough of Howard Brodie's Moscow sketches.

HARRIS V. ARNOLDE, New York, N.Y.

Here's another Brodie to add to the Moscow Sketchbook.

Near St. Basil's was a youngster blowing bubble gum—"My mama and my babushka think I'm crazy, but I think it's fun."

. . . You have certainly in your own way and through a wonderful foresight and knowledge given to the readers of Collier's a very definite picture of the error that needs to be seen and overcome—so that man can go forward, free as he was intended.

MRS. ANITA ANDREWS, Seneca Falls, N. Y.

. . . I read with keen interest your October 27th issue—an excellent issue in every possible way. Congratulations on a fine piece of work. May I express an opinion concerning the statement made by R. E. Sherwood: "The most important neutrals at the outset were Sweden, Switzerland, Ireland, Egypt, India, Pakistan and Spain"? Mr. Sherwood, what are your reasons for stating that Ireland—or, more correctly—the Irish Republic—would remain neutral in a war against Communist tyranny?

G. C. BYRNE, Toronto, Can.

. . . I sincerely hope your endeavors may bring about the proper solution of avoiding war.

R. E. GODSHALL, Reading, Pa.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...of course, it's electric!

FULL-WIDTH FREEZE CHEST . . . freezes *and* stores. Illinois mother says, "Kitchen work seems nearly cut in half since I don't have to defrost."

"Believe me, I'm an expert on Frost... and this Westinghouse FROST-FREE* AUTOMATIC REFRIGERATOR

NEVER NEEDS DEFROSTING... *anywhere*.. *any time*"

Old Santa thrives on *frost* . . . but he's smart enough to know it doesn't belong in a refrigerator. That's why the Westinghouse FROST-FREE ranks high on his list for Christmas. Those lucky women who get a FROST-FREE get freedom from all defrosting nuisance. And a lot of other things, too . . . they'll have fewer trips to market . . . easier meal preparation . . . more time for themselves. So get or give a FROST-FREE this Christmas . . . and make someone happy and grateful for years!

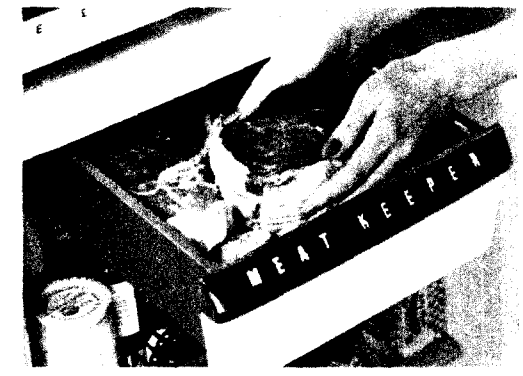
MONEY TALK . . .
STRICTLY FOR HUSBANDS

You don't have to shell out the full price all at once, you know. Ask your retailer about paying for your Westinghouse FROST-FREE Refrigerator over an extended period of time.

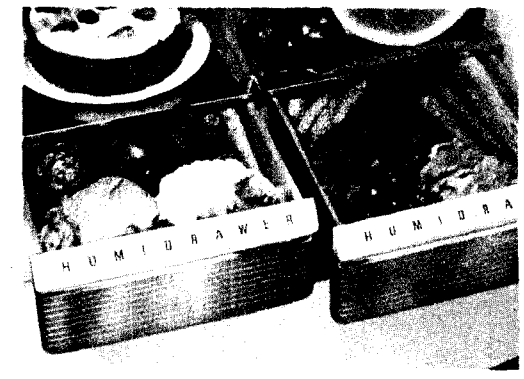
Only the Westinghouse FROST-FREE

- ✓ Automatically defrosts *exactly* when . . . and *only* when it's needed. No clocks, no timers.
- ✓ Automatically disposes of frost water. No trays or pans to empty. Nothing to touch. Nothing to do.
- ✓ Automatically defrosts so fast . . . even ice cream and fruits stay frozen. Nothing thaws, ever.

FROST-FREE gives you both a Refrigerator and a Freezer in a single unit, and *neither needs defrosting*. See the new FROST-FREE models and all the other great Westinghouse Refrigerators at your retailer's. There are models and sizes for every family need and budget. Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Mansfield, Ohio.



ROAST-DEEP MEAT KEEPER. Pennsylvania woman finds it, "Keeps all my meat so nice and fresh. I only need to go shopping once a week."

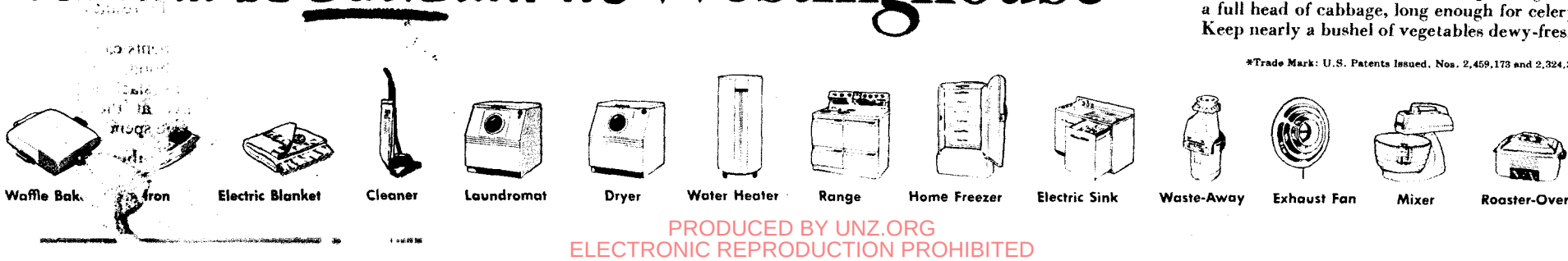


EXTRA-SIZE HUMIDRAWERS . . . deep enough for a full head of cabbage, long enough for celery. Keep nearly a bushel of vegetables dewy-fresh.

*Trade Mark: U.S. Patents Issued, Nos. 2,459,173 and 2,324,309

See TV's Top Dramatic Show . . . WESTINGHOUSE "STUDIO ONE" . . . Every Week

YOU CAN BE SURE... IF IT'S Westinghouse



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lady in a Lab

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

The exporter rendered the candles and sold the acid for a thumping profit.

The lab is working out a solution right now for a retired businessman who has a large but totally useless supply of dark bee's honey, not in demand these days because people seem to prefer the light variety. Evelyn is breaking the stuff down, studying its hormonal and vitamin content, and it may end up as a food, a cosmetic, or a pharmaceutical product. On a similar assignment, she took a batch of bananas sent up by a Honduras plantation owner, learned what their properties were from a nutritional and caloric point of view, and created (a) a banana baby food, (b) a banana candy and (c) a banana butter, for which patents have been applied for by the highly pleased banana man.

Despite fearsome competition, a steady parade of young people demands new products which can be manufactured on a shoestring basis, and Evelyn dishes them out with speed and precision. Recently, Walter and Agnes Winfrey, a young couple from New York City's Harlem, came to Mrs. Ellenson in search of a product, and she suggested a hair dressing. They liked the idea, so Evelyn whipped up a mixture of lanolin, white vaseline, perfume and coloring ("Really good, too; lots of lanolin, and you never saw such a terrific green!" she gloats) and turned it over to the couple. Mr. and Mrs. Winfrey are now preparing the hair dressing in the kitchen of their apartment, putting it up in handsome jars and are doing very nicely, indeed.

For Murray Dichek and Seymour Scharfstein, a couple of disabled veterans, she has just devised a new type of shoeshining cloth, impregnated on one side with a hard wax which can give any color shoe at least 36 shines before it wears out. The other side is a buffer. The lads are hunting down the necessary financing and expect to be in business soon.

Mrs. Ellenson really cooked up a money-maker for twenty-eight-year-old Roland Bolis, a ruddy-cheeked, blue-eyed young man fresh from northern Italy, who dropped in at Mrs. Ellenson's office two years ago with a recipe for Spanish rice. It had been handed down in Bolis' family back in Italy for a half-dozen generations and he was convinced Americans would like the dish too. He wanted Evelyn to work out a formula which would make it possible for him to prepare, package and sell the rice dinner as a ready-to-heat-and-eat dish.

Cooking Time Had to Be Cut

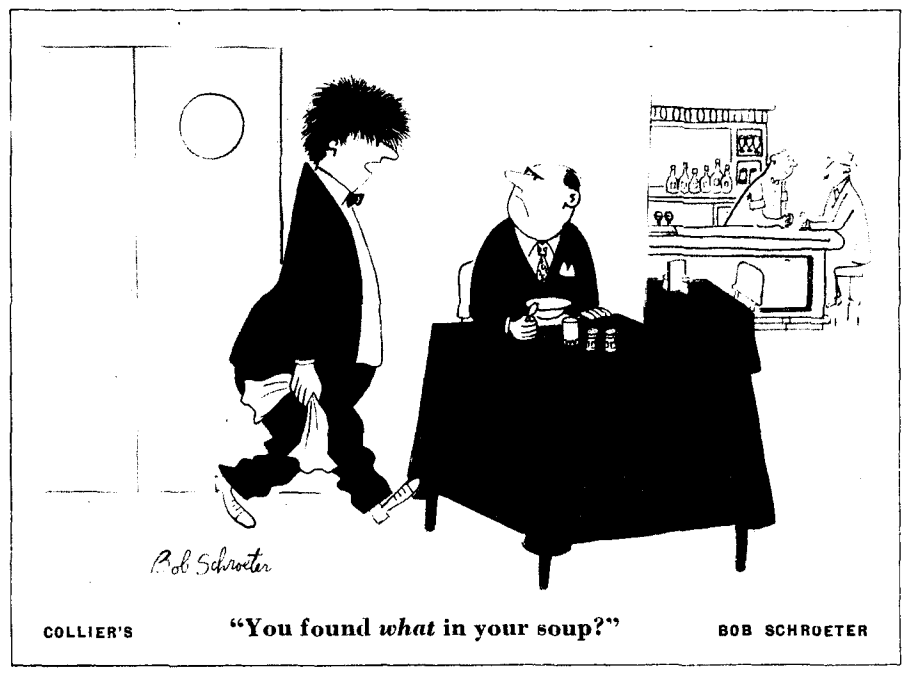
The problem was to translate the original recipe, which required 10 ingredients and more than an hour's cooking, into a formula that would provide exactly the same meal with only a few minutes' reheating. Evelyn measured, boiled and dehydrated for two weeks, then presented the result to Bolis and told him to go home and try it.

"I went home," Bolis says, "and made a whole pound. I took one spoonful. It tasted awful. Maybe, I thought, you have to get used to it this way. So I ate more. Then I made my wife and mother-in-law sit down and eat it, too. They didn't say anything; they just ate. We finished it all, then we looked at each other. 'A little too strong, perhaps?' my wife asked. A little! Our mouths were on fire for a week!"

He reported the unhappy results to Evelyn, who realized too late that she had used monosodium glutamate, a chemical which excites the taste buds, in much too concentrated a form. She cut the strength, and the next time she worked out a formula which tasted just like the old family recipe. Bolis was in business. He took a partner, a professional chef named Gino Robbiano, who now cooks great vats of the rice dinner in his Bellport, Long Island, home, after which it is cellophane-wrapped in a small bungalow in nearby Patchogue. Marketed, the product has been phenomenally successful in Long Island, New Jersey and upstate New York, and country-wide distribution is now being planned as the little factory's facilities expand.

Any business as full of question marks as Mrs. Ellenson's is bound to have its bad moments. That's when Evelyn shows the reverse side of her disposition. For the lady chemist appears the very model of a mild young woman until things start to go wrong, which they often do in the lab. Then she sputters like a couple of antagonistic chemicals in a beaker. This dual personality fascinates Richard Galba, her associate, who has worked with her for nine years. "I'm not at all convinced," he says, "that she didn't creep back here one night and whip herself up a Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde solution."

Guaranteed to upset the Ellenson equilibrium was the unhappy occasion when one of her chemists mixed nitric and sulphuric acids and went to lunch without labeling the beaker. Another chemist, mistaking the mixture for a more benign combination, put the beaker up to boil. Luckily, he was out of the room when it exploded. Evelyn returned to find one entire section of the lab in a shambles and hundreds of dollars' worth of equipment smashed to bits. "Evelyn's explosion," says the second chemist, "was almost as impressive as that of the acids."



COLLIER'S "You found *what* in your soup?" BOB SCHROETER

The lab lady's carbonated nature is charged to the limit when she has a visit from one of the phonies who occasionally come to her with a variety of fantastic claims. One man turned up at the lab with a huge jug of ointment which he swore was a positive cure-all for arthritis and half the skin diseases known to medical science. He wanted Mrs. Ellenson to test it and give him a clinical endorsement with which to approach the Pure Food and Drug Administration before he put it on the market.

"Madam," he insisted, "if you have anything, anything at all, the matter with you, try it." Evelyn hit the ceiling. "I told him that the only use I could think of for the dreadful mixture was as grease for the hinges of the cage where we keep the white mice. And even then, I'd be afraid it might hurt the mice. Need I add that he left in a hurry?"

Mrs. Ellenson has repeatedly turned down bids to examine and endorse overnight hair restorers, rejuvenators, reducing medicines and assorted quackeries brought into her lab by attic Pasteurs and garage Listers. "The tragedy is that many of these people actually believe they have something. And that makes them doubly dangerous," she declares. "One fellow told me he tried out his untested medicine for the first time on his children before bringing it over. Luckily, there were no bad reactions, but with his sparse knowledge of doctoring there easily might have been."

To watch the lady chemist in action, it's hard to believe she didn't begin hanging over a Bunsen burner at the age of three. But there was nothing in Evelyn's girlhood to indicate that she would end up in such a specialized field as industrial science. Until she was graduated from college, she frankly admits, she hadn't the vaguest notion of making a career either in science or business, in spite of the fact that she was exposed to both from the moment she was born.

Her father, M. S. Schoenbaum, who came to the United States from Russia in 1885 when he was in his early teens, was successively a real-estate man, a professor of chemistry and a lawyer. Such a formidable array of parental talent made no apparent impression on Evelyn, who led a gay, unscientific life with her younger sister Naomi and older brother Henry on her family's pleasant, rambling place in Riverhead, Long Island. Evelyn spent her high-school days in an atmosphere of adolescent affluence with no more serious concern than tennis, dances and parties.

Mr. Schoenbaum's enthusiasm for chemistry (which he taught for 16 years at Columbia University, while making real-estate investments on the side) meant only one thing to his daughter—a snap course in which she could major at the University of Michigan. "You can't hang around chemical apparatus all your life without absorbing some of the principles, whether you want to or not," she says. "I got mine through osmosis."

Evelyn's real interests in college were (1) philosophy—because she was convinced she was destined to be a great thinker, and (2) singing—because she was equally convinced that she could be a lyric soprano at the same time. She lost both ambitions in her senior year; the first, when the family fortune was suddenly wiped out by plummeting real-estate values, and she found deep thinkers weren't in demand as waitresses; the second, when she discovered that singers kept too late hours.

Evelyn made the switch almost overnight from being a college girl with a comfortable allowance to one with no funds at all, not even for tuition. In between hash-slinging chores, she organized a four-piece band and became its vocalist and piano player at weddings, private parties and roadhouse cafés. The band made as much racket as a 12-piece orchestra, largely because each member could and did play three instruments. For a few dollars an evening the quartet would blare their tunes from early evening to near dawn in the local hot spots. This grind went on until they decided it was getting too difficult to go to bed at 5:00 A.M. and get up in time for morning classes.

When graduation finally came, Evelyn had her diploma, a ticket to New York, $11.75 in savings from her *chanteuse* period —and no idea what to do next.

Back home she hunted for a job, finally landed one as lab chief at Knickerbocker Hospital, where she punched in at 6:00 P.M. and punched out again 12 hours later in the clammy dawn. Responsibility didn't weigh too heavily upon her and the odd jobs she had to do didn't bring in a very satisfactory income. To pad out her earnings, she went to work for an X-ray researchist in the afternoons, reporting at 1:00 P.M. and knocking off at three-thirty.

A Year of Irregular Eating

"I slept in snatches and I can't remember a moment in that whole year when I wasn't tired," she declares. "Neither can I remember one when I wasn't mildly ill from the irregular eating that goes with that kind of schedule."

At the hospital Evelyn had a number of opportunities to investigate the pathological laboratory and she liked what she saw and smelled. Liked it so much, in fact, that in 1938 when her uncle, who owned a small biological lab in Manhattan, offered to take her on as his assistant, she jumped at the chance.

Chemistry had finally caught up with Evelyn Ellenson. She had been analyzing blood, urine and tissue specimens for two years when her uncle died. A few days after the funeral she went back to the lab to clear up the tag ends of unfinished business, before padlocking the door for good. Then she had an inspirational thought. Why let all this go to waste? Why not run the laboratory herself? So she scooted around, dug up a friend who was willing to advance her the needed capital, and bought the lab from her uncle's estate.

Business trickled in slowly, and as she sat alone among her test tubes and Bunsen burners, Evelyn began wondering again. "The sort of biochemistry I was doing," she says, "was becoming more and more hackneyed and unprofitable. Especially unprofitable. Then I got an idea and couldn't shake it loose. Why couldn't I convert the lab to more creative and, incidentally, more lucrative work by building up a research organization to help small businessmen with their problems?

"The little fellows need the same kind of help as the big ones, but can't afford to maintain their own scientific research staffs. I could make this laboratory the research department for a lot of little businesses."

So she converted. Evelyn plunged into an intensive study of her field, picked up a master's degree at New York University in spare-time study, experimented endlessly until long past midnight every night of the week, and finally felt she had something to offer.

The big shift was accomplished in a little more than a year. But in the first few years after her great resolve to help the "small fellows," Evelyn's progress fell somewhat short of spectacular. In fact, she says, "nowhere did twentieth-century research proceed at a slower pace than at the Ellenson laboratories. Nobody gave me anything to research."

Moreover, there was no sudden leap into the big time, no brilliant feat which brought clients clamoring to her door. The jobs that did come in were almost all a result of personal contacts.

Some of her first assignments came from businesses in the neighborhood. One midmorning, with business as slack as ever, Evelyn was having coffee at the corner beanery, where she had been spending more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and more of her time. The manager, with whom she had become quite friendly during her long coffee sessions, thought that the chain which ran the restaurant might be interested in having its dairy products tested, to make sure they were up to standard in all branches—to make certain, for example, that the managers weren't putting too much milk in the coffee cream. She got the job.

Other neighbors helped keep things going by coming to Evelyn for advice. The woman who ran a beauty salon on the floor above stopped in for a chat and got to talking about an idea she had for marketing an oil preparation to reduce skin wrinkles. Evelyn got that job, too, developed the oil, and it sold quite well.

In spite of all this, assignments came slowly with long, empty spaces in between. Not the least important reason was the fact that she was a woman in predominantly male preserves.

"If it happened once, it happened a hundred times," Evelyn remembers, starting to fizz. "A customer would come in, ask for the boss and when I showed my shining face, he would smile indulgently as if he were about to pat me on the head. We'd swap pleasantries—and then he'd take his business to a man.

"The trouble is, it's still going on. I could treble my work, if I weren't a woman. When skeptics show up, I talk my head off about Madame Curie, Lise Meitner, the Austrian physicist who pioneered in atomic research, and all the other famous scientific females. But they still seem to think science is just something for the boys."

What irritates Evelyn more than almost anything is that even women have their doubts. A number of times she was about to snare a cosmetic job, only to have it snatched away when the businesswoman learned that she was going to deal with a female scientist. "Who," asks Evelyn belligerently, "knows more about cosmetics and their problems than a woman?"

Things got so difficult in the early years that she took to signing her letters and reports "E. Ellenson," a dodge which brought in a few jobs. But even then, she had to talk fast to keep them.

Sailors' Gripe Was Justified

Once, the port steward of a shipping company sent her some coffee to analyze after crewmen complained the brew was made of "seaweed, hull rust and a dash of powdered barnacles." Evelyn analyzed the coffee and agreed with the men—it was full of chicory (if not seaweed) and far below standard in all respects. The particular wholesaler, it seems, had loaded the inferior coffee aboard the ship without the owner's knowledge after submitting a good sample to the purchasing agent. When the port steward came for his report, his face fell.

"Never dealt with a woman in this business before," he mumbled.

"Well, you're dealing with one now," Evelyn snapped, "and here's your report."

"The steward read it carefully," Evelyn recalls, "and I could see he was satisfied. We talked a while about women in science and he ended up by becoming a satisfied client."

Evelyn lives with Lynn, her seven-year-old daughter by an early marriage, in an apartment on Manhattan's upper West Side, where she has created an atmosphere completely at odds with test tubes, decanters and stainless steel. The living room is pleasantly furnished with what Evelyn refers to as "a heavy dose of Queen Anne" and her bedroom is as frankly frivolous as she could make it. But, in spite of herself, she is apt to bring her more rugged problems home with her, and sometimes works on them far into the night.

For a while, Evelyn and her daughter lived with her parents nearby, and science often crept into midnight conversations with her father, over milk and cookies. Mr. Schoenbaum, "the elder chemistry-statesman of the family," has turned up some good ideas for products his daughter developed in her two labs downtown.

Mrs. Ellenson's midtown and downtown headquarters serve quite different functions. The six-room suite on Fifty-seventh Street is stocked with sterilizers, distilling apparatus, ovens, refrigerators, a transient animal population, and huge cabinets crammed with chemicals. Right now, Evelyn has a quantity of California rabbits which she is using to test a new home permanent wave lotion, for she has found that rabbit skin reacts almost like that of human beings. She also has a quantity of white mice on hand for use in experiments on food, and from time to time has had monkeys, hamsters and guinea pigs.

Tests with Wind and Sand

The downtown unit is where the heavy testing work is done. There's a 22-foot wind and sand tunnel on the premises, a vertical metal shaft with a generator which creates a powerful breeze and has an opening at the top into which sand is poured. The idea is to put the materials to be tested, such as luggage, metal parts or sensitive instruments, into the Thing and let the wind and sand bombard it for a spell. That way, they find out if objects are air- and dust-tight, and if they can withstand a bit of battering from the elements.

There's a room-size refrigerator downtown where perishable foods on which the scientists are working are stored, and an 800-pound retort for sterilizing and cooking things under tremendous pressures. One of the oddest gadgets is something called a mechanical smoker, put together by Evelyn's engineers. It's about a foot and a half square, has a motor and pump and some 20 small openings. It was devised to test how fast cigarettes burn. The men simply insert cigarettes in the openings, flip the switch and the smoker puffs merrily away.

The basic operation of the laboratory is relatively simple: when a job comes in, Evelyn allots it to a member of her technical staff, who retreats into one of the rooms in the Fifty-seventh Street lab and starts to work. But he is seldom alone for long. She generally turns up to give him a hand.

Together they work out the problems, and it isn't necessarily a harmonious meeting of scientific minds. Lawrence Frank, who has been with the lab for five years, describes some of the discussions as "lulus," explaining, "Whoever talks the loudest wins." He adds wistfully, "Evelyn, I'm afraid, has the edge there."

All her technicians agree with Mr. Frank, however, that she is "one of the best in the business—man or woman," and for that reason have no qualms about taking orders from a lady boss. Her clients are equally enthusiastic. Mr. Bolis, for whom she developed the Spanish rice product, gets almost rapturous:

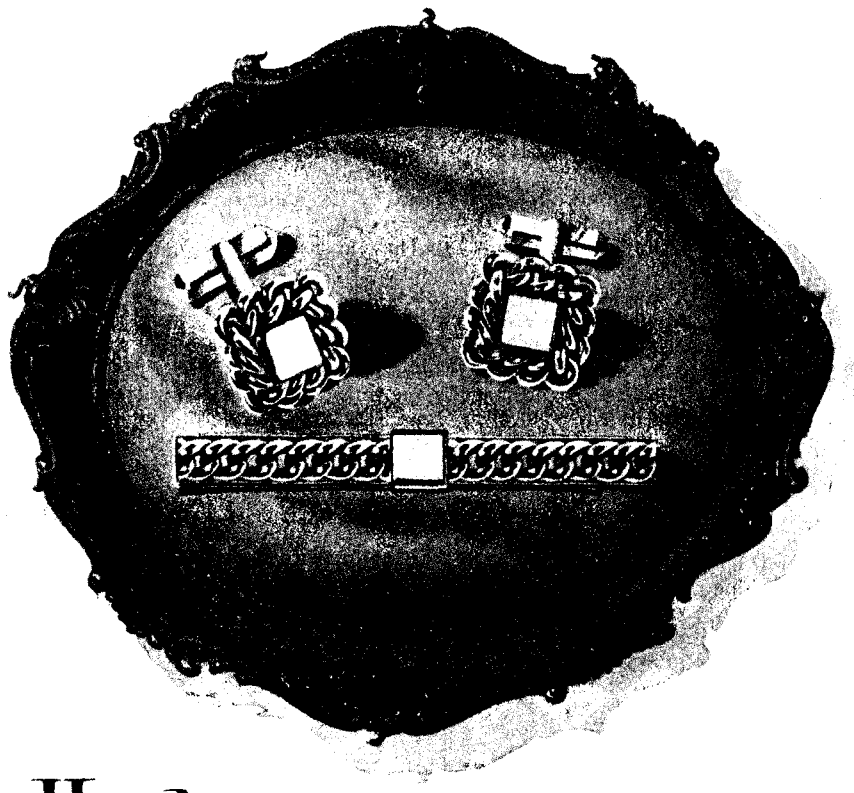
"Mrs. Ellenson is the most wonderful person I have ever met," he declares with Latin courtliness. "She has a combination of feminine grace and business mind which is quite rare." What more could a lady scientist ask? Mr. Ross, whose plastic boxes she salvaged, says briefly, and to the point, "She's got a head, that one."

She needs one, too—a very level one, to handle some of the amazing requests that come her way.

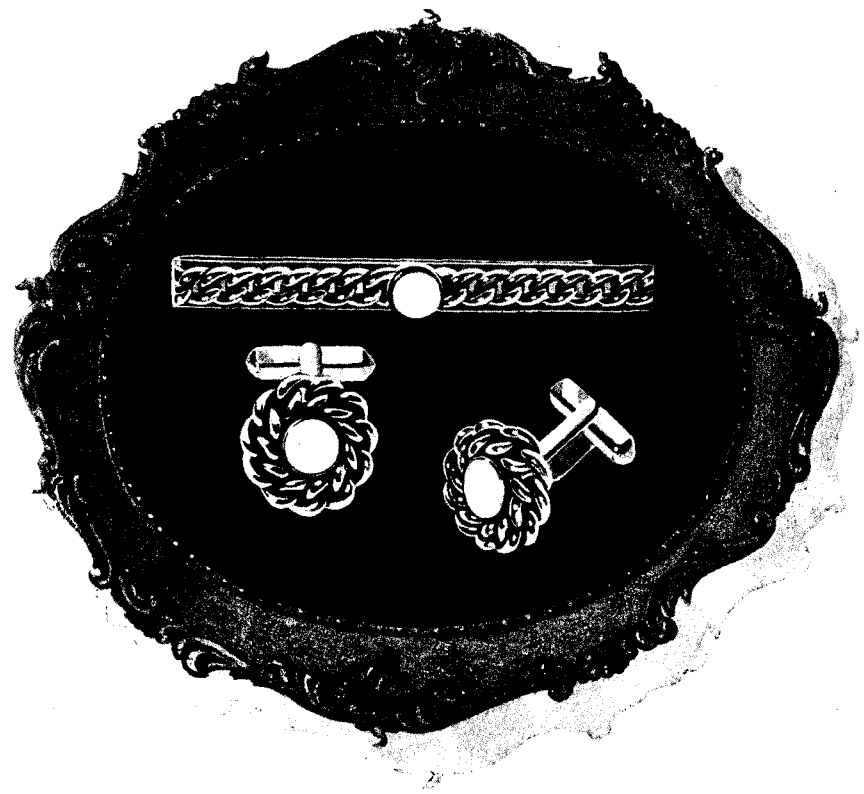
People with unhampered vision have asked her to make a jet-propelled kiddy car, a kite which releases flares and parachutes, plastic razor blades, a collapsible bungalow which could be transported by auto, and a pair of baby shoes which could grow with baby. She turned them all down to spend her time on more down-to-earth projects.

One unique problem for which Evelyn suggested a solution was that of the gentleman who wanted her to figure out a method of locating lost golf balls. Evelyn juggled this in her mind for a time, then suggested solemnly:

"Did you ever think of putting a spot of radium paint on each ball and scouring the course with a Geiger counter?" THE END



Heirlooms
in the Modern Manner



From out of the past comes this radiant new Heirloom jewelry, fashioned with the mastery for which SWANK is famous. Its rugged chain design has a beauty the years cannot diminish. A welcome gift, a smart buy for yourself. Tie Klip: $2.50. Cuff Links: $3.50. The Set: $6.00.*

Prices subject to Federal Tax
**With patented ELBO*

SWANK *on jewelry, belts and wallets means QUALITY*

Men prefer SWANK

SWANK —® Swank, Inc., Attleboro, Mass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

M-m-m-Meet J-j-j-Joe F-f-f-Frisco

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

Joe had something of a reputation as a doughnut eater—born, obviously, of necessity—they called the act "Coffee and Doughnuts."

Things didn't go so well for Coffee and Doughnuts at times. As a matter of fact, on one occasion they were walking from town to town in quest of any small job that might present itself. It was late in the evening and, dog-tired, the two strolling minstrels peeked through the window of a rather prosperous-looking farmhouse. Inside, they saw a pleasant-looking old man seated at a table before a partly finished turkey.

After several loud knocks, the old man answered the door and asked the half-starved performers what they wanted.

"Well, sir," said Joe, "we haven't eaten in t-t-t-twenty-four hours and we'd do j-j-j-just about anything for some food."

"All right, boys," said the old farmer, "I'll feed ya, if ya promise to help me with the chores tomorrow morning."

Learning About Farm Life

They readily agreed and promptly sat down at the table, where they ate everything in sight. Then the old man took them upstairs and put them to bed in the attic. At about four in the morning, Frisco was awakened by a loud banging on the door. He jumped out of bed scared to death, hysterically crying, "Who's there? What is it, a h-h-h-holdup?"

The old farmer answered, "Come on, boys, you promised to help me with the chores and we've gotta go out and hoe some potatoes."

"But, Pop," Frisco complained, "it's four o'clock in the morning. What do we have to d-d-d-do, s-s-s-sneak up on 'em?"

Coffee and Doughnuts ultimately broke up and, in 1906, Joe arrived in Chicago ready for fame and fortune. His first job was as helper on a pie wagon on the North Side, "the Halstead Street route." Joe also spent a lot of time hanging around the cafés on the South Side, dancing for small change. For more small change, he worked as a waiter, as a bellhop at the Morrison Hotel, and in 1911 as a stagehand with the Ziegfeld Follies when Fanny Brice, Leon Errol and the Dolly Sisters came to Chicago in that fabulous production. Eventually, Frisco did a turn in the chorus of The Chocolate Soldier, and held a spear in Modern Eve at the Garrick Theatre in 1912.

Joe kept edging up to the big time, and from the moment he conceived his Frisco Dance (the famed soft-shoe routine, danced to the strains of the Dark Town Strutters Ball while juggling a derby and glowing cigar), his career was rocket-propelled. Better and better bookings came along and, in 1917, he headed for New York and success at Rector's restaurant-cabaret. Corner cowboys blossomed out in tilted derbies, cigars clenched idly between their teeth, and Frisco Dance Contests cropped up all over the country.

After 12 weeks at Rector's (and five days in the hit musical Words and Music) Frisco was signed by Florenz Ziegfeld as a high light of his show at the New Amsterdam Roof, soon to be followed by an appearance in the Follies. Riding the crest of the fabulous twenties, Joe Frisco, by adding droll monologues to his dance routine, eventually won wide recognition as the country's number one wit. During this period, he appeared in Earl Carroll's Vanities with W. C. Fields and as a headliner at the Palace.

At the peak of Joe's success, the Brothers Warner offered him $40,000 for seven weeks' work in motion pictures. He was to make two shorts and a feature called The Gorilla. The picture was eventually previewed and it was decided that never in the history of Warners had there been a picture quite so bad. Joe had accumulated a lot of money, though, and didn't much care one way or the other. He decided to take a stooge back to Chicago with him for a vaudeville date, so he picked up an extra by the name of Jules White on the Warner lot.

They arrived in Chicago several days later and were greeted by the worst storm the Windy City had been through in years. As they rounded a blustery corner of Michigan Boulevard, White's coat blew open and a newspaper fell to the ground. Frisco asked him what the paper was for. "Well, Joe," said the stooge, "this coat is Hollywood weight, and it's so cold here in Chicago I wrap a newspaper around my stomach. It helps to keep me warm when I button the coat over it."

"He was a s-s-s-swell kid," says Frisco, "s-s-s-so I bought him a racoon c-c-c-coat and a Sunday paper."

Joe's legendary wit has won him the respect of almost every actor in show business. The story is still told of the time Frisco was coming out of Lindy's Restaurant in New York some years ago and who should be approaching him arm in arm but Georgie Jessel, Georgie Price and Harry Richman. Frisco greeted them with a sly glint in his eyes and a shout: "Scatter, fellas, here comes Jolson!" Jessel, not content to let him get away with this slighting comparison, started to rib Joe about his ill-fated picture, The Gorilla.

Frisco listened and countered with, "Y-y-y-you were in p-p-p-pictures yourself for f-f-f-five minutes, weren't you?"

"Yes, I was," retorted Jessel, "and I had a three-picture deal for two hundred thousand dollars."

"Uh-huh," answered Frisco, "I read about the d-d-d-deal in Variety. After y-y-y-your first picture was previewed, they b-b-b-bought up your contract for a hundred and fifty thousand."

"That's right, but I got my dough, anyway," said Jessel.

"I saw your first picture," Frisco said, "and I think y-y-y-you s-s-s-should have held out for t-t-t-two hundred thousand."

Over the years, Frisco has built up a fervent following. His friends in and out of the business—bankers, actors, politicians, hotel and restaurant keepers—are scattered from coast to coast and are almost fanatical in their appreciation of the little man.

Irving Berlin loves to tell this Frisco story on himself. Joe introduced him one night in a small café in Atlantic City right after Alexander's Ragtime Band had become popular and Berlin was getting to be a big name. After the introduction, the composer went out on the floor and in his very soft voice thanked the audience and sang a chorus of the song. As he sat down, Joe thanked him and then turned to the audience and said—"Great s-s-s-singer, that Berlin, but you have to huh-hug him to hear him."

One of Joe's good friends, and the man he considers the greatest star in show business today, is Bing Crosby. A couple of years ago when Frisco and Bing were making the movie Riding High, they spent an evening together at a club near Hollywood run by an old-timer who wasn't up on current trends, and who used a lot of old-time vaudeville entertainers in his shows. Crosby, who was in a mellow mood, voluntarily got up and did a song—to very mild applause. After that Frisco did one of his standard routines and broke the place up. The proprietor was impressed and wanted Frisco to sign a contract. He offered him $125 a week. Joe refused. The owner boosted the price to $150. Joe still shook his head. Finally, the old-timer—who hadn't recognized Crosby—beamed and said, "I get it. You don't want to break up the act. You throw in the singer and I'll give you $200."

On another occasion, Bing asked Frisco to be on a broadcast with him. It was played before an audience and Joe was a sensation. When it was over and Frisco started to step off the stage, Bing said, "Joe, you were wonderful. Thanks a million."

Joe turned around to Bing and replied, "You n-n-n-needed me."

There is more of a pattern to Joe's wandering life than one might suspect. Although he has never married and settled down (his one love married a millionaire), he considers at least three cities—New York, Chicago and Hollywood—as "home." In each there are certain hotels that Frisco goes back to year after year.

He also has a sort of official headquarters in each city, a place where he meets his friends, does his banking, eats his meals, gets mail, telephone calls and, occasionally, extended credit. Because he has spent a lot of time in Chicago and has a great affection for the town, he has three headquarters there. One is the Shangri La, a restaurant run by Frankie Harmon; another, the Singapore, owned by Tommy McDonnel; and the third is Fritzel's. Mike Fritzel, one of the partners, remembers Joe from his pie-wagon days and has kept an eye on him ever since. There is an unofficial fourth, Stone and O'Brien's on Clark Street. Stone, an elderly man, has known Joe almost as long and worries about him like a mother hen.

Recently, after Joe appeared on the Milton Berle television show in New York, he sat down and telephoned all of his "headquarters" around the country just to ask, "D-d-d-did you catch me?"

When Joe hits a town, even after a long absence, he simply picks up old friendships and daily routines just where he left off. On running into pals he hasn't seen in years, he invariably greets them as if they'd had a drink together only the night before. And Joe seldom uses the friend's proper name. He has a stable of names that apparently appeal to him, and he bestows them indiscriminately on one and all. His favorite tags, for no obvious reason, are Herbert, Harvey, Ralph, Roy and Bernard. Two particular pets are the mythical gentlemen, John K. Baumgartner and Dr. Robert E. Weed, who turn up in many a Frisco anecdote.

"I was talkin' to a f-f-f-feller the other day, n-n-n-name of J-j-j-John K. Baumgartner," Frisco will say. "Mr. Baumgartner" might be anybody—Peter Lind Hayes or Joe the Goatman.

He's Firm on Salary Matters

His wandering life and highly unstable fortunes have led Frisco to a certain nonchalance toward material possessions. But, though completely unconcerned about money, he is fiercely determined in the matter of salary arrangements. One of Joe's most loyal friends, actor Horace McMahon, was having a birthday party a while ago at the Mayfair Room in Chicago's Blackstone Hotel. Joe was one of the party. Phil Regan was singing there that night and, when he saw Frisco at ringside, he asked him if he would go on. Well, the Mayfair Room is a fairly elegant place and seldom uses less sophisticated comedians as entertainers. Joe, however, did his act and was a sensation.

A few weeks later, *Mrs.* McMahon had a birthday party there and Regan again called on Joe, with the same result. The singer was delighted and said to the audience, "Isn't this little guy wonderful? Wouldn't you like to have him here at the Mayfair Room?" The immediate response, and the letters, telegrams and phone calls which later poured in, led the management to decide to book Frisco. They offered him $1,350 a week, but Joe said his price was $1,500 and stuck to it. Finally, they reached an impasse and negotiations broke down completely.

One midnight, later that same spring, an executive from the hotel was taking a walk down State Street to get a breath of air before turning in. It was warm, and the windows of the honky-tonks and taverns were open. As he went by one tavern, he happened to look in the open window and there through the smoky haze saw Joe dancing Dark Town Strutters Ball on the bar. "I wonder how a place like that could pay $1,500 a week," the hotel man mused.

The next night, negotiations with Frisco

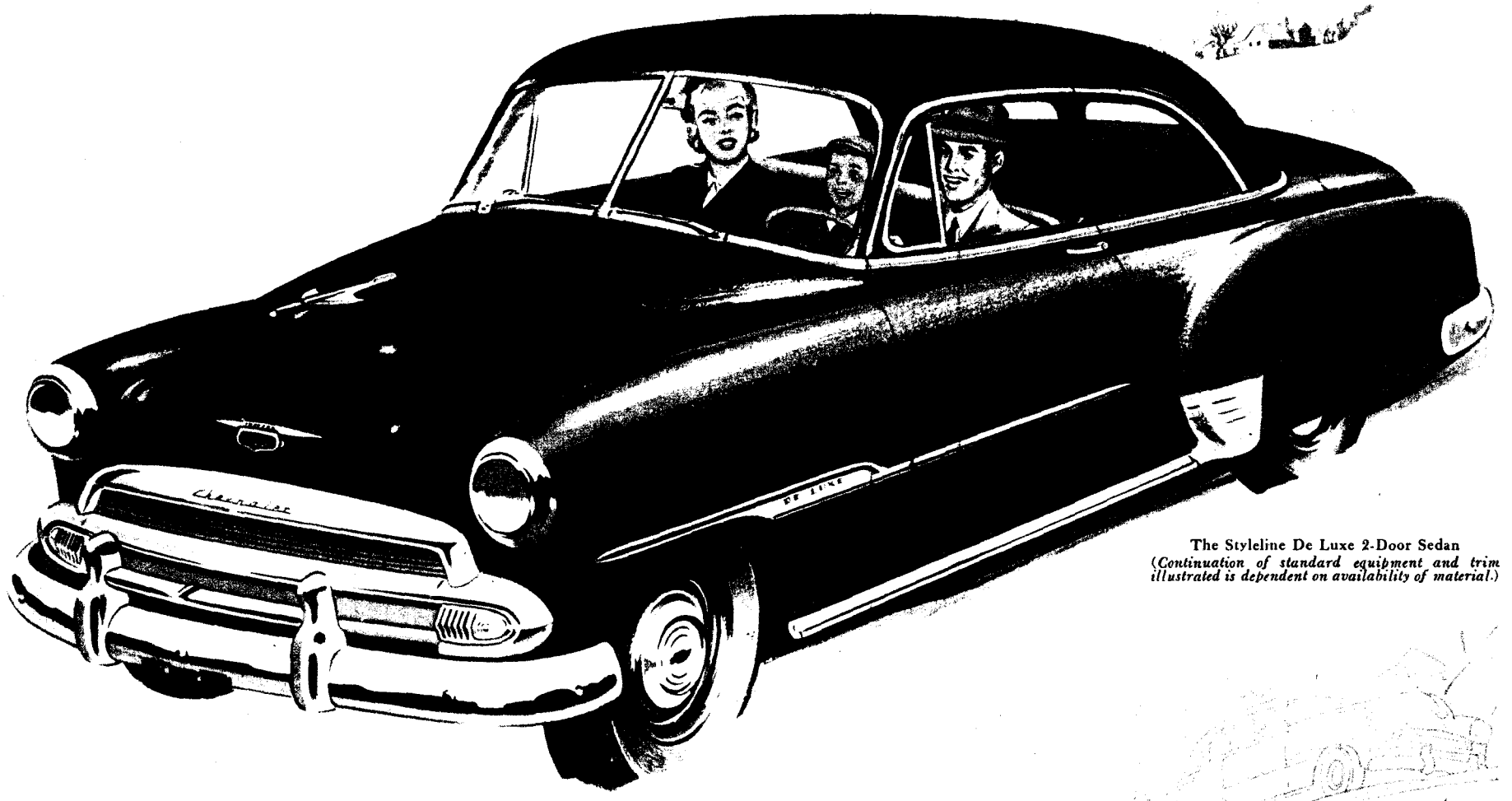
SISTER

"It still isn't the same as a Saturday matinee"

COLLIER'S — STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHEVROLET



The Styleline De Luxe 2-Door Sedan
(Continuation of standard equipment and trim illustrated is dependent on availability of material.)

Solid and satisfying quality keeps Chevrolet first in America's favor

A man and his wife have just stepped into a Chevrolet dealer's. They're looking over a new Chevrolet.

First thing they notice is the solid *bigness.* It's a hefty looking car, long looking and wide looking. And sure enough, they find out it's *heaviest, longest* and has the *widest tread* of any car in the low-price field.

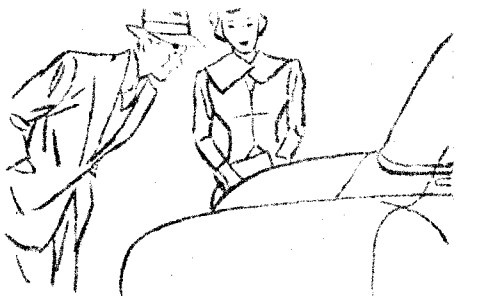
Next thing is to take a drive. That's where they discover the road-hugging smoothness of Chevrolet's greater size and weight, with its gliding Knee-Action ride. The flashing power of Valve-in-Head performance wins the husband.

The comfort and tasteful luxury of Fisher Body really please the wife. Both enjoy such wonderful Chevrolet features as the Center-Point steering, wide-view curved windshield, and biggest-in-the-field Jumbo-Drum brakes.

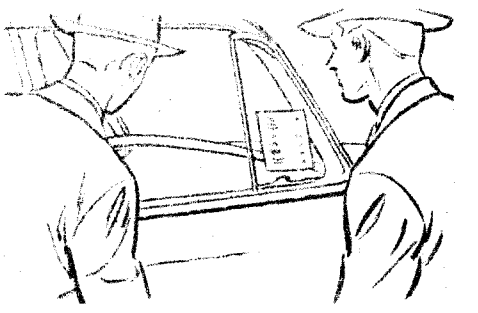
Right about this time, the dealer gives them the news that a Chevrolet lists for *less* than other low-priced cars, in just about every model.

So they join the world's largest, most loyal group of car owners. They become a Chevrolet family . . . and drive happily ever after! Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

Rate Its Road-Hugging Ride!



Size Up Its Solid Bigness!



Mark Its Money-Saving Price!

MORE PEOPLE BUY CHEVROLETS THAN ANY OTHER CAR!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were resumed. The hotel man decided to kid Joe. "I see you're working at a place on State Street," he said.

"That's d-d-d-different," said Frisco. "That place b-b-b-belongs to Lou Collins' brother. Lou's one of my b-b-b-best friends, and I always go on w-w-w-when I'm in town."

For many years, one of the few things Joe hung on to through thick and thin was a suit of tails given him by Florenz Ziegfeld. He was sentimental about it. Nowadays, he has shifted his allegiance to a portable radio (which he carries for the racing results that are of huge importance in his scheme of life) and it is as much a part of him as his hat and coat.

Ancient Gun Put to Test

George Burns was telling me recently about a time, 24 years ago, when he and Gracie Allen were playing the Orpheum Circuit. "Joe was the headliner of the show. He was traveling with all kinds of sports equipment—tennis rackets, a gun, skis, golf clubs, a bowling ball, fishing rod and a baseball. I said to Joe, 'Why do you carry all this stuff?' And he said, 'My trunk is empty, and I d-d-d-don't want the stagehands to th-th-th-think I have no clothes.' You see, he was playing the horses then too. Well, going from Vancouver to Winnipeg, Joe said, 'I've been carrying this g-g-g-gun for three years and I'm going out on the b-b-b-back of the train and see if it works.' And he did. The ancient fire piece backfired, singeing Joe severely. And from Vancouver on, Gracie and I became the headliners."

Although Frisco is just as fond of New York and Chicago, he has spent most of his time during the last few years in California. He once described California—in another line that has become something of a classic—as "a wonderful p-p-p-place to be, if you're an orange." He also says it's the only state where you can lie down under a rosebush in full bloom, take a half-hour nap and freeze to death. In spite of these acid comments, Joe loves the state.

Frisco's Hollywood headquarters is the Brown Derby. One night not long ago he was dining there with Phil Harris and one or two other friends. Now, there is a copper wagon at the Brown Derby used for serving the specialty of the day and it is presided over by a chef in white apron and tall white hat. There had been quite a rush of business, and the wagon, which was close to Frisco's table, was empty, so the chef and two white-clad bus boys began to wheel it away.

As it went by, Joe leaned over and whispered to the chef, "How did he g-g-g-get hurt, b-b-b-buddy?"

A few months ago the California police, alarmed by the number of accidents involving pedestrians, put on a jaywalking campaign. One morning, Frisco, who was in a hurry, started to cross the intersection of Hollywood and Vine against the lights. He had made it out to the middle of the street when a cop grabbed him by the arm and led him back to the corner. As the policeman was making out the ticket, Frisco asked, "Would you m-m-m-mind telling me how f-f-f-fast I was going?"

Joe never passes up a major horse-racing event, if he can help it. Once Joe was at the Kentucky Derby. The big race was coming up, and Frisco, who had already bet away all his money, was desolate. It happened, however, that Bob Hope was in the governor's box, and he saw Joe and sent for him to come up. Now, all Joe had on his mind was to borrow some money from Hope so he could bet on the main event. The governor, however, was anxious to meet Joe, who kept ducking him. The governor finally caught up with him and said, "Look here, I want to talk to you. I'm the governor."

"I know y-y-y-you're the g-g-g-governor," said Joe and turned away. Just then a waiter passed with a tray of mint juleps and the governor handed one to Frisco.

"I don't w-w-w-want one of those things," Joe insisted. "They've got w-w-weeds in them."

Well, Joe finally got $40 from Hope and lost it all on the race. Two weeks later, much to Hope's surprise, Joe returned the money, saying, "Don't s-s-s-say anything about this. If it g-g-g-got around, it would r-r-r-ruin me."

Although Frisco sometimes earns as much as $50,000 a year, what with playing the horses and buying "drinks for the house," he is lucky if he has as much as $10 or $15 wake-up money in his pocket on any given morning. ("Wake-up money" is the term he uses for the money he finds in his wallet the morning after a big night.)

Around Thanksgiving time two years ago, Joe was wasting the afternoon in a race room located off Hollywood Boulevard. He was flat broke, but rather than stay home he was intently listening to the description of a race at Hialeah Park as it came in over the loud-speaker system. An actor friend approached him and asked

COLLIER'S "Ellsworth, you say the most fascinating things. Yes, it was a nice day, today" MARTIN GIUFFRE

what he was going to do for Thanksgiving dinner. Joe didn't exactly know, but admitted that he was living in a swell apartment with a beautiful stove and no food to cook. The actor said he had no stove, but did own enough ready cash to purchase a turkey; so if Frisco would buy the turkey, he would meet him back at the race room in a half hour. Together they would go up to Joe's apartment and cook a good old-fashioned dinner. Frisco agreed to this, and the actor gave him $7 and said he would be back presently.

Thirty or 40 minutes elapsed and, sure enough, back came the actor. A big race was being run and the loud-speaker system was on full blast, with the announcer's voice booming through the smoke-filled atmosphere, describing in detail every movement of each of the three leading horses. The actor finally singled Joe out of the milling crowd and with an accusing look on his face screeched, "Where is the turkey?"

Frisco shrugged: "In the s-s-s-stretch."

Joe is very fond of golf and plays often, if unscientifically. Jack Benny and Frisco were playing one day for $50 a hole. (Frisco was in the chips at the time.) Things were going badly for Joe; he was slicing every shot and balls were going off in all directions. At the thirteenth hole, Joe sliced again and the exhausted caddy laid down his bag and said, "I give up. There's your ball, mister. I'm quitting."

Down went Frisco into a gully, where he found his ball in a deep sand trap. It was a hot day in July and as Joe was chopping away at the ball, getting hotter and hotter, a gopher popped out of a hole nearby. Joe began swinging at the gopher, and the gopher kept ducking. In the middle of this scene, Benny came to the top of the ridge, peered down and said, "Joe, what do you lie?" (In golf parlance: How many times have you swung at the ball?) To which Frisco replied, "Three and a w-w-w-weasel."

Like all exceptional people, Joe has developed some exceptional idiosyncrasies, one of which has to do with hotel rooms. Although Frisco has never had any encounters with burglars, he has a kind of reverse mania about them. When he is broke, he barricades his hotel-room door with all the furniture in sight. His theory is that a burglar wouldn't believe it if he said he had no money and would shoot him for spite. If, however, he is flush, he puts his wallet on the dresser and goes peacefully to sleep without even locking the door.

Other of Joe's phobias involve conveyances. He hates elevators and uses them grudgingly (all except the old bird-cage variety, from which he can watch the passing floors), and he strongly disapproves of subways, too.

At one time, when Joe was working at a theater in Brooklyn, he used to take a taxi every day from his Manhattan hotel. One of his more practical acquaintances asked him why he didn't go by subway—it being so much quicker, and cheaper—but Joe said, "N-n-n-never." When asked what was the matter with subways, Frisco replied, "There's f-f-f-five to six cars on a s-s-s-subway train, ain't there? There's only one m-m-m-motorman, ain't there? And he s-s-s-sits up in front, doesn't he? Well, h-h-h-how does he know w-w-w-what's going on in the f-f-f-fifth car?"

When Frisco stays in New York he stops at the St. Moritz—that is, when my wife, Mary Healy, and I can't persuade Frisco to visit us in suburban New Rochelle. He also has a New York headquarters, the Pick-a-Rib restaurant on West Fifty-second Street (known as the Frisco Club when Joe was the headliner there in 1942). Gordon Andrews, the proprietor, is one of the inner circle who have known Frisco from away back, from the days when they both appeared at Jack White's famous Club 18.

This was during the mid-thirties and early forties. Gordon tells about the time when Jack White, who was the star, Frisco and he and the other entertainers used to sit around in the kitchen wasting time between shows. Some of the customers got the habit of coming out to the kitchen, too, to chat with the entertainers. One night, ballplayer Pepper Martin, then a big man with the St. Louis Cardinals, came back to see the boys. Joe, who knew nothing about baseball, had, however, heard of Martin. When Jack White introduced the ballplayer to Frisco, Joe asked, "What p-p-p-position do you play?" When Martin told him third base, Frisco said, "Well, if you're so d-d-d-darned good, why don't you play f-f-f-first base?"

During one of Frisco's thin periods, when betting on the horses had taken a heavy toll of his finances, Joe was appearing at the Roxy Theatre in New York. He owed just about everybody in town and was immediately suspicious of anyone in a dark blue suit and with a brief case under his arm. A gentleman fitting this description followed him out of the stage entrance one day and into a nearby restaurant. He sat down opposite Frisco and, as Joe started to eat, the legal-looking gentleman kept staring at him. This made Frisco nervous, so he got up, paid his check and slowly walked out of the place. The blue suit did likewise, and as Joe started to walk a little faster, the blue suit started to walk a little faster.

Finally, the two of them were tearing pell-mell down Sixth Avenue, Joe holding his derby with one hand and his cigar with the other. Half a block away from the stage entrance, Frisco turned his head and shouted back to Blue Suit, who was hot on his heels. "W-w-w-we t-t-t-turn here!"

Like all true members of show business, when he's in Manhattan, Joe drops in once in a while at Sardi's for a meal or a drink. One day, not long ago, he stopped off for a quick snack. All he had—he insists—was a cheese sandwich and a glass of buttermilk. The bill somehow came to $3.45. Frisco looked up at the waiter, placed a five-dollar bill on the table and said "K-k-k-keep the change. I-I-I-I stepped on an olive!"

Trouble over His Income Tax

But the most memorable Frisco I know, I've saved for last. One morning, Joe approached me with an important-looking letter. It was from the office of an internal revenue man, asking for an audience with one Joe Frisco. Joe asked me if I thought he should oblige the gentleman, and I said I thought it would be advisable indeed, unless he wanted to spend some time in jail. Frisco hurried downtown and into the income tax office, where a rather tall, dignified gentleman with glasses immediately stated Uncle Sam's complaint.

"Do you realize that you owe the government $3,042 for last year's income tax, $5,063 for the year before and $7,083 for the year before that?" the revenue man asked icily. To this Joe replied, "Well, Doc, g-g-g-get the handc-c-c-cuffs out. I haven't even got carfare b-b-b-back to Hollywood." The tax man told Joe to go home, but not to leave town; he would have to get a decision from his superiors.

As the revenue man was showing Frisco out of the office, Joe saw an actor friend sitting in the waiting room looking very unhappy. They stopped in front of the actor, and Joe asked him what the trouble was. The actor complained he'd had a notice that he was behind in last year's income tax. Frisco turned to the official and asked, "How m-m-m-much does he owe you?" The man looked up the name and told Joe the amount was only $154.30. "He's a good k-k-k-kid," Joe said. "P-p-p-put it on my tab."

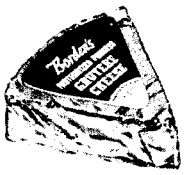
The last time I saw Joe Frisco, he was coming out of a race room. I yelled across the street, "How are you doing?"

And Frisco's answer was, "I b-b-b-broke even, and boy did I need the m-m-m-money."

THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How well do you know these choice BORDEN CHEESES?



1. Meet a famous twin of Nut-Sweet Swiss.

Here's a good-natured cheese that's right at home on all the smartest cheese trays! It's **Borden's Gruyere**—a smooth, firm-textured cheese, made from fine Swiss that has aged at least 11 months. The flavor is delicate, sweet as a nut. Serve it also with crackers and a beverage for an evening treat. Six 1-oz. portions come in a round, clear plastic box.

2. Find out why Napoleon kissed her.

Once you've tasted **Borden's Military Brand Camembert** you'll know why Napoleon kissed the maid who first made Camembert. The flavor is subtle and sophisticated, with an unexpected delicacy. The center is soft and creamy yellow. For dessert, serve Camembert with oven-warmed crackers or red-rimmed apple slices. The half-circle box contains 3 generous portions.

3. Make friends with a favorite... Borden's Pippin Roll!

Wouldn't you like to enjoy the rich, satisfying flavor of sharp Cheddar at its best? **Borden's Pippin Roll** gives you the finest *natural* American Cheddar, aged till the flavor has a tantalizing edge. The cheese is easy to spread and packed in a handy 3-oz. roll. Ideal for canapés and snacks. Cut rounds to fit cracker or serve with your favorite mince or apple pie!

4. Get acquainted with Lordly Liederkranz!

In all the world, there's just one **Liederkranz Brand Cheese,** and Borden's makes it. It's a golden-surfaced cheese with a creamy heart and a robust, lusty flavor. A cheese to make a man feel twice a man, yet with a surprising appeal for the ladies! Accompany it with thin-sliced pumpernickel and serve it with a beverage. Or serve it with fruit for dessert. This cheese is at its peak when the center is soft and creamy yellow.

5. Enjoy Roquefort in a dozen ways!

You won't find a more important cheese for important occasions than **Borden's Napoleon Brand Roquefort.** A green-veined cheese, medium soft in texture, with lots of authority in its spicy flavor. A smart choice for dessert . . . for cheese trays . . . or to crumble on a crisp, green, garden salad. Borden's chooses the finest imported French Roquefort, cuts and wraps it in convenient wedges. Available at better food stores.

BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES

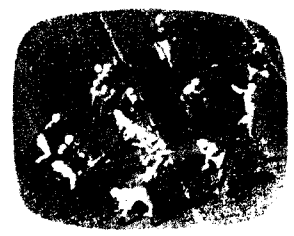
Folks who know cheese say "BORDEN'S, PLEASE!"

©The Borden Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

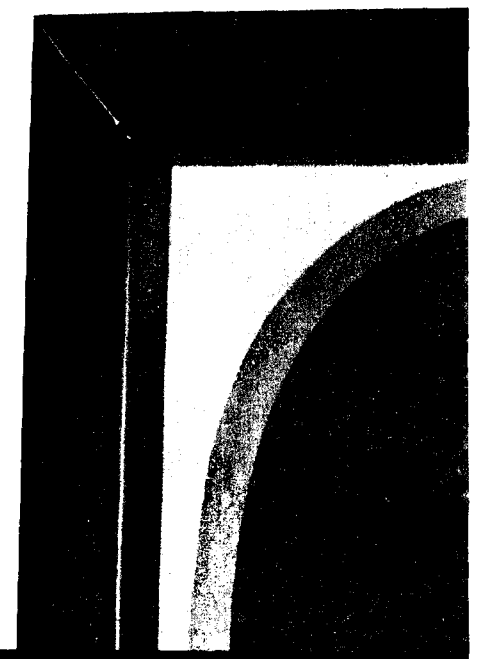
It's the Perfect Picture Size!

. . . FOR CLEAR, LIFE-SIZE "CLOSE-UPS"



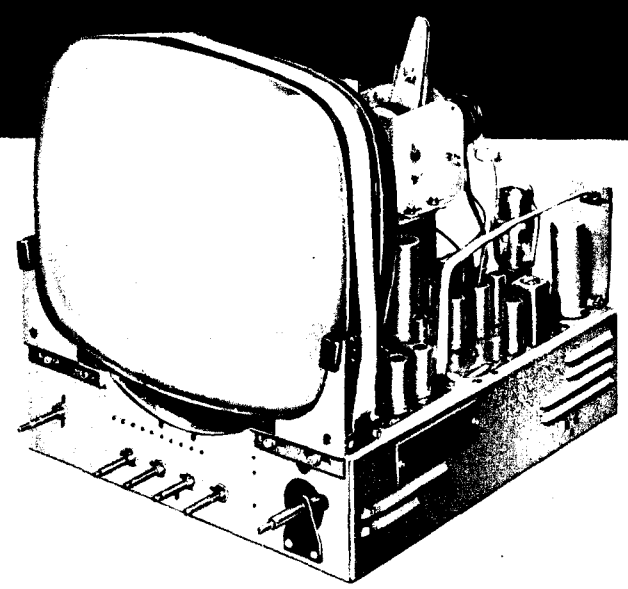
Just about every one agrees that a 20" picture is the perfect size in television. It's big enough to give you crisp, clear, life-size "close-ups." It's big enough for you to see and enjoy every important detail when the television camera focuses on a "long shot." Why settle for anything smaller when you can get a big 20" Admiral for no more than most nationally advertised 17" TV sets!

. . . FOR SHARPLY DETAILED "LONG SHOTS"

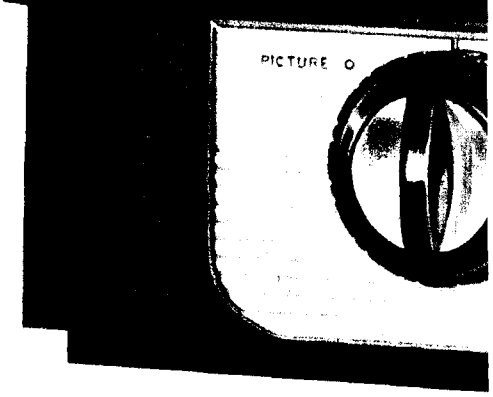


Admiral 20" TV 279.95

Costs no more than most 17" TV Sets



World's Most Powerful Television!



ENGINEERED TO OUTPERFORM ANY SET, ANYWHERE, ANYTIME!

Admiral not only gives you the greatest value in television . . . Admiral's sensational new "Triple-X" chassis has revolutionized television performance. With its amazing new cascode amplifier, it performs just as though station power had been increased up to 400%! In side-by-side comparison tests, Admiral's new "Triple-X" chassis with *built-in* antenna has actually outperformed ordinary sets using a roof antenna!

Yes, no matter where you live . . . in the city or far away in the country . . . Admiral gives you the brightest, sharpest, clearest picture in television. And only Admiral gives you all these plus features:

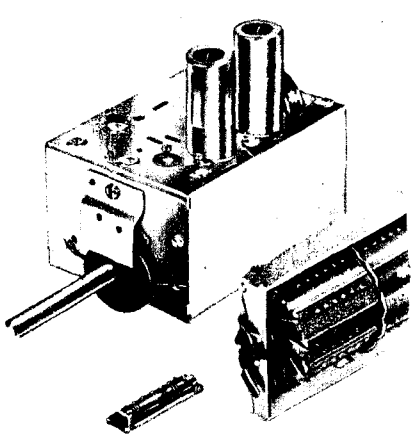
Dyna-Ray Picture Tube that gives clear, sharp pictures even when you sit 'way up close. No room is too small for Admiral's biggest picture tube.

Flex-O-Matic Focus Control that assures perfect focus over the entire picture screen. No blur! No smear!

Automatic Gain Control that reduces interference 92%!

Roto-Scope Antenna . . . most powerful "pick-up" of *all*!

Admiral's new television sets are packed with features . . . sensationally priced! Get complete details immediately from your nearby Admiral dealer.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ready for UHF Stations!

Most television sets built today require an outside converter to receive the new UHF (ultra high frequency) stations promised for the coming months. All Admiral TV sets, however, are equipped with the famous built-in Turret Tuner . . . originated and perfected by Admiral engineers. It provides for reception of all present stations (VHF) as well as new UHF stations by means of readily interchanged tuning strips. Just a flick of the wrist does it! No unsightly external converter is needed with an Admiral!

Admiral
20" TV Console
329.95

Prices slightly higher south and west, subject to change without notice. Federal excise tax included. Warranty extra.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For Christmas...Give

"totes"

Exciting New

LATEX RUBBER BOOTS

FOR MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

MARXIE-"totes". Smart, trim, colorful. For high heels, low heels and flats. Self-fastening. Colors: Pepper Red, Harmony Grey, Navy, Amber. Non-skid soles and heels. Sizes 2 to 10. Complete with totin' pouch. **2.98 pair**

Children's sizes 5½ to 1, in Pepper Red or Amber. **1.98 pair**

SO LIGHT you can "tote" in pocket or purse.

EASY TO PUT ON because they S-T-R-E-T-C-H

Made of PURE RUBBER Not plastic or cellophane. Won't crack or split. No seams to come apart.

KEEP FEET DRY SHOES CLEAN

FOR BROTHER AND SISTER

OVERSHOE-"totes"

Snow and rain rubbers. Up-to-ankle protection. Stretch to fit growing feet. Children's sizes 2 to 10. Red, brown or white. **98¢** pair. Youth's sizes 10½ to 3 in red or brown. **1.49** pair.

98c pair

GIFT WRAPPED! POSTAGE PAID IN U.S.A.

YOUNKERS

MAIL ORDER COUPON FOR "TOTES"
Jane Wildner, Younkers, Des Moines 6, Iowa

SEND TO.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

Quan.	Shoe Size	Color	High or Low Heels?	Children

☐ Check ☐ M. O. ☐ C.O.D. *In Iowa, please include 2% Sales Tax*

High-Class

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

go to the public library and get out the books, with their green varnished covers, that told about such things. And old Tom Ryan, who lived on Pearl Island in a shanty boat on stilts that he had beached on the crest of the 1921 flood, used to fill us full of steamboat facts and lies. He'd been second engineer, so he claimed, on the F.C.A. Denckman and the Ottumwa Belle, raft boats, and for a paper sack of Black Rose Cigar Clippings he'd talk all afternoon.

Stud had it up on me, because all my ancestors had been in the wholesale grocery business except Uncle Ben who went out west and nobody knows what ever happened to him, but Stud had an uncle who was a clerk on the Diamond Jo Line, and his great-grandfather on the Hughes side of the family was engineer on the Fanny Harris when she went three hundred miles up the Minnesota River in April, 1861, to bring down Sherman's Battery. I don't know what Sherman's Battery was or what it was doing so far up the Minnesota.

Anyway, there was nothing doing on the upper Mississippi, and the sight of a steamboat was as thrilling as it would have been to see a buffalo or an Indian. I mean a real Indian. There were a few scrub Indians—Winnebagos—up the river a ways, but they didn't count, as they wore old dirty overalls with never a tomahawk in sight. But sometime toward the end of the twenties, somebody in Congress got the idea of starting up traffic on the upper Mississippi again and they got an appropriation to form a government-owned fleet of barges and big stern-wheel steamboats, and they came up to town with a string of barges and blew the steam whistle; and although there was no gingerbread on the boats or gamblers in beaver hats aboard (there were plenty among the crew), why, it was a beautiful thing to see and hear.

STUD was as good as his word. He quit high school and went decking on the General Ashburn for forty dollars a month and all he could eat. I backed out when it came to the real thing, by special request of my folks, who took only five minutes to give me their opinion and considered the subject closed. So I stayed in school and felt sick whenever Stud came uptown while his boat was loading down at the new municipal docks, and talked about St. Looie and St. Paul like he had been around on the river since the Civil War. My mother said she was not surprised at his folks letting him quit school and go off steamboating as the family was queer anyway and although they went to church they did not seem to have very high standards: Mother suspected Mr. Elliott of making home brew.

"If Frank Elliott has got to making home brew he'll be glad to give me a sample," my father said when she told him this. "I'll see Frank at Kiwanis tomorrow and ask him. I'll tell him you said he was making home brew, and that explains why he let George go off steamboating." This made my mother mad, though she knew Father would not say anything of the kind.

So I stayed on and finished high school and I was really glad I did because where would I ever have got in the long run on the river? No place. Because nobody in town except me thought Stud Elliott was a romantic character, at all; they just thought he was restless and maybe not getting along so good at home and was off on the bum more or less, like Jack Kaiser, who had run off to the West because his father used to get oiled up on Pearl Island moonshine and beat up Jack's mother. So they all just figured Stud was a roamer born and probably better off on the river.

"Apropos of your friend Stud Elliott, Bill," said Father, "it probably looks romantic to you, but after all, son, what does it lead to? Nothing. You want to be somebody in the community, don't you?"

"I guess so," I said. "I suppose so."

"That's just the point. Elliott will have a fine time playing Huck Finn while you are getting an education—he'll make you feel sick, I suppose—but then someday you'll find that the years have rolled on and he's just a bum, while you'll have a house and a car and everything you want. You'll be a respected citizen, but Stud Elliott—well, he'll just be a river rat."

"I think William ought to get interested in the idea of being a lawyer," my mother said. "A lawyer in the family would certainly strike a welcome note for me, after listening to groceries for thirty-five years."

"People don't 'get interested' in the law, Alice," replied Father, "because there's nothing interesting about it. And anyway, this town already has more lawyers than Wisconsin has mosquitoes in July. If you want Bill to get high-tone and overcome the pain and misery of thirty-five years of groceries, which, by the way, have paid the bills all these years, why, I'd suggest he 'get interested' in being a doctor. A boy like Bill with a good medical degree could really clean up in this town."

So that argument went on for years; and I was president of the Latin Club, and ran the high hurdles with grim determination but no victories, and went on down to the state university prepared for a banjo-strumming career among the ivy-covered halls. I was also determined not, under any circumstances, to get interested in law or medicine, either one. Actually I didn't get interested in anything the first year except a girl from Des Moines, how to raise the money for a car, and the collected works of Louis Armstrong—a combination worth about six dollars on the open market.

Then, in my sophomore year, after a summer spent in Father's grocery warehouse, I met Professor Alvin Wharton. I suppose he was a fake. Although he wore his eyeglasses on a ribbon and talked with a very high-class accent, especially when he was reading Lord Byron aloud, it is more than likely that he originated nearer Omaha than Oxford. Professor Wharton had a voice like Ronald Colman—smooth as farm butter—and he could read the Iowa City-Cedar Rapids Interurban timetable and make it sound like John Donne. Up until this time I thought that literature was Ivanhoe and Silas Marner, but Professor Wharton changed all that—oh, hell, he was a regular inspiration—he had Sunday-afternoon teas and read out loud. Sounds corny but it wasn't bad. I got the literary bug and took all the courses in sight on the subject and got to know more about The Novel than about the basketball team.

YOU can imagine what a big hit this made at home with Mother and the Grocery King.

"Fine! Wonderful!" said the latter. "I suppose when you graduate you can start in most anyplace and name your own salary. Just tell 'em you're an authority on James Fenimore Cooper, and you can no doubt write your own ticket."

"Have you thought about law school, William?" said my mother.

"Yes, Mother," I replied. "I thought about law school for about a minute. Then I quit thinking about it."

"Oh, dear," said Mother.

"Wonderful! Victor Hugo!" said Father.

Well, you know how it is when the old folks let it be known they don't like what you are doing. You wouldn't stop doing it for anything. As a result of the united disapproval on the home front and because I liked Professor Wharton, I decided to go into teaching. Some swell idea!

So I've been teaching English here in high school for five years now, for a princely wage, as you can well imagine; I haven't got any pince-nez glasses and, moreover, it looks as though I'm the type that will never get a college teaching job. Some do and some don't. Looks to me as though I'm cut out for Ivanhoe and Silas Marner and helping with the Class Annual from now on. I'm high-class, though, by golly. I'm high-tone as hell and wear a clean white shirt every day; I'm no bum, like for instance Stud Elliott off there on the river.

Sure, he's still on the river; he never did quit. A regular river rat. He's captain on the St. Croix now, one of those big coal pushers. I see him around town once in a while, driving a Buick. Always has some tremendous-looking girl with him.

Father and Mother were over for Sunday dinner the other day. Helen had a nice pork shoulder—I haven't tasted a slice of roast beef since sometime last year—and the kids behaved for a change.

"I saw Frank Elliott yesterday," Father said. "And do you know what he told me these pilots on the river boats make? You know what he told me your friend Stud makes?"

"You tell me, Father," I said. "What's Stud make on the river?"

"Why, Frank says he makes six hundred dollars a month, that's what, and his room and board thrown in, of course, and a paid week's vacation every third week. Can you beat that?"

"I sure can't. But remember, Stud's among a very low class of companions on the river, whereas I, well, I'm just as high-class as hell."

"Yeah, I forgot that. You're sure high-class, all right," says the old man. "Please pass the gravy." THE END

MARTHA BLANCHARD

The Children's Hour

All day they wondered what to do
And dragged about with feet of lead,
But now by strange coincidence,
They're full of steam—it's time for bed.

—BETTY ISLER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Hospital Orderly They Call "Doctor"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

moved it. A few moments later, when the surgeon was ready to begin operating (perhaps using Watzka-designed instruments), it was the tall man with the gray hair and sharp blue eyes who carefully shifted the prone body into the proper position. Then Watzka left—but minutes afterward, when a new position was required, he was, almost miraculously, on hand once again to make the change.

In the tense atmosphere of the crowded operating room, Adolph Watzka stood like a tower of strength, assisting the surgeon, watching the myriad gauges and dials on the various precious tanks and instruments, covertly glancing at tyro nurses for signs of nervousness—functioning, in effect, as the boss of everything in sight, except for the operation itself.

Praise from Many Quarters

It is a unique position Watzka holds, and he performs in it so well that his associates sometimes seem hard put to find the proper words of praise. Surgeons at the hospital say they could not do without him; staff members of other hospitals have sought his specialized knowledge; patients adore him.

In the words of Dr. J. Hartwell Harrison, chief of urology on the Brigham staff, Watzka is a man who "has no acknowledged peer in the world" at his job.

Yet he is not a doctor. His education is scant; he reached the equivalent of the second year of high school in his native Bohemia. He is an immigrant who has worked at various times as a plumber, longshoreman and railroad worker; until he walked into Peter Bent Brigham one day in 1917 and asked for a job as an orderly, he had never seen the inside of a medical school.

In the three decades since, Watzka, now sixty-seven, has earned international repute, one of the few nonprofessionals to achieve a large measure of professional standing in the exacting science of surgery. Frequently, in fact, he is mistaken for a doctor and addressed as one. When that happens, Watzka is quick to correct the error. "Call me mister," he says.

Actually, his title, in keeping with his extraordinary position, is a somewhat nebulous one: Operating Room Assistant. It was created just for him. He is the only nonprofessional man in the hospital who wears the uniform of a doctor (or, more specifically, that of an intern): double-breasted white coat, white cap, pin-striped duck trousers.

Like a doctor, he commands the enthusiastic personal loyalty of patients and hospital personnel alike—in fact, of almost everyone he meets. "His friendships," says Dr. Harrison, "include all children, an imposing list of distinguished surgeons who have visited Brigham at one time or another, and every nurse, intern or resident who has ever served with him.

"It is no accident that Adolph receives more Christmas mail than any other member of the Brigham family."

His mail during the December holiday season is, in truth, little short of fantastic. It includes cards from all over the United States and from many foreign countries as well. Kings and princes, prime ministers and maharajas, captains of business and their wives, stenographers, clerks and day laborers—persons of high and low station from all over the world who came to the Boston hospital because of its splendid reputation—all remember him.

Within the hospital, there are nurses who say they would rather receive an accolade from Adolph, after a particularly trying session in the operating room, than a word of praise from a noted surgeon. And that goes for those nurses who in the past, having faltered in the midst of a heart or brain operation requiring the utmost of courage, have been quietly ordered by Watzka to leave the room.

The tale of Watzka's rise from the Boston docks to this position of eminence in medicine is dramatic and wonderful, and one that may very well be expanded someday from a footnote in the story of current surgical developments to a whole chapter in itself.

It was in 1912, when he was in his late twenties, that Adolph Watzka left the little town of Asch in Bohemia (now part of Czechoslovakia) and, at the urging of an uncle in Manchester, New Hampshire, came to the United States.

Adolph's uncle was a plumber and steam fitter, and the young man worked for him for a time—until he discovered a wide disparity between what he was being paid and what his uncle was charging for his services by the hour. Young Watzka thereupon packed his bag and set off for Boston. There he held a succession of jobs, starting in a shoe factory, swinging over to the railroad yards as a freight handler, and finally moving to the water front, where he became a longshoreman at $30 to $35 a week—a pretty fair wage in those days.

In May, 1917, a few weeks after the United States entered the first World War, a federal regulation proscribed subjects of Germany or her allies from going within 300 feet of the shore in Boston, which was a port of embarkation. Bohemia was then a part of the Austro-Hungarian empire, and Austria-Hungary was on Germany's side in the war. Adolph, although he had earlier decided to become an American citizen, had delayed too long in taking out his first papers; he now found himself an enemy alien, barred from the water front, and out of work.

Ultimately, he heard of a job as an orderly at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, about three miles from the docks, and started there afoot. He was on his way to a fabulous career, but its beginning was not auspicious.

He Got Rough with Two Cops

While he was striding along, two plain-clothes men stopped him. When they questioned his allegiance, Adolph, a husky young man nearly six feet tall, proceeded to knock them both flat. They were on their backs on the sidewalk before he saw their badges. He hastened to help them up; for his pains, he spent the night in a cell at Police Station 16. But when a sympathetic desk sergeant heard his story, no charges were preferred. As soon as a relative showed up to post the necessary bond for an enemy alien, Adolph was released.

He set out for the hospital once again; on his arrival, he was interviewed, hired in short order, and assigned to a ward.

The work did not interest Watzka particularly, although the hospital fascinated him. Few jobs offer less opportunity for advancement or improvement than that of hospital orderly. A beginner even nowadays is paid only 70 cents an hour for a 40-hour week, and overtime is rare. Out of his $28 weekly pay check, the orderly pays 25 cents for breakfast, the same for lunch and 50 cents for dinner in a hospital cafeteria. He may have a private room in a hospital dormitory for $20 a month or share a room with another orderly at a lower figure. He must be physically strong and temperate in his habits—qualifications almost impossible to find among those attracted by such a wage in today's labor market.

Orderlies are a continuing problem in all hospitals. If they are ambitious, they are unhappy. If they are not ambitious, they are worthless. The rise of Adolph Watzka may change all that. He has given them a goal to shoot at.

Watzka started at $9 a week with three

Give the KING of Blends to Your Best of Friends!

Best wishes to the Boss!
Holiday Greetings to Bill from Mary
To a Real Swell Dad!
Hope you enjoy this really light blend as much as I did
—Jane
Brown Forman
KING
a Flavor-favorite from Kentucky
BROWN-FORMAN EVER 80 YEARS OF SUPERIOR QUALITY
Brown-Forman's
SINCE 1870
KING
BLENDED WHISKY
Its mild mellow goodness makes King a favorite with those who prefer a lighter drink
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
QUART
KING 'tis Really Light!

If you're dreaming of a *right* Christmas—make it a really *light* King Christmas for everyone on your list! Today's King looks lighter, tastes lighter because it's taste-*engineered* to be smoother, finer than blends costing far more!

BLENDED WHISKY. THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD. 37½% STRAIGHT WHISKIES, 62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 86 PROOF.

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • At Louisville in Kentucky

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meals a day and a place to sleep, for which $3 a month was deducted from his wages. He was sure he would not stay long. But the more he saw of the hospital, the better he liked it. He was absorbed by what the doctors did and how they did it. Hours meant nothing to him (he was, and still is, a bachelor, with few outside interests). He worked from five in the morning until his work was finished—any time between three in the afternoon and ten at night. The job was menial and at times distasteful, but he took it seriously and was quick to lend a hand.

Within a month, Miss Katherine Madden, fresh from Johns Hopkins Hospital as operating supervisor, singled him out as an exceptional orderly, got him a raise to $12 a week and had him assigned to surgery. But Watzka was still remote from the operating room. He rode an ambulance to and from Boston's North and South Stations, and, curiously, to and from ships from overseas at Boston docks, picking up surgical stretcher cases from the war zone and moving them to the hospital. (Although he was barred from the water front as a technical enemy alien, nobody ever questioned his right to be there when he wore a white coat and helped carry a stretcher.)

Miss Madden kept an eye on Adolph. Soon she got him another raise, to $15 a week. And finally, in 1919, she gave him the push that really started him on the road to his present job. She recommended to Dr. Harvey Cushing—professor of surgery at Harvard Medical School and chief surgeon at Peter Bent Brigham, who was just back from France—that the young orderly be assigned to the hospital's operating rooms. It marked the beginning of a unique career for Watzka—and of a fast friendship between the onetime stevedore and the great brain surgeon that lasted until Cushing's death in 1939.

A Great Doctor's Golden Rule

"Who you were or what you were made no difference whatever to Dr. Cushing," Adolph says today. "During the 20 years I was with him, I always knew I never could be his equal; yet he always treated me as though I were. It was what you thought, what you did, and how you did it that counted with him."

What young Watzka did and how he did it made an immediate impression on Cushing. He perceived almost immediately that his new orderly possessed the kind of mechanical and administrative genius that actually improved the work of a surgeon. Adolph had been assigned to surgery largely because he had, in addition to a steady temperament, the necessary muscle and brawn to lift patients; his own plans for the future still didn't envision a lifetime at the job. But something happened that first day that changed everything.

During the operation, the noted surgeon watched his new helper carefully for the usual signs of panic, anticipating the pasty, green-tinged face that would indicate Watzka was about to fold up. Instead, he saw an expression that was interested, absorbed and unafraid.

When the operation was over, Watzka turned to Cushing, and pointing to an operating knife, said gruffly in his thick Bohemian accent: "The blade is sharp enough, but it's about an inch and a half too long. The handle is too short. It ought to fit your hand, and to cut skin it should maybe curve the other way." Then he added, "And the drill is too dull. Don't they ever sharpen them around here?"

Cushing surveyed the orderly coolly; nobody had talked to him like that in years. "I want to speak to you in my office later," he said.

For a long time, Dr. Cushing and other surgeons had realized the need for better tools, props and accessories. Graduate doctors of medicine had even gone to polytechnical colleges to become, in addition, graduate engineers. Doctors had designed surgical tools; drills; blades; saws; silver head plates for broken skulls; silver nails to hinge fractured hips; tables; straps; stirrups; hoists and lifts.

But Cushing, in this process, had often been frustrated by the necessity of spending long hours with artisans, describing special needs and equipment. Sometimes he had been utterly defeated by their inability to comprehend what he wanted. Now he had the person he had looked for but had scarcely expected to find.

Cushing made Watzka his lieutenant, and trained him for 20 years, creating a special profession for him. In the early 1920s, he had the young orderly placed on his personal operating staff and got him another pay raise. Then, after discussing it with other surgeons, he removed Adolph forever from the ranks of the orderlies, offering him extraordinary authority, and seeing to it that the fact was duly noted on the hospital records.

Watzka was cool, levelheaded, unmoved by the sights he saw in surgery. Cushing gave him free rein, explaining to him the precise position he wanted a body to be in for each phase of an operation and showing him, as he operated, the effect of each position upon muscles and bone. Adolph got the idea right away. When a similar operation was in process again, he could position the body exactly without being told.

As Adolph learned from watching the great surgeon, so did Cushing gain from watching his helper—just as experienced craftsmen such as carpenters often spend hours watching an inexperienced dub, on the outside chance that the unskilled man will stumble upon a new trick of the trade.

Watzka has always had a flair for mechanics. As a boy, when he got a windup toy he took it apart, changed its operation, sometimes making it do things the manufacturer had never contemplated. He came to look upon the human body as a machine and to understand some of the problems of the doctors working on it.

Today, he compares the human body to an automobile. "As mechanisms," he says, "there are curious similarities in principles. Both consume a great deal of fuel. Both have parts, some of them delicately balanced, that tend to wear out. Both need constant care and attention. But—

"If you smash up your car or let it go to ruin, you can get another. If you smash up your own body or let it go to ruin, you are compelled either to retrieve what's left and make it do as long as you can—or die."

With his skilled mechanic's approach, Watzka set about easing the problem of surgeons forced to work with the inadequate tools of 30 years ago. He found the right man to keep them sharp, and he suggested design changes as well. Today, many surgical tools are made the Watzka way.

For a particular operating position which had to be maintained for a long time, Watzka devised various assortments of cushioned rests. He mastered the techniques of positioning for every operation. Then he became interested in the positions of the surgeons and anesthetists. Sometimes both had to get themselves into nerve-straining, contorted postures because the patients could not be moved.

Because of Adolph, anesthetists, at least, are provided today with a rest that takes much of the strain off them during operations where they must stand still for long periods.

Dr. Harrison puts it this way: "All surgeons from Hippocrates to the present have been aware of the importance of the position of the patient on an operating table. If the patient is properly placed with due regard for light, the operation should be an incident in the patient's treatment. With poor position it can be an ordeal for all concerned.

"Surgeons remain individualists, and their wishes with regard to position vary. Only once does Adolph Watzka have to be shown the position a surgeon wishes for a given procedure. Thereafter it never varies in the slightest detail. Often Adolph suggests improvements, and Brigham surgeons have long known the wisdom of listening carefully.

"At the fine art of moving sick human beings, Adolph Watzka has no equal. Tens of thousands of apprehensive patients have been comforted by his: 'Now, put your arms around my neck and relax.' No patient ever has slipped from his powerful arms or has suffered any injury in the operating room from the often complicated transfer from bed to operating table and back."

Surgeons in chief of other hospitals have asked Adolph to look over their operating rooms. He went to the Massachusetts General Hospital at the request of Dr. Jason Mixter, specialist in neurosurgery. Out of that visit came this report:

"He devised changes in the cerebral headrest permitting the previously cramped anesthetist reasonable comfort; adjustment of the perineal board and leg supporters for the precise procedure of perineal prostatectomy without risk of injury to the back and shoulders of the patient, and adjustment of the drape holding Mayo stand for thyroidectomy."

In simpler language, this means that Watzka provided considerable relief for the cramped anesthetist; that he devised, for an unconscious patient undergoing a prostate gland operation, rests which made surgery easier for the doctor and at the same time relieved the weight on the patient's back so that it would not cause an additional medical or surgical problem; and that he made an added improvement for a neck operation.

Other hospitals have written Peter Bent Brigham asking if they might send selected men to Watzka to be trained in his techniques. Watzka has vetoed the idea. "I'm not a teacher," he says. "I have a good deal of pride in my own job; but all that I know about positioning has been taught to me by great surgeons.

"There are men—orderlies and male nurses—who could be taught by the surgeons in their own hospitals. If the surgeons come to Peter Bent, they will discover the knacks and tricks; but I think the chief thing they would take away is a disposition to give the man they select the same freedom, the same encouragement and finally the same authority as surgeons in chief have given me—and, incidentally, to pay such men enough to keep them interested."

Adolph has come a long way from his $9-a-week starting pay, but—since hospitals rarely can afford to pay their executives salaries comparable to those for similar jobs in industry—his income is still not really high. He comes within the $5,000-to-$10,000-a-year bracket, but on the low side. However, he feels that he gets additional compensation from his work.

His Dachshunds and His Car

Nowadays he is on duty for operations only; except for emergencies, they take place within a five-day, 40-hour week. That gives Watzka considerable leisure. In his spare time he walks a great deal and indulges two hobbies: a pair of dachshunds and a shiny, good-as-new Rickenbacker auto he bought for $1,750 in 1924.

Adolph bought the car, as you might expect, for a mechanic's reasons. "It was just like a car I would design for myself," he says. "It had four-wheel brakes, a dual flywheel, everything. It was engineered to perfection, years ahead of its time."

His purchase of the Rickenbacker led to considerable admiration for its designer; he was delighted therefore when, some years later, after the auto had become a curio, Rickenbacker heard about it and paid Adolph a visit. The famous American airplane and automotive expert was tickled with Watzka's car; he sat behind the wheel, fondled it affectionately and drove it around town. He was equally pleased with the car's owner, and the two men are now close friends. In his room, Adolph has Rickenbacker's books (autographed), almost every periodical in which his friend's name is mentioned, and scores of the World War I ace's pictures.

The Rickenbacker pictures share billing on Watzka's walls with those of the three surgeons in chief under whom he has served: the late Drs. Cushing and Elliott Cutler, and Dr. Francis Moore, his present boss. In addition, there is a clutter of books, paintings and prints, plus two large bird cages for his six canaries. The room is in a hospital dormitory; Adolph shares a common living room with other male employees.

Watzka gets up in the morning at 4:45, shaves, dresses, goes to the operating rooms at 6:00, sets up the operating tables, and has breakfast in the hospital cafeteria at 6:30. After breakfast he returns to the operating rooms, posts the room schedules on a bulletin board in the corridor; then visits all patients listed for surgery, making his own sure check on just which part of the body is to undergo surgery.

He then returns to the operating rooms and checks all anesthetics. "I have a thousand things to think of," he says, and it is only a slight exaggeration. They include all mechanical devices, shoulder braces, stirrups, screens for the operating tables, arrangements for observers, gauges, dials, a proper supply of gases, distilled water in

KENNESAW

"Maybe you better take that fox tail off'n your bicycle until th' huntin' season's over, Grampaw"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There'll always be a
Santa Claus at this house
THE PRUDENTIAL
Insurance Company of America
a mutual life insurance company
HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY • WESTERN OFFICE: LOS ANGELES, CALIF. • CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO, ONT.
Printed in U.S.A. by Prudential Press

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—WITH YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS* PRINTED 250 TIMES ON EACH ROLL

DOZENS OF VALUABLE USES

Available at last! Really *personalized* "Scotch" Tape... with your full name and address* (or any other wording of similar proportions) set in type and printed 250 times on each 500-inch roll. Think of it . . . 250 individual labels, removable as needed, for identifying books, hats, spectacle cases, umbrellas, toys, card tables, folding chairs, dishes, sporting goods, etc.; for return addresses on envelopes and packages; for making your own letterheads, personalizing checks, and dozens of other things; also handy for offices, with "Special Delivery" or "Air Mail" printed instead of name. Available in ½-inch green, blue, yellow, orange, white or silver tape; printed in black or dark blue ink. Handy plastic dispenser included. Order now . . . for yourself; also for gifts.

ONLY $1.00 POST PAID Complete with Dispenser

HOW TO ORDER: Type or print clearly the name and address or other wording in 1, 2 or 3 lines as you want it (no line to exceed 50 type characters and spaces). Specify tape color and ink color. Enclose $1.00 for each roll ordered (cash, check or money order—no stamps) and mail to . . .

VICKERY TAPE, Inc.

PERU 6, INDIANA

Housework Easy Without Nagging Backache

Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness may be due to slowdown of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday condition, such as stress and strain, causes this important function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable.

Don't neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you. Try Doan's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. It's amazing how many times Doan's give happy relief from these discomforts—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!

five-gallon carboys, Zephrene and alcohol for sterilizing the patients' skin. "Everything must be done at the right moment," he explains. "Some things cannot be done too soon; some can't be done too late."

At 7:30 he returns to the rooms of the patients. Depending on the kind of operation, some already have been anesthetized, some not. He checks the position of the patient on the bed, then nods to nurses and interns; they take their places at the head of the bed, and roll it out for the trip to the operating room.

By the time the patient comes into the surgeon's view, Watzka is already there and everything is ready. Gently he lifts the prone body from bed to operating table and positions it for the surgeon. There is a knack to hefting the dead weight of an unconscious person; there is an even greater one to doing it without disturbing broken bones or opening incisions. Adolph has both knacks to an extraordinary degree.

Even as he shifts the patient to the position he knows the surgeon finds most convenient, the tall, cool Operating Room Assistant sweeps the room with his eyes, taking in pressure gauges on anesthetic tanks; the level of sterilizing fluid and distilled water in glass vessels; the rate of flow of saline, glucose or other solutions through glass tubes (the tubes are an innovation of his own); the trays of sterilized instruments; bandage, gauze, sutures.

As the incision is made, the room is so quiet that the patient's breathing can be heard by every intern, student, visiting doctor and observer in the last row of the balcony. In the silence, they look down at these tense men and women working swiftly against time. Occasionally the soft-spoken words echo: "Up, Adolph!" and "Over, Adolph!", a breath-holding experience until the final: "That does it!"

In his 34 years at the hospital, Watzka has supervised literally tens of thousands of such operations. Because Peter Bent Brigham's staff includes a number of noted specialists, many of its patients are famous people. Adolph, in the course of his work, comes into repeated contact with all surgical patients, and many of the great ones (and, of course, many of the less famous ones as well) have become his friends. He takes them all in stride, with one exception.

Actresses alone confound him. One of the best-known Hollywood stars, frightened and trembling, once threatened his dignity by pleading with him to hold her hand while she went under the anesthetic. As the nurses bit their lips to hold back the giggles and Adolph blushed brick red, the surgeon saved the day. That would never do, he said. He couldn't work that way.

Of all the famous people Watzka has met, the one he is least likely to forget is the late Alexander Woollcott, who went to Peter Bent Brigham for a gall bladder operation, made hazardous by the fact that he had a heart condition. It's not likely that the rest of the hospital will soon forget Woollcott, either. The caustic critic had the place in a constant uproar, calmly ignoring rules, refusing to take orders and insisting that his friends had a right to drop by at any time of day or night.

Broadway stage stars flew to Boston after their performances to visit him for long discussions concerning the drama or his bladder. As the hospital dining room was usually closed by that hour, Woollcott telephoned the Ritz-Carlton Hotel and had trays of food sent in. When patients nearby complained, he had trays of food sent to them, too.

The furor reached a peak one morning at about two o'clock. All was quiet in the hospital, when suddenly a young nurse on duty in the main lobby ran screaming from her desk, yelling hysterically that she had seen a huge white penguin stalking through the rotunda.

Investigation disclosed, of course, that it had been Woollcott, wearing a cream-colored dressing gown with a wide, satin sash; red sandals, and a black Mexican sombrero pulled far down over his head. He had sent his night nurse out for coffee, and then had strolled out of the hospital, grabbed a cab, and moved to a suite which he had thoughtfully reserved at the Ritz.

He was peremptorily ordered back by his personal physician; meekly, he obeyed.

All this was hardly orthodox preparation for a serious operation. Woollcott continued his japery right up to the time he was anesthetized. When Watzka showed up, the writer asked, "What do you do?"

"I deliver you and get you back," said Adolph. "In the operating room, I get you into proper position; I raise you on the table."

"Poker, huh?" grinned Woollcott. "Well, this is one occasion when the jack pot has a voice; don't raise me too high before the doctor calls. You'll have an advantage anyway—you'll know what the doctor is holding in his hand."

As the anesthetic mask was lowered over Woollcott's face, Watzka said, "You're a very entertaining, amusing and—if I may say so—elusive patient. But until you hear my voice again, you'll stay put! We'll all know where you are, and how you're doing. And," he added gently, "you're going to be all right."

Woollcott went into the operating room just like any other patient. He did fine.

The Woollcott incident offers a key to Watzka's technique in dealing with patients. The former dock-walloper is always smiling, confident and careful when he enters a hospital room. "You must never frighten a patient," he says. "You must encourage them."

On a typical day not long ago Watzka stopped by a bed in the corridor and looked down at a gray-haired woman. "How do you feel?" he asked.

She smiled up at him. "I feel just fine," she said. "I'm sure I'm going to come through this all right."

He was relieved by her confidence and courage, for she faced a difficult ordeal. He nodded enthusiastically. "That's the way to feel about it," he said.

"Why shouldn't I feel that way?" She looked up. "I'm in the best of hands—the doctor's and God's."

He was even more impressed by her faith. "Fine," he said, his face a wreath of smiles. "We're ready for you now. The doctor is all scrubbed up," and his eyes sparkled as he added, "and I'm sure God is, too. You're going to be all right." He patted her hand. "I'll see you tomorrow."

If those words could have been heard by Peter Bent Brigham, a Vermont farm boy who came to Boston, built a fortune on fish and left a fund to found the hospital bearing his name, he would have known that he had got his money's worth. THE END

How to Make Tanks in a Hurry

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

assembly line in war production," he said, "as something like a beehive, with hundreds of people milling around, driving rivets and screwing bolts and swarming all over the vehicle. It doesn't work that way. We set a steady pace—the pace necessary to achieve the production schedule. We have the right material and the right workmen in the right place at the right time. They do their jobs. They do them right and in the time they are supposed to do them.

"The tank moves on—and on, and pretty soon a guy drives it away. You don't get production by hurrying. You get it by careful planning and training and skill. When you see a bunch of workmen scurrying around, yelling at one another, in this plant it means something has gone wrong. We don't like that." He grinned. "It does happen occasionally, though."

Another crane was settling its vast hooks over the tank. It rose into the air. Kortkamp looked up. "That operator," he said, pointing, "can move that tank in eight different directions. He could also drop it—if he got in a hurry. But he doesn't."

The tank settled, almost softly, to the new assembly line. Fuel tanks, fire extinguisher tanks and lines, steering gear, shift levers, accelerator and brakes were added. Then the engine and transmission, auxiliary generators, bullet-deflecting grilles and armored doors to cover the engine—ammo racks, the instrument panel, control box and driver's seat.

By this time, the T-41 had reached turret assembly, one of the dozen veins which feed big and little parts of tanks into the main stream of final assembly. Much like the hull, the turret had been processed and came to "final" as a shell. Here now, on final, were installed the wiring, the control boxes, the hydraulic system, the floor, the seats and finally the ball assembly.

This ball assembly is the giant ring on which the turret revolves, completely around and in either direction. It moves fast and it must move surely. The tolerances of workmanship on the ball assembly are so fine that the Cleveland Tank Plant bosses early decided it should be made and milled there, under their own careful eyes.

The turret installation complete, it was tested under power to see that all its complex mechanisms and hydraulics worked perfectly. They did. The crane moved into position and lifted the turret while the tank edged beneath it. The turret settled into place and workmen moved in to fasten it down.

The electrical connections for operating the turret were made, and the tank moved forward over the 40-foot, rubber-and-steel caterpillar tracks which lay ready in parallel lines along main assembly. They were clamped in place. Fenders, fuel and storage boxes were added. Both plant and Army Ordnance men inspected the completed tank and the foreman said:

"Okay, Harry, give 'er the tests."

Quiet, businesslike Harry Grimm is one of a dozen test drivers at the plant. A war veteran—he drove tanks in combat in France, Belgium, Holland and Germany—he lives in suburban Berea with his wife and two children.

Grimm adjusted his crash helmet and goggles as he climbed into the driver's seat in front, body inside, head out. He peered down inside for a minute, hit the starter and then the accelerator as the engine roared. He tested the brake. Brake and accelerator are in the same positions as in any American-made automobile. They work the same way, too, and just as easily. There is no clutch. Harry let up on the gas and let his right hand drop to the gearshift. With his fingertips he pushed the lever forward to low gear. He stepped on the gas, and the tank moved out on its treads.

Harry steered with two levers set 18 inches apart in front of him, one to each hand. They are shaped like the gadgets in carnivals where you test your grip. If they had been handholds on an imaginary wheel the steering would have been exactly the same—push and pull—and as simple. Anyone who can drive a car can drive the T-41 after five minutes' instruction. It takes longer to become skillful.

The Walker Bulldog (named for the late General Walton H. Walker, killed in Korea) is a light tank, designed for probing the enemy's lines, for reconnaissance and patrol duty—for knocking out moderate enemy opposition. Its main armament is a high-velocity 76-millimeter gun with a special fire-control apparatus for rapid aiming and firing. Supplementing the big gun are a 50-caliber machine gun mounted on a pivot and another machine gun, 30- or 50-caliber, fixed on the turret and bore-sighted to the range of the 76.

Its engine has more than twice the horse-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ower of its World War II predecessor, the
[-24 General Chaffee. It operates with a
ew of four—the commander, gunner and
oader who ride in the revolving turret, and
ie driver whose station is in the front of
ie tank. Its height is considerably over a
ian's reach and it weighs 25.8 tons, some
2 times as much as the five-passenger
oupé Cadillac makes for its civilian pas-
engers.

Exact production rates on most military
ems are guarded secrets, and the T-41 is
o exception. However, the number of
ulldogs which come off the production
ne at the Cleveland Tank Plant each day
high—and it can be greatly increased if
ie need arises. A production bottleneck
/hich held up mass deliveries earlier this
ear has been solved.

Tested on Hairpin Curves

Harry drove his new tank slowly and in
ow gear until he had cleared the few yards
o the track, then he let up on the accelera-
or and shifted to high. He swung easily
nto the figure-eight testing track and then
radually built up speed until he was whip-
ing around hairpin curves at 40 miles an
our. After 30 minutes he brought it into
he testing hangar. "Okay," he told the
hecker. That meant it was okay only for
nore hours of testing before being turned
ver to the Army. All tanks are tested in
his manner.

The story of the Cleveland Tank Plant is
favorite with top-level men in govern-
nent, including the Joint Chiefs of Staff,
vho talk of it among themselves as illus-
rative of how smoothly and effectively the
American system of production works.

On August 15, 1950, the first Cadillac
working team arrived in Cleveland from
Detroit to begin operations. Stored there
were huge quantities of supplies—from
oya beans to mattresses. A number of
nilitary personnel either were billeted in
he plant or had office space there. The
oof leaked, the water supply was inade-
quate, paint hadn't touched the place in
years.

Seven months later, in March, 1951, the
irst T-41 Walker Bulldog came off the as-
sembly line at the Cleveland Tank Plant—
more than three months ahead of a
scheduled target date. And T-41s have been
lumbering off regularly ever since.

The Walker Bulldog is not a conversion
job—that is, not an adaptation of a World
War II tank. It is a new piece of fighting
equipment and its appearance didn't just
happen. Back of the tank's production are
work and sweat and worry—and one of the
finest examples of American industry-in-a-
hurry you will find anywhere.

Major General E. L. Ford, the tall, qui-
etly voluble boss of Army Ordnance, told
Cadillac early in July, 1950, they were to
build light tanks. During the last war,
Cadillac built light combat vehicles, nota-
bly the M-24, from which was evolved an
entire family of mobile weapons. Since the
war, Cadillac had co-operated with Ord-
nance in both design and production studies for the Army's light tank team. In 1948, Cadillac actually submitted a "phase one" study on production. In 1949, Cadillac's tank people were requested by Army to go further in their studies, particularly in relation to tank production.

"We never dropped out of the tank picture," said Don E. Ahrens, general manager of the Cadillac Motor Car Division and vice-president of General Motors. "We felt we might be building them again, sooner or later. But we didn't expect it to be this soon. Ed Cole is our top tankman and we think he knows more about tanks than any man alive. We had him in mind to run the operation, and he is plant manager of the Cleveland Tank Plant."

At forty-two, Edward N. Cole is also a prime example of the bright, inexhaustibly energetic young men that U.S. industry turns out in the best American go-getter tradition. He flies his own plane and it is kept constantly ready at the plant because Ed will take off for Detroit, the proving grounds at Aberdeen, Maryland, an ordnance depot, an armored base—or anywhere else—on a moment's notice. He moves and thinks fast. He is articulate, with a slight Midwestern twang—born in Marne, Michigan—has straight brown hair, brown eyes and a deep tan. His manners are as unassuming as his quiet suits, white shirts and small-figured ties. Six working days you will find him on the production line, on the phone, on the move or on the fly. Staff meetings and conferences are for nights and Sundays.

When General Ford gave Cadillac the word in July, 1950, that they were going to build light tanks and quickly, Ed was a member of the group assigned to work out the preliminary plans. "All we knew was we were going to build light tanks," said Ed. "We didn't know what the organization would be, who would run it, what building we would have or even what city."

Ahrens appointed Cole and 55 other key men from the Cadillac organization, all with previous tank-building experience, to be the starting cadre for the new group. And they went to work.

Army Ordnance made a quick survey of existing facilities which were offered to Cadillac for tank production. This one was discarded for this reason, that one for that. One was a plant in Madison, Illinois. It was Army surplus and it was good but it wasn't ideal for building tanks. Another was a World War II bomber plant in Cleveland, which was under Air Force jurisdiction. Ahrens and other Cadillac tank experts checked over the Cleveland setup. It looked good—for tanks.

"Cleveland is excellent for suppliers," said Cole, "but principally it is good for man power. You can buy cranes but you can't buy man power."

On the other hand, the Madison spot looked good for the Air Force's work with nitrates—mainly because it had an unlimited supply of water which the Cleveland plant did not have.

"Ordnance called up the Air Force," said Ed, "and a trade was suggested. They said they were agreeable. After that I never saw anything work so fast in my life."

Cadillac officials, the Army and the Air Force met in Cleveland on August 14, 1950. In that one day they settled the details, drew up the contracts and signed them. The next day, August 15th, Ed started inventory.

The Plant Had Many Tenants

In addition to the beans, typewriters, mattresses and other supplies which Surplus Property had stored in the plant, they also found the Air Force Reserve, National Guard and the Civil Aeronautics Administration using it for office space. Reservists and guardsmen back for temporary duty training were housed in the former bomber plant, which is adjacent to the Cleveland Municipal Airport. Beans, typewriters, mattresses and men were moved with alacrity and some confusion.

"We had been in two months," said Cole, "when a couple of CAA men came wandering by wanting to know where their offices were. They had been out on a long field trip and hadn't even heard about the change-over."

At this time the new tank builders had to make some basic decisions about the huge plant they had acquired. Under one roof, it covers 28 acres.

They decided first that the machinery to be installed should be heavy, for the big jobs, and that it should have a high degree of flexibility to meet changes and future needs. That point settled, they decided on what work should be done at the plant and what work should be subcontracted.

Next came the rate of production. Where would the assembly lines be placed? What rate could they expect? What structural changes would be necessary in the building, which had been designed for relatively light manufacture? Included in the production plan was another Army vehicle, a new light antiaircraft gun motor carriage. They took that in stride along with the T-41;

Arvin

VV Velvet Voice Radio

FM AT ITS FINEST—and AM of exceptional range and quality—both in one magnificent receiver which stands completely alone in value! Rosewood, Sandalwood, Willow Green or Ivory. Model 580TFM, $59.95

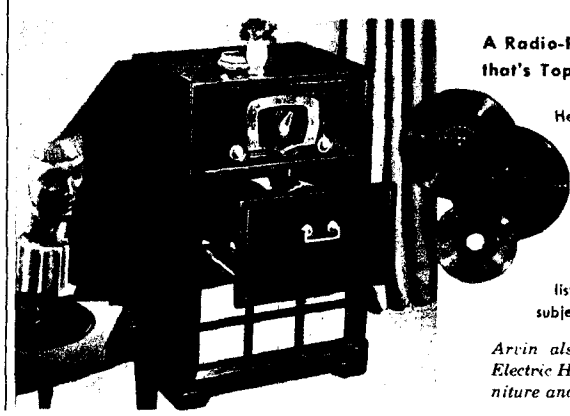
Lovely to look at—thrilling in tone

You can see and hear the difference!

THERE'S thrilling listening in every dial-turn of this beautiful Arvin FM/AM receiver—whether you're hearing the static-free, tone-true quality of FM music, or reaching out with abundant power to catch one of your favorite AM broadcasts from a far-distant station.

And even when you're not listening, the low, alluring lines and smart decorator colors are lovely to look at! Your choice of four smart colors assures perfect harmony for any surroundings.

Straight AC circuit, 8 tubes including rectifier, four-gang variable condenser, Velvet Voice tone—all add up to performance unmatched at the price! See and hear it—and note the difference! Arvin Industries, Inc., Columbus, Indiana. (Formerly Noblitt-Sparks Industries, Inc.)



A Radio-Phonograph Combination that's Tops in Value and Performance!

Hear 33, 45, and 78 rpm records at their Velvet Voice best! Play 10-inch and 12-inch records intermixed! Or bring in your favorite radio programs with the far-reaching power of a straight AC 5-tube circuit (including rectifier)! Beautifully styled in mahogany. Give your family years of good listening! Model 554CCM $159.95. Prices subject to change without notice.

Arvin also makes a complete line of TV, Electric Housewares, Car Heaters, Metal Furniture and Ironing Tables.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they laid two miles of 24-inch water main, added a pump house and reservoir, doubled the electrical facilities, added scores of telephone trunk lines, built a mile-and-an-eighth, figure-eight test track and an adequate industrial waste treatment plant so they wouldn't pollute the nearby streams.

Then they held a procurement clinic and invited several hundred potential suppliers to come in, inspect a disassembled tank and write down on a form sheet any items they could and would manufacture.

"It was the biggest clinic of its kind Cadillac had ever held," said Cole. "It worked. We came up with more suppliers than we needed, including some sources we didn't know existed. We catalogued them all and passed the list along to other outfits interested in tank manufacture."

Procuring Needed Machinery

Meantime, the job of outfitting the plant with the proper machinery had not been neglected. The design for the tank had been worked out, between Army's and Cadillac's engineers. Cole and his people figured what they would need in the way of milling machines, presses, cutting, grinding and boring machines, cranes and so on. Many of them didn't exist. The two "queens" had to be built from scratch. Other existing machines had to be modified. All had to be located in surplus, through salesmen or tips from friends in the business.

At this point Ed Cole qualified as a veteran supply sergeant in any Army book. He and his people together with Ordnance located every piece of machinery they wanted, or the man who could make it from advance plans, blueprints and sketches. There were at least 3,000 individual items, some of them as big as a house.

They knew the Department of Defense was coming out with its Defense Order number system which would give them equal procurement rights with any other company actually holding a defense order. Orders bearing a Defense Order number would be filled ahead of nondefense orders—but they would be filled in order of their receipt, first arrived, first filled.

So, Cole and his men sat down and wrote out individual telegrams for each of the more than 3,000 tools and pieces of machinery they wanted. Minutes after the allocation of Defense Order numbers had been given out in Washington, Cole knew it and knew what his number was. Minutes later that number had been inserted in the telegrams and they were on their way. Similar orders went out to suppliers of material and subcontracted parts.

And this was only the first step. With the orders placed, Cole organized teams to follow up. A man was literally assigned to each piece of major equipment, for instance. He arrived at the source soon after the order, saw that it was tagged for the Cleveland Tank Plant and then watched over it with a mother's jealous care until it was actually on a truck or flatcar headed for Cleveland. Some of their big mills they went to Canada for, though they were American Army surplus and not bought from the Canadians. These mills were so big, special flatcars had to be contrived to ship them.

Cole himself went out, flying mostly. He instructed suppliers how to use the Cleveland plant's Defense Order number in procuring their own material for subcontracted tank items. He and his key men helped the suppliers locate and buy material in short supply.

He found one company stuck because it couldn't find essential silver-bearing copper. Cole called a friend at another company. The friend had 2,200 pounds of it. Cole got it for his subcontractor. In the same way he located several sources of silicon steel. Both materials are essential to make a special-type electrical system used in the Walker Bulldog.

Suppliers or subcontractors are important to any large industry, vital in fact. Small business—made up of companies employing fewer than 500 people—has been known to complain that it does not get its share of defense contracts. As a matter of cold statistics, small business walks away with a large share of such prime contracts, as figures from the Munitions Board in Washington will prove.

In the fiscal year of 1951, small business got defense contracts ranging from 17 to 29 per cent monthly, for an average of 21 per cent of the total dollar value. In money that meant $6,500,000,000. In numbers of contracts, small business had 71 per cent. The percentage has gone up steadily since July, 1950, right after Korea.

Obviously, contracts for such items as airplanes, ships, subs, guns and tanks cannot go to small business. No one outside of a major company could handle them. But big business could not exist for a moment were it not for the hundreds of thousands of small businesses scattered in every state of the Union. They are the suppliers, the skilled producers who feed the bits and pieces into the giant assembly plants.

"I realize you got news for me. You don't have to tell me every night!"

COLLIER'S SALO ROTH

Most big business firms engaged in defense production subcontract 40, 50 or 60 per cent of their work. The Cleveland Tank Plant subcontracts 80 per cent of the parts used in the production of the T-41. These subcontracts, like those of other plants, go to both big and little business. The majority of them go to little business—and that is only the start. The first subcontractor will sub-subcontract. And on and on down through as many as four or five or six levels of big and little firms, all engaged in making one part of one tank, one airplane or one gun.

The Cleveland Tank Plant estimates that at least 20,000 plants and suppliers have a part in the actual manufacture of the Walker Bulldog. Many of these are in the Cleveland area. Many more are also in Ohio or the adjacent states. The Cleveland Tank people steered business that way because it made sense to reduce both the time and cost of transportation and because it made personal contact easier. But some of their subs and sub-subs and sub-sub-subs are scattered far and wide because they went where they had to go for the articles they wanted.

Continental Motors Corporation, at Muskegon, Michigan, is contracted by Army Ordnance to make the Continental engine which powers the T-41. Continental in turn subcontracts its engine order to 286 vendors, of which 234 are small business. One of his sub-subs is Jack & Heintz, Incorporated, of Cleveland. Jack & Heintz build the starter and they subcontract to 15 vendors.

Pemco, Incorporated, of Cleveland, is a first subcontractor with 15 employees. Pemco in turn sub-subs to John Blazek, at 15713 Corsica Avenue, Cleveland, who does milling machine work in his basement—and has an 8,000-piece order.

One first subcontractor is the Central Plating Company, at Cleveland. This company is fifty-four years old and has five employees. Of the two partners owning it, only one is currently active. The other has been called back to duty in the Air Force.

Thus the jobs and the money for them spread to every corner of the country, and many a man working on a coupling, a cotter pin or a switchbox in Dallas or Milwaukee may not even know that he is part of the giant defense industry of the nation. And if he asks his boss, he may even find the boss doesn't know—all he got was a blueprint and an order.

"When the military lets a big contract," said General Ford, "we look for three things in the company—top management, engineers and procurement. The management must be first-class. The engineers must be trained and I don't mean just have college degrees. They must be trained and skilled in the business at hand.

"And the procurement people must know where to find their suppliers and how to pick them. A subcontractor may be big or little, but he has to be able to produce. It doesn't matter if he has a plant that covers 10 acres or has a shop in his basement, just so his work is clean and accurate, he can deliver on schedule and is honest and financially sound.

"We deal a lot with big companies. The reason we do is that we are procuring end items—finished tanks, trucks and guns. Only big companies have the assembly and production facilities to turn out such items. They must, of course, subcontract much of this work to small business.

"Big business couldn't last 10 minutes without little. We think of America's industrial strength being in her giants. They're wonderful, but they couldn't turn a wheel without the thousands and thousands of little shadow factories which feed them the little parts for their big machines."

Tankmaking has changed considerably from the days of World War II. From 1939 to 1942, when the country moved from an almost totally unarmed state to full mobilization, the United States performed miracles of military production. But to do it, civilian production practically ceased. Today, Cadillac is turning out civilian automobiles in Detroit with one hand and delivering tanks off a production line in Cleveland with the other.

There are other differences, too. Ten years ago, in order to get as many military vehicles as we needed to supply the vastly expanding military machine, we converted anything at hand to military uses. We converted auto and truck engines so well, we ended up with 105 different models for major propulsion alone—not counting scores of smaller auxiliary motors for accessory power—pumps and generators. These 105 engines were Diesel and gasoline, air-cooled and liquid-cooled, four-cycle and two-cycle, and their cylinders ranged from four to 30.

A combustible engine has from 800 to 1,000 parts. Few of the parts for the 105 engines were interchangeable and that meant that each overworked depot and warehouse had to stock some 100,000 different spare parts for engines alone.

For the supply sergeants it was like trying to keep spare patches for a crazy quilt.

Ordnance reduced the number of engines needed to fill all military propulsion requirements to 12. They divided these 12 into three families which cover the horsepower range from 15 to 1,000.

Within any one family the parts subject to the greatest wear are now completely interchangeable. And between engines o different families, some 40 per cent of the parts are interchangeable.

In World War II, we used 41 differen types of oil filters on vehicles. Now we use three. We used 201 different generators Now we use two.

In World War II, we had five differen medium engines built by five different companies. Since each engine had a differen configuration, not only were the parts not interchangeable—the engines were not interchangeable. Different hulls had to be designed for each engine.

Today, any Ordnance-Continental medium tank engine built by any company will fit any medium tank built by any company. That not only solves a lot of maintenance problems, it solves a lot of production problems.

A strike or a break-down in one plant does not stop production of a tank clear down the line. Nor would bombing.

The problem of personnel is attacked differently from the early production days of World War II, also. Then the war plants looked for workers with the skills they needed.

"Now," said Ed Cole, "we train our production people. We would rather have smart men and women and teach them how we want them to work than—in most cases—to hunt up men and women already skilled."

Cleveland Tank started with a small nucleus of experts. Today, it has a payroll of 6,200.

Six days after they took over the plant, Cole's people advertised for applicants to work in the tank plant. They expected they might get as many as 1,500 and made plans accordingly. The crowd began forming at 3:30 A.M. of the day set. They had more than 1,500 by six o'clock. By midmorning they gave up hope of either estimating the size of the crowd or controlling it, so they fired the entire throng—before they were hired—and arranged for an orderly registration the rest of the week.

Schools Make Workers Expert

Then the tank people opened schools to teach these new workers the skills they wanted them to have. Classes in armor arc welding went on—and still go on—three shifts a day with a capacity for 120 students. It takes from three to five weeks to become expert, and even experienced welders have to attend because armor arc welding differs from welding used in normal commercial manufacture.

Schools were established for toolmakers, for maintenance men, and for supervisors and white-collar workers, to teach them tried Cadillac methods—even down to the proper way to answer the telephone. Some personnel were sent to the General Motors Institute for studies in hydraulics and electronics. Other GMI instructors came to the plant to conduct classes.

"We have another type of instruction that we pay a lot of attention to, also," said Ed. "And that is our classes for the military. At the request of Ordnance, we converted an old hangar and aerial control tower into classrooms and laboratories. The Army sends us officers and enlisted men. They see how the tank is made and what goes into it. We teach them how to repair it and maintain it—every part; how to drive it, and how to pass along this instruction. These men go back and teach other soldiers.

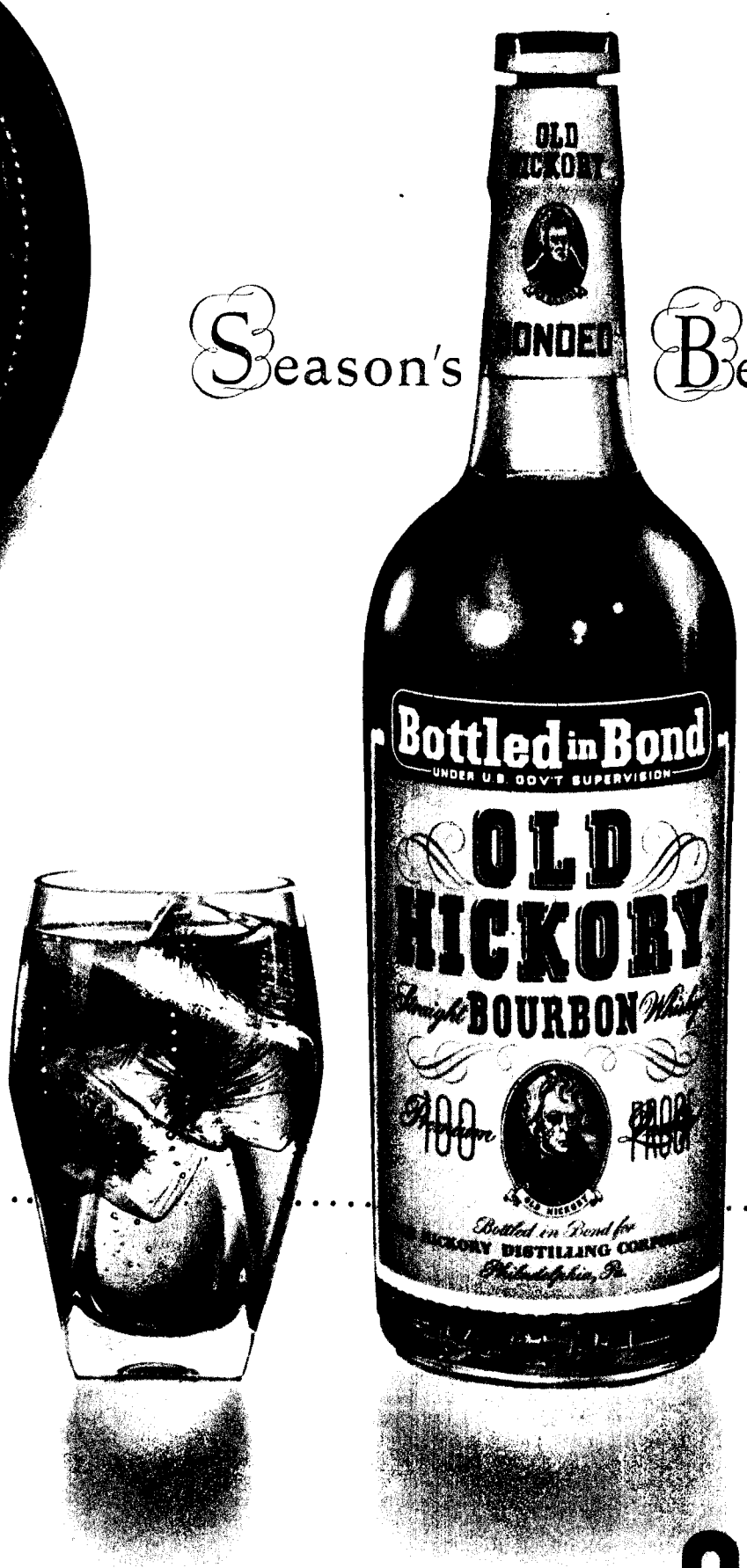
"We have our own men in the field with our tanks, too," he continued. "They send us reports on how the soldiers who have to live in and live by these tanks feel about them. We get the gripes and suggestions and we pay attention to them.

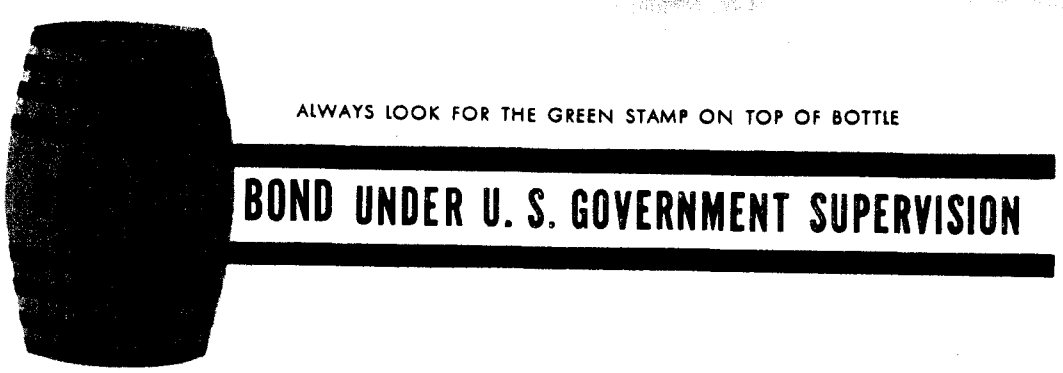
"When our tanks go overseas, even into combat, we have men who will go with them and report back on how they perform under fire, how they shoot and travel, and how the men like them. The soldier is our customer and the final judge of the product, and, brother, we want to keep him alive, and win." THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Season's Best

there's no better Bourbon





OLD HICKORY

STRAIGHT **BOURBON** WHISKY

100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND • ALSO AVAILABLE IN LESSER PROOF • OLD HICKORY DISTILLING CORP. • PHILA., PA.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The French Doll

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

she'd certainly put a stop to that—along with plenty of other things! Why, she wondered, couldn't he call her Kat, the way lots of other people did. That's what the boys at the air base had *all* called her. Kat. Kat was a cute, vivacious name. She thought it suited her well. She always called him Freddy. She couldn't have told anybody exactly *why*, but he *looked* like a Freddy. Not a Fred or a Frederick, but a Freddy. A nice, solemn, faithful, gray, dull, predictable Freddy. "For I'm the Freddy of the Town," was the name of the song Kathleen had once composed about him, to the tune of the song that went something like, ". . . and so I'll hang my heart on a weeping willow tree, and never, never grieve for me . . ." That old Rudy Vallee song. "For I'm the Freddy of the town, of the town, and I will never let you down, let you down . . ." and so on. The lines had run through her head for weeks.

Freddy was looking lovingly at her. "All set, Shug?"

"Ready, Freddy." It was an old joke and she knew that Freddy didn't like it very much. It always made her giggle.

"Kathleen!" her mother said.

"Relax, Mama." Kathleen was still giggling a little bit.

SHE and Fred started out for the party. Fred hadn't driven a block before he slowed down and reached an arm around her shoulders and tried to draw her close and kiss her. She refused to budge. Freddy took his arm away. He looked both crestfallen and sheepish, like a little boy who's been caught doing something bad, but she couldn't help that. She wasn't going to have Freddy slurping away her lipstick! That was another thing she'd teach him when they were married!

Ruth Trumbull lived beyond the town; the darkened, decaying air base squatted beside the highway between the town and her home. As they passed its shabby, lifeless buildings, Kathleen grew sad and pensive. She didn't really *want* to go to the party at Ruth Trumbull's. She was only going to please Freddy.

She knew that the parties at the air base—and in town when the air base had been in operation—had ruined her for any other parties. The drama of the thousands of brave young men who had been here for such a short while—laughing, drinking, making love to every pretty girl they saw, then moving on to God knows what faraway places to fight, in so many cases to die—had left an indelible mark upon her. She had been a part of this drama; she felt that she would never be quite the same.

She had once had the idea, though—and had scoffed at it and quickly discarded it—that perhaps she no longer liked the Merrymakers' Club parties because she and Ruth Trumbull were the only unmarried girls left in the club. Poor old Ruth had never had a *chance* to get married, of course; she was enormously fat. She was the hearty, frank, earthy type of girl: the kind of girl of whom all her friends say, shaking their heads, "I don't know what we'd do without old Ruth." It was always "old" Ruth. Old Ruth played the saxophone and smoked a brier pipe on occasion and seemed to get along all right. Kathleen did not like her.

Old Ruth had prepared rum punch and a buffet supper. Freddy was very sweet about serving Kathleen, while the husbands of the girls there stood around, for the most part, and talked politics and gas mileage and let the girls serve themselves, but Kathleen *did* wish he wouldn't bumble around in such an awkward way. She remembered the quick, graceful way in which most of the young fliers at the air base had moved, and wished that Freddy were more like them. The girls all got their heads together and talked about babies and help and the cost of food and the girls in town who were not there. Kathleen had nothing to say. She felt tired and left out of things.

Then old Ruth announced that they would play the Game. Kathleen perked up a little. She had always liked to play the Game. A number of the boys from the air base had told her that she was quite a little actress, and since then she had often thought of going on the stage. Freddy hated it, but he always played it, just to be a good sport. He was always one of the last ones chosen. This time he and Kathleen were on the same team. Old Ruth was captain of the opposing team.

That afternoon old Ruth had rummaged around the house, locating and memorizing a lot of fairly obscure titles and quotations. She always did this before her parties. It provided her with an excellent opportunity of seeing various of her guests embarrassed, as she always chose her titles and quotations with this in mind. Everybody knew, of course, approximately how many times Fred Baker had asked Kathleen to marry him. It was quite a joke among the members of the club. When it was Fred's turn to act out something, old Ruth gave him "Love is blind." This was the simplest sort of quotation to act out, but old Ruth knew her man. Fred just milled around in circles, getting nothing across. This was his usual performance.

"Play to Kat!" old Ruth boomed. "She'll get that!"

There was a lot of laughter. Fred's face was bright red. He fumbled and bumbled around, making faces and waving his arms ineffectually, until his time was up. Then he sat down.

Kathleen felt strangely depressed after the party. She asked Fred to drive her through the air base. The hollow, sagging buildings—once so pulsing with vitality, so strongly alive—stared lifelessly at her as the car bumped along the shattered streets.

Fred stopped the car. He took her hand gently in his. "Shug," he said, "they're all laughing at me. Will you marry me, Shug?"

Kathleen closed her eyes and tried to build a mental image of the air base as it once had been. The dream would not build. Kathleen was suddenly very tired.

"Yes, Freddy." It was almost a sigh of relief.

"You *will*, Shug?"

She giggled softly.

"When?"

"Well," she said, "give me time to think and plan."

Freddy was beside himself with joy. Kathleen allowed him to kiss her long and passionately several times. Then she said they had better go home. As they left the air base, Fred said, "Tell you a little secret, Shug. Since we're practically married, and all." He grinned sheepishly. "I do Sam Howard's books, you know. Sam's just back from Washington. Don't let this get around—but Sam says it's a pretty sure thing the air base is due for reactivation."

"*This* air base?"

"Sad thing, isn't it? Five years ago everybody thought it would never be needed again."

"Yes!" she almost shouted. "Sad! Sad!"

"What's the matter, Shug? You feel all right?"

"Nothing's the matter any more. Nothing!"

"Well, I certainly am glad to hear you say that, Shug! The way you've been putting me off for so long, I didn't know you'd be this happy when you finally came around to my way of thinking."

You poor, stupid little man, Kathleen thought happily.

KATHLEEN was no longer tired. She cuddled her French doll close to her cheek on her pillow, and memories of the air base as it once had been flowed freely and easily through her mind.

She had been home from college two years when she became completely immersed in its activities. She labored mornings as a volunteer Red Cross worker at one of the canteens. She was probably the most active member of a committee of townspeople—mostly girls her own age—who organized many recreational activities for the boys: swimming parties, picnics, and so on.

Her nights were given over to a round of parties and dances—usually at the Officers' Club on the base. It wasn't that she avoided the enlisted men's dances for *selfish* reasons, but—as she had explained to her mother at the time—the enlisted men were *happier* with girls of their own social level an background. The telephone rang almos constantly for Kathleen. Poor Mrs. Taylo became so harassed that she threatened t have the telephone service discontinued.

"You're doing too much, Kathleer You'll kill yourself!"

"Mama, the least we can do is keep thes poor kids happy. It's our patriotic duty!

As a matter of fact, she had never looke healthier. And then she met Bill Mason.

He cut in on her at a dance at the Offi cers' Club. He was tall and quite hand some and very young, Kathleen noticed to be a major. He had three rows of com bat ribbons on his tunic.

"It is inevitable," he said, "that you mee me sooner or later. My name is Mason You may call me Bill. Tell me: Are yo indigenous to this barren countryside?"

She giggled. "This is my home," sh said.

"You're beautiful. You like to neck?'

Before she could answer *that* one, some body cut in on her, and then somebod else, and everybody had a different kind o line, and Kathleen had a wonderful time—just as she always did at the air base.

THE next morning at eight o'clock the telephone rang. It was Bill Mason, asking for a date. She made a date with him fo her first free evening. She saw him whenever she could the next couple of months. By that time she was pretty sure she was in love with him—not *positive*, but pretty sure. Then one night they drove out to the lake and parked.

"Look, baby," Bill said. "Things happen pretty fast in wartime. I'm due to be shipped back for some more combat any time. I'm not sure how you feel about me, but I've got a pretty definite yen for you. How *do* you feel about me, Kat?"

"Well, I think maybe I love you," Kathleen told him.

"All right. From now on, then—as long as I'm here—you'll be *my* girl. Okay? No more of this putting me on the waiting list when I want to see you. Okay?"

"Bill, I can't do that!"

"Why?"

"Well, I—"

Bill interrupted her, angrily: "I'll tell you why. You, and kids like you, are having the time of your life. You're up to your necks in glamor and excitement—and loving every minute of it. And they talk about how women suffer in wartime! Maybe the mothers and most of the wives do. But not you kids. Hell, you've never had it so good!"

"And that's the way you feel about me?"

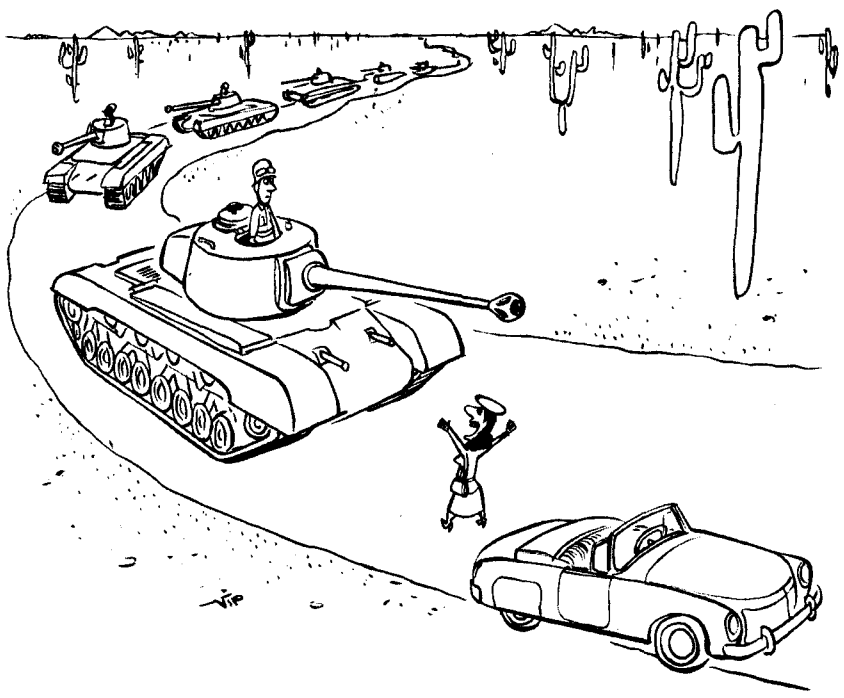
Bill was silent.

"Well, I'm awfully glad I found out in time!"

She felt pretty bad about that for a few days, but a cute lieutenant colonel started sending her a dozen roses every morning and she didn't worry about Bill very long. Besides, Bill was shipped out in a couple of weeks. He wrote her several times and sent her the French doll and named his plane after her and sent her that picture, so she knew he was sorry for the foolish things he'd said. She didn't think too much about it until after the war, but she knew she could have married him, just like *that*, if he'd come back.

And Bill wasn't the only one. Several other men from the air base got serious about her, and she had lots of proposals, and gosh knows how many *near* proposals. But the days and nights were so hectic that she just *couldn't* tie herself down to one man. Lots of her girl friends were marrying men from the air base. But the more of them that married, the more hectic it became for Kathleen. Someday, she knew, the *right* man would come along—like Bill Mason, only more so, and without those silly ideas about girls who were only trying to do their patriotic duty, after all—and

VIP'S WAR



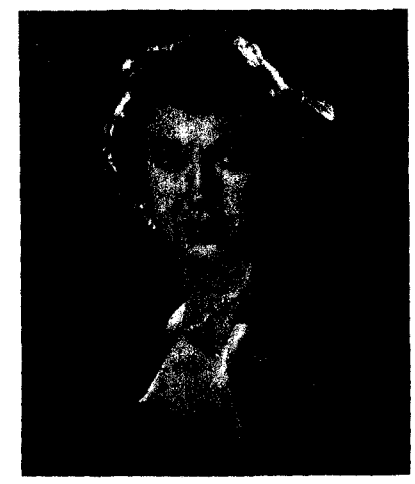
COLLIER'S **"Could you give me a little push, please?"** VIRGIL PARTCH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There's FUN in your future!

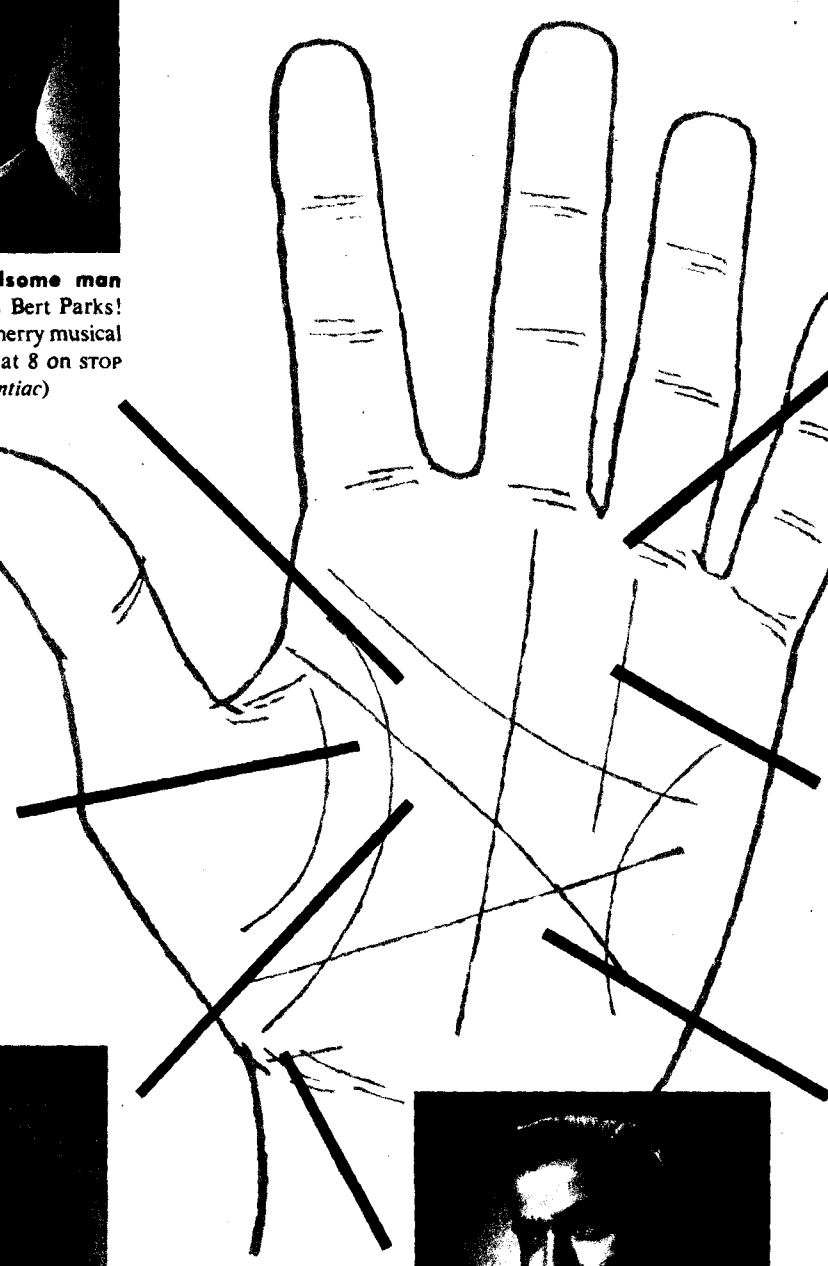
on your ABC Radio station

A tall, dark and handsome man is entering your life. He's Bert Parks! You'll meet him and his merry musical crew every Sunday night at 8 on STOP THE MUSIC. (*Old Gold, Pontiac*)



You have a treat in store every Saturday at 2 pm. The world's greatest operas and artists (like Risë Stevens, above) broadcast direct from THE METROPOLITAN OPERA! (*The Texas Company*)

You're destined to meet the masked rider of the plains every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:30 pm. Don't miss THE LONE RANGER! (*General Mills, American Bakeries*)



Will your marriage be a happy one? If it's like this one, it will—happy *and* hilarious! Hear THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET. Fridays, 9 pm. (*H. J. Heinz*)

What's ahead in business and politics? The place to find out is AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING OF THE AIR with moderator George V. Denny, Jr., and his celebrated guests. Tuesdays, 9 pm.

Take care Wednesdays at 8 pm! Take care or you'll miss this exciting whodunit. Match wits with the experts on MYSTERY THEATRE, starring Robert Carroll. (*Sterling Drug*)

Prediction: Here's a combination the whole family will enjoy. Ted Mack and his ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR. Gather around and cast a vote for your favorite! Thursdays, 9 pm. (*Old Gold*)

All times are Eastern Standard.
In other zones consult your newspaper.

Advertisers: Your fortunes improve on ABC Radio because your dollars go further than on any other network. That's why so many advertisers—as well as listeners—are SOLD on ABC!

ABC RADIO

American Broadcasting Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SWITCH TO MILD
KENTUCKY CLUB
The Thoroughbred of Pipe Tobaccos

TRY KENTUCKY CLUB FOR A WEEK

Switch to Kentucky Club today. Try it for a week—and notice how much better your pipe tastes—how much fresher your mouth feels. Choice white Burley is the secret. That's why Kentucky Club is so smooth and mild. That's why it's the thoroughbred of pipe tobaccos. No, you don't have to pay fancy prices for Kentucky Club. Get a tin now.

Produced by the Makers of Famous
MAIL POUCH TOBACCO
Wheeling, West Virginia

FINE PIPES AT BIG SAVINGS

Kentucky Club Dividend Coupons (in every tin and canister) offer you a rare opportunity to obtain choice pipes at worth-while savings. Details on each Dividend Coupon. Or send for free catalog. Mail Pouch Tobacco Co., Wheeling, W. Va., Dept. 36.

she would know it immediately, and they would be married.

And suddenly the war was over.

The air base became a ghost city, haunted by memories.

For a while, there were letters for Kathleen from all over the world. And then suddenly there was no more mail. Kathleen's town again sprawled sleeping on four sides of a dusty park.

But now, Kathleen thought dreamily, life will begin again.

She cuddled the French doll against her shoulder and went peacefully to sleep.

THE exciting official news of the immediate reactivation of the air base broke upon the town within the week. Droves of workmen descended upon it, and, before the fascinated eyes of Kathleen and her fellow townspeople, the sleeping giant was pummeled awake.

Kathleen was feeling so *vital* again. For one thing, she refused to go to any more of those stuffy Merrymakers' Club parties.

"But, Shug!" Freddy said. "They're a darned fine bunch of people. They're the people you and I will be seeing all our lives!"

Kathleen shuddered at the thought. And on her dates with Freddy she insisted that he take her to one of the two roadhouses *out on the highway*. That's where the young, vital people went. And it was these people, Kathleen knew now—not people like the Merrymakers—with whom she had an affinity.

She made lots of new friends and listened to them talk and laughed and danced with them. It was such fun.

Freddy was a little balky at times, but she could always talk him out of his stubbornness and have him smiling that wet, adoring, spaniel-like smile at her—the smile that was really so sweet and warm and generous, but so annoying to her. For instance, the time she wanted to teach him to jitterbug, he had flatly refused.

"I'll sprain an ankle. I'll break a leg!"

She giggled. "Come on, Freddy. Don't be a square!"

"Listen, Shug," he said. "I've got this one dance step, this kind of a box-step. I picked it up in high school and I've gotten by with it ever since. Nothing wrong with the old box-step. You speed it up for a fox trot, you slow it down for a waltz, you swing your hips for a rumba. Very utilitarian step." He yawned. "Let's get out of here. I'm sleepy."

But she pouted and he got very contrite and smiled that smile at her and leaned over and kissed her ear and told her to go ahead and teach him. She tried to, but no matter what sort of step he tried, it always came out the same old box-step, so she didn't try very hard after that.

And he kept boring her with talk about their marriage. He wanted to know, for instance, when they were going to announce their engagement.

"Freddy, you can't *rush* me," she'd tell him.

And then came the big argument. A cadre of officer-instructors arrived at the air base. Kathleen, like all the other unmarried girls in town, was in a perfect *fever* to meet them. The first dance at the Officers' Club at the base—the get-acquainted dance—was on a Wednesday night. Kathleen had been highly indignant because they had asked this silly little snip Adele Foley—just a child—to organize the dance, and Adele hadn't even called her, and she'd had to call Adele and volunteer to help. Adele had said, "Well, all right," as if she hadn't been happy about it at all, but at least Kathleen was going. And she was so excited about the dance that she'd actually forgotten that she had a standing date with Freddy every Wednesday night.

She had been dressing for an hour or so when she heard the doorbell ring. Inside of five seconds, her mother was in the room. Mrs. Taylor had been let in on the secret of their engagement. Now Mrs. Taylor was looking like an eagle. Every time she got really mad she looked like an eagle. She announced in a sepulchral tone, "Your fiancé is downstairs."

"Oh, Mama—Freddy?"

"Which fiancé were you expecting?"

Kathleen had to giggle at her mother. "Oh, Mama—I just simply forgot that this was Wednesday. Tell him something for me, will you, Mama? Tell him I'm sick—"

"I will not!"

"All right. I'll do it myself."

She wrapped a negligee over her slip and went downstairs. She kissed Freddy's cheek. "Oh, Freddy," she said, "I've done a bad thing! There's a dance at the air base tonight—you know how lonesome these poor kids get away from home—and they've been after me and *after* me to help out, and I finally said yes, and I simply forgot that it was Wednesday night!" As she said it, she wondered why she bothered. Now that things had changed so—the air base almost like it used to be, and all—she really didn't care *what* Freddy thought.

Freddy squared his thin shoulders. "That's simple. Just don't go."

"Oh, but I've *got* to, Freddy. I promised!"

"Don't be a fool, Kathleen!" her mother said.

"Please keep out of this, Mama. I've promised to go and I'm not going to let those poor, lonesome boys down. I'm going—and that's that!"

"Kathleen," Freddy said, "let's get a few things straight. You've been acting very strangely lately. As at least a fifty-fifty partner in our understanding, I think I have a right to make a statement. You will stop stalling and tell me when our engagement is to be announced. You will stop keeping me out at roadhouses so late that I am too sleepy the next day to efficiently perform the services for which I am paid." Freddy removed his glasses with a shaking hand and glared at her with pale, shortsighted eyes. "You will not go to that dance tonight. You will go to the moving pictures with me!"

Kathleen giggled.

"And you will not giggle when I am speaking seriously to you!"

"Oh, Freddy," Kathleen gasped. "You're a scream!"

"Kathleen!" Mrs. Taylor shouted.

"You're going to the dance?" Freddy asked.

"Of course I'm going to the dance!"

"Good-by, Kathleen."

"Happy landings, Freddy!"

"Kathleen!" her mother wailed.

The words of her Freddy song ran through her mind as Kathleen finished dressing in her room. The words had changed slightly. "For I'm the Freddy of the town, of the town, and I have fin'lly let you down, let you down . . ."

Kathleen almost collapsed with silent laughter.

She applied her make-up with great care. Her dancing pumps had three-inch heels, and her flame-colored off-the-shoulder evening dress was caught tightly at her slim waist and flared wide at the hem. Kathleen whirled before her mirror. She flung herself on her bed, held her French doll up at arm's length, then kissed its cool cheek. She was ready then for the dance.

REMEMBERING her past successes, she had not wanted to spoil her entrance by being early. The dance had started when she arrived. Her first reaction was a feeling of amazement at the *youngness* of the officers in the room. Why, she thought, they're just *kids*. Several of them were standing in a group at the doorway as she entered. One of the group was talking flying, with his hands, as all fliers must. They saw her. She flashed a smile at them. The group parted politely to let her through. The young officer who had been telling the story started talking and banking his hands again. Kathleen's face relaxed for a moment but she quickly gathered the pieces of her broken smile and put them back in place.

Several older women—mothers of some of the girls there—were serving punch and sandwiches at the refreshment table. Kathleen decided that she would busy herself there. This would give her something to do until it was really discovered that she was there. She crossed the floor, speaking gaily to the girls—most of whom she knew only slightly.

She stood behind the refreshment table and gave herself over to the old excitement that she had missed, and dreamed about, for so long. It was almost the same. Many of the officers wore the new blue uniforms now, and Kathleen still liked the forest-green tunics and the pinks the best. But there was really little change: the excitement was here, the thrill, the drama, the glamor of these brave young officers, the sky men, away from home—lonesome, drinking, laughing, ready to make love to every pretty girl they could find. She was back in her element. She was happy!

Her heart jumped. A young lieutenant was walking toward her, an expectant look on his face. He had looked so much like Bill Mason at Kathleen's first glance that it had been uncanny: the tall, lean look, the graceful way of moving, the dark hair.

She smiled prettily at him. He obviously wanted to dance, was attracted to her, and was shy. She'd fix that!

She smiled prettily at him. "Do something for you, Lieutenant?"

THE *lieutenant* had a slow, charming, bashful-sounding drawl. "Well, I'll tell you," he said. "I'm not so much when it comes to meeting girls on my own . . ."

Kathleen's heart beat faster. He's cute, she was thinking, he's darling. Adele Foley and a captain had stopped dancing and were standing before her. Adele's captain was short and a little plump, not *nearly* as attractive as the tall young lieutenant. They were standing there, looking at Kathleen as if they expected her to serve them a glass of punch or something.

She said, a little loudly, still smiling, "Yes, Lieutenant?"

"I thought," the lieutenant said, "that if I could get one of you older ladies to introduce me to some of the girls, it sure would help, ma'am."

Adele Foley laughed.

Kathleen stared stiffly at her, the smile still fixed on her face. Adele choked the laugh away and stood awkwardly, red-faced, beside her plump captain. Kathleen walked away from the table, past the very young and stupid lieutenant, across the crowded dance floor, to the group of young fliers by the door. The young men moved aside politely, and with no interest, to let her through. She did not relax her smile until she reached her car. She drove quickly home. Her mother was sitting in the dining room, shelling peas, when Kathleen hurried through the hall to the stairway.

"Kathleen, what—"

Kathleen had gone up the stairs. She did not hear her mother.

She went into her room. She collapsed face down on her bed. The French doll was beneath her. Kathleen seized it, turned over, stared for a long moment at its painted, vacuous, vapidly smiling face—then hurled it against a wall of her room. The French doll's head shattered and fell to the floor in pieces. Kathleen felt a little better. She guessed she wasn't going to cry after all.

She got up and went to her dressing table. She examined her face carefully—the heavily mascaraed eyelashes, the thickly pancaked and rouged cheeks, and the wide, dramatically red mouth that was not even vaguely her own. She removed most of the make-up with cold cream. She looked closely at her hair. There were quite a few gray streaks in it. They had been there for some time, she knew, but she had always blamed it on the light. She kicked away the little dancing pumps and slipped out of the ridiculous dress. She put on her negligee and a pair of mules. She stepped over the shattered remains of the doll's head and went downstairs to telephone. While her mother watched her anxiously, she dialed Fred's number. She hoped she wasn't too late. THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There Never Was a Football Upset

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

was almost impossible to get to Benners. He faded 20 or 25 yards before he threw the ball. The SMU protection for him was based on the theory that it was only necessary to force the rushers wide to keep them from reaching Benners before he got the ball away.

Benners had no set pass assignments; he simply hit the receiver who happened to be open. He lined up in the SMU spread formation, with his hands on his knees, about seven yards back of center. He never even threatened to run with the ball. Occasionally, someone else would. In the entire game, SMU called only 18 running plays. The Mustangs threw a total of 45 aerials, completing 23 for 338 yards and four touchdowns, in the first big-surprise game of the '51 season.

SMU Coach Sure of Victory

Russell had the benefit of good scouting, which had something to do with his plan of attack. But all teams use their best weapons in a crucial game, and the Arm is SMU's best. Confident of Benners' passing ability and his judgment in picking the right receiver, Russell went to South Bend sure his team could win if it carried out the detailed assignments and fought hard enough. He had planned since the beginning of the season to make the Notre Dame contest a passing game. And that's the way it happened: the desperate Irish threw 44 passes of their own (completing 18 for 231 yards), making a two-team total of 89 aerials for a new one-game college record.

"The boys did what they were supposed to and what we expected from them," Russell said. "I never saw a team fight any harder. Consequently, our over-all strategy worked."

The Mustangs took the lead at the outset and never lost it. The 27-20 outcome was the identical score, with reverse English, of the memorable game between the same teams in the Dallas Cotton Bowl in 1949—and it wasn't an upset. Ask Frank Leahy.

Last fall, in their second game of the year, Purdue beat Notre Dame; until then, the Irish had gone through 39 games without defeat. In the light of the later misfortunes of the Irish—three subsequent defeats and a tie in 1950—the Purdue accomplishment doesn't seem too spectacular now; but the day it happened, the Boilermakers were a four-touchdown underdog and Notre Dame was virtually the unanimous choice of the experts for "Team of the Year."

The Purdue coach, Stu Holcomb, considered Notre Dame vulnerable and had started gunning for the Irish six months before the game actually was played. During the war, as an Army private, he had coached the West Point ends. He had been studying Notre Dame's style from that time on. He looked at Army-Notre Dame and Purdue-Notre Dame pictures until he was half blind, and arrived at several definite conclusions.

Having an exceptionally good passer in Dale Samuels, Holcomb decided to make the pass the key weapon in his attack. His tactic was to specialize in short ones to the flanks, at least until the Notre Dame secondary opened gaps somewhere else. He figured that graduation the year before had cost the Irish some of their best pass-defense men. However, he knew he couldn't do any considerable amount of passing unless he got the ball; and he figured that Notre Dame, even lacking the buzz-saw runner, Emil Sitko, was strong in the attack, with Bob Williams at quarter and such runners as Bill Barrett.

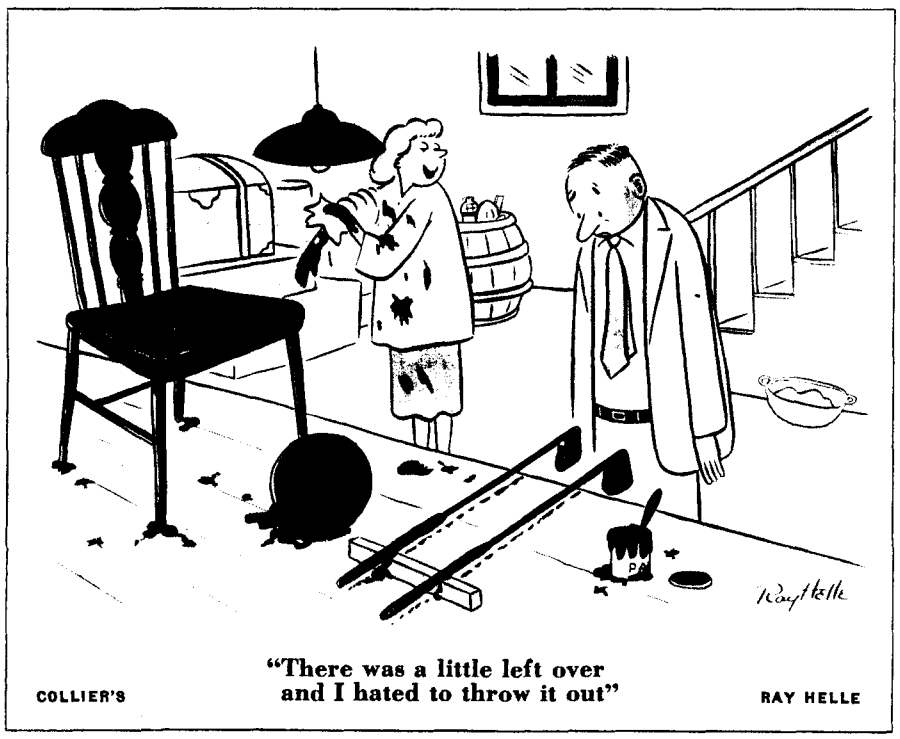
After further examination of game movies, he was able to ascribe a pattern to the Notre Dame attack. He found that the Irish greatly preferred to run to their own right; that their favorite plays were a strong off-tackle slant by the left halfback, a quick shot straight ahead by the same carrier, and a buttonhook pass by Williams to the right end, who ran a few steps, stopped and turned for the ball.

Purdue's Defensive Tactics

He decided to use a seven-man line, heavily overshifted to the Notre Dame right. His left guard played head on to the Notre Dame right tackle. His center and right guard played in the "seams" on either side of the Notre Dame center. The right tackle was head on to the Notre Dame left tackle. The left end played loose and was made responsible for covering the Notre Dame buttonhook pass, while the left tackle, playing extremely wide, acted almost as an end. The right end played just outside the Notre Dame left end and tore in at top speed to rush the passer and chase the running plays.

This defense looked strong in the middle, but it wasn't. The Purdue linemen executed a series of loops and cross-charges which left a big hole there, but one which Notre Dame never really exploited.

In addition to the seven-man line, Holcomb devised a five-man setup for use on obvious passing downs. This was unique in that the Purdue defensive ends played



COLLIER'S

"There was a little left over and I hated to throw it out"

RAY HELLE

BOYER-CAMPBELL

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

for all-weather, all-climate paint protection

All over America, millions and millions of cars are weather-beaten every hour of every day. Snow, blazing sun, salt fog, dust and rain, plus the man-made assaults of traffic fumes and road film destroy the "new car look" so vital to pride and driving pleasure. To weather the weather, your car must have rugged beauty. If it is to have lasting beauty, save that finish! Protect that sparkle! Have your car Porcelainized now by your New Car Dealer. Then month after month, in a really beautiful car, you'll ride with pride on every ride.

FOUR IMMEDIATE BENEFITS

GREATER BEAUTY. New cars sparkle newer than new. Older cars take on added brilliance and depth of color.

LONGER LASTING. Porcelainize outlasts three or four average wax or polish jobs; provides genuine economy with minimum upkeep.

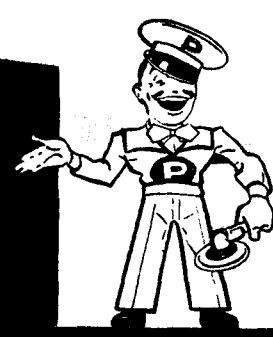
BETTER PROTECTION Let millions of car owners give you the story of Porcelainize resistance to the onslaughts of time and weather.

EASIER MAINTENANCE Plain water washing or occasional simple cleaning constantly maintains the full rich brilliance of the Porcelainize-protected surface.

PORCELAINIZE SUPERIORITY IS OFFICIALLY RECOMMENDED

Today more automobile factories* have tested and approved PORCELAINIZE than have ever approved any other method of automobile appearance maintenance.

* Names furnished on request



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No three words ever meant so much to so many people...

I Want You

...SOON FROM SAMUEL GOLDWYN

inside the split wings of Notre Dame, leaving wide backers-up to deal with possible Irish end runs. The Purdue ends did nothing but tear in at the passer, Williams, who was constantly under tremendous pressure and seldom had time to hit a receiver.

Purdue had three touchdowns before Notre Dame came close to solving the unusual defenses arrayed against it. Then the Irish got two; but Samuels, varying his short-passing procedure, clinched the game by firing a long one to Mike Maccioli, halfback, for the fourth touchdown.

The final score, 28 to 14, for Purdue, was a national sensation. The sports experts wrote about it for a week as the upset of upsets. It was no surprise to Stu Holcomb, the studious coach from Lafayette, Indiana. Neither was the licking Stu's forces took from the University of Miami the following week. He couldn't get his players to work up to that one. Holcomb, however, had been on the Army staff with Andy Gustafson, now the Miami coach. He knew that Gustafson had marshaled extensive power and Stu virtually gave up before the game was played.

An upset? Holcomb didn't think so.

And if you insist that Notre Dame's loss to the Boilermakers was slightly tarnished by the sad over-all record of the Leahy-men last year, we can turn elsewhere for an anti-Irish miracle which *has* stood the test of time. This one occurred December 4, 1948, and was the brain child of Jeff Cravath, then coach of Southern California. He was supported by his veteran scout, George Levison, of Evanston, Illinois.

When a Tie Was an Upset

They didn't quite put it over, for Notre Dame came from behind in the closing minutes with the aid of a long kickoff return and a pass-interference penalty to tie the game at 14 all. Still, it was engineered at the top of Notre Dame's massive power and was hailed as the ranking upset of the year.

Most coaches just tried to keep the score as low as possible when playing the Irish powerhouses of that era. Not Cravath; he was out to win and he adopted radical, not to say outlandish, methods to do it.

Levison's scouting reports were consistently discouraging. Southern California's line, he reported, couldn't possibly match the big Notre Dame front. The Irish guards, Bill Fischer and Marty Wendell, tremendous men, would murder the Trojans' Paul McMurtry and Bill Bastion, who weighed about 190 pounds apiece.

Cravath refused to be discouraged. If his guards were too small for defense, would play them only on the offense a man his defensive front with his four b gest and best tackles. Consequently, he p Volney Peters at left tackle, Jim Bird left guard, George Schutte at right gua and Ed Henke at right tackle. Two oth big boys, Chuck Peterson and Ol Fletcher, the latter normally an end, we trained to relieve the tackles. Schutte a Bird, moving to tackle on the offen played almost 60 minutes.

Confusing the Irish Linemen

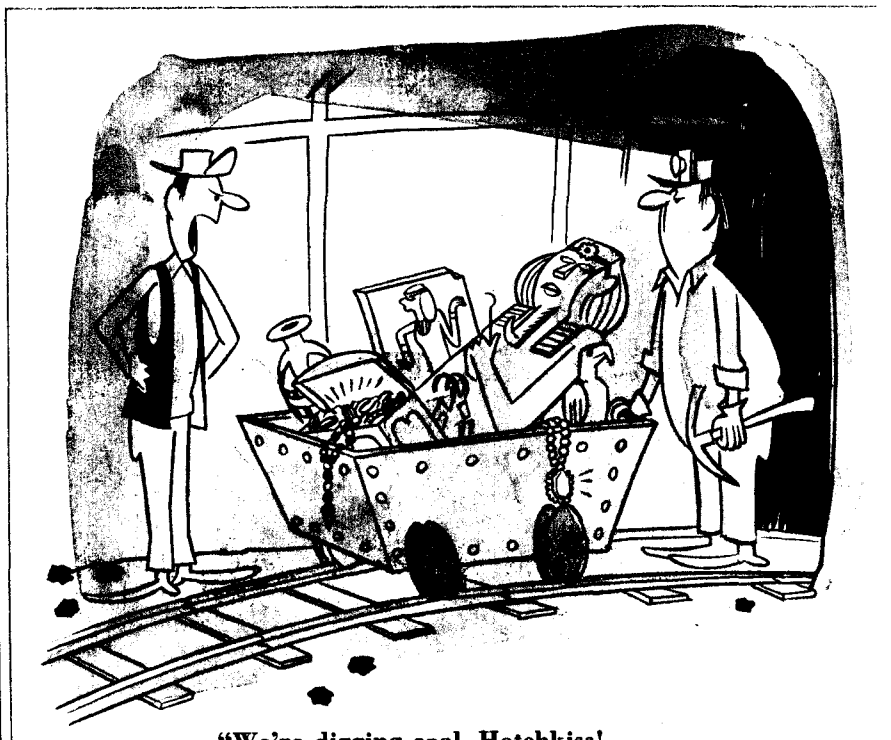
"We angle-charged our linemen," sa Cravath, drawing diagrams on the back an envelope. "The boys never charged the same direction two plays runnir though the defense looked like a norm 6-2-2-1. We shot our line-backers into t hole occasionally. The plan operated confuse the Notre Dame linemen in carr ing out their assignments and gave B Williams, then a rookie quarterback su stituting for the injured Frank Tripucka, bad time figuring what plays to call.

"It wasn't so much the actual defen that did it. It was the boys' belief in th defense. If you can do something differe and convince your players that it is a sma move, you sometimes can get them in tl winning frame of mind—even though tl odds seem to be against it.

"We gave our kids the reason why v were using four tackles on defense and th believed in the move. And so they we into the game in a fighting, confident fran of mind—determined they were going t make the defense work."

Cravath didn't do anything special in pr paring an attack for the Notre Dame gam His whole idea was to distract his tea from the defeatism which then characte ized most of Notre Dame's opponent Even before the game began, he and othe close to the Trojan team knew he had bee successful in doing just that; and when was over and all the headlines were screan ing "UPSET!", they all saw the result a merely logical. They were even disa pointed that Notre Dame had been able t score a tie.

The long Notre Dame defeatless perio (1946, '47, '48, '49) was marked by ar other tie, the scoreless one with Army i 1946. That was the game which was de scribed in the press as the Double Upse because the two teams—Army with Glen Davis and Doc Blanchard, Notre Dam with a formidable gang of war veterans— were the highest scorers in the country. I was confidently expected that they woul run all over the field against each other



COLLIER'S

"We're digging coal, Hotchkiss! Coal! Try and remember that!"

JOHN GALLAGHER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The coaches, Frank Leahy of Notre ame and Red Blaik of West Point, were ightened to death of each other, so they outed to the last microscopic detail and ent two or three weeks devising defenses. The Army scouts brought back word at Notre Dame's strongest play was a in by the left halfback outside the defenve left tackle. The play was made good y a fake by the right halfback into the uard hole. The fake drew the tackle and enabled the end to pin him. The ght guard pulled around and screened out e end. The left halfback tore through the ole with the fullback leading him. The lotre Dame lineman from the other side ut across and blocked on the secondary.

The play had been used 10 times against urdue for 125 yards and eight times gainst Northwestern for 96 yards. Stoping it was Blaik's chief concern.

He devised a shift in his six-man line, oving the left tackle and both guards a ull space to the left, making it virtually mpossible for the Notre Dame linemen to arry out their normal assignments. The hift left a big hole in the middle, which he center tried to cover. All hands harged, except Sheldon Biles, the threatned Army tackle. He just stood on the ine. The Notre Dame end never did hit im and he had a clean shot at the runner very time Notre Dame ran the play.

Using other plays, Notre Dame got to he four-yard line in the first half. In the econd half, Army got across mid-field ine times, but couldn't score against the veird defensive patterns Leahy had de-ised. Notre Dame used a five-man line vith three backers-up. The guard who layed behind the middle paid no attention o secondary assignments; he just piled hrough various sectors of the Army line ccording to prearranged tactics which rovided for compensation by the five orwards, who directed their charges varibusly, depending on what hole the linebacker aimed at.

Occasionally, on passing downs, Notre Dame "blew" all three backers-up—charged them straight into the backfield —which was something the Army coaches had never seen before. It was very wearing on Arnold Tucker, the Army quarterback, who was smeared again and again when he tried to pass.

A Game Devoid of Excitement

The result of all this brain-waving was a stymie, and a game that plumbed the depths of dullness except for the few students of football who saw it. Army appeared to be using a straight six-man line, Notre Dame a five. But neither team stuck to the defense it showed when the ball was passed. Army sometimes shifted, sometimes didn't. Notre Dame sometimes angle-charged, sometimes didn't. It was the most completely defensive performance ever put on by two top competitors for the national championship.

It was the epitome of conservatism on the part of the coaches.

However, both Leahy and Blaik have shown gambling tendencies on other occasions when gambling was indicated. By imitating a brand of football never seen before, Colonel Blaik sprang one of the greatest grid surprises of the twentieth century in 1940, which was his last year as coach at Dartmouth.

The Big Green team of that era consisted of a bedraggled bunch of sophomores, and the opposition was mighty Cornell, unbeaten in more than two years. This was the famous "fifth-down" game in which Red Friesell, the referee, mistakenly gave Cornell an extra scrimmage play at the very end. The Ithacans scored a touchdown on that play, but when movie evidence incontrovertibly established the error, Cornell athletic officials ceded the game to Dartmouth and the score in the record book stands Dartmouth 3, Cornell 0.

Cornell was a 40-point favorite the day before the game and there was so little promise of competition that some of the New York and Boston newspapers failed to send their own staffers to file stories and left coverage to their Hanover, New Hampshire, correspondents. But Blaik saw a way to win and convinced his players they could, too.

Cornell was first to put the ball in play from scrimmage, and when the redoubtable Ithacans came out of their huddle, they rubbed their eyes in disbelief. For Dartmouth didn't seem to be ready at all. Only the Green ends were lined up on the ball. The rest of the Dartmouth linemen, plus the fullback, were standing straight up two yards back of the line in a straggly row.

The Cornell quarterback paused before he called the starting series. "What the hell is this? All right, it's your funeral, Dartmouth. One-two-three-four."

The ball was passed and the Dartmouth players, who had been so nonchalant, were galvanized. They charged in all directions, looping, crossing, going laterally and standing still. *Smacko!* A guard from the other side of the line dropped the Cornell tackle play on the line of scrimmage.

Cornell Attack All Fouled Up

Dartmouth continued to play the scrambled defense. The Cornell blockers never did find the men they were supposed to block. The Red attack stalled and eventually deteriorated to nothing. Always there was a Dartmouth tackler loose to grab the runner. Dartmouth kicked a field goal in the third quarter; never gave Cornell a chance until the last, illegal play.

It seems to be true that most of the results which the public classifies as upsets are brought about by Machiavellian defensive schemes. The theory seems to be that if you can't get the ball, you can't win; and you can't get the ball unless you do something drastic on the defense.

L. R. (Dutch) Meyer, astute coach of Texas Christian University, has hauled more underdogs over the top than any other coach in the Southwest, but he never perpetrated a more spectacular "upset" than in 1949 when he beat the strongly favored University of Texas Longhorns. His team had been decisively beaten by Baylor, and Baylor had been subsequently whaled by Texas.

"It looked as if we were going to be humiliated," Meyer says. "But we made a minute study of the opposition and, fortunately, came up with the right plan."

Texas had a tremendously powerful ground attack. It became obvious to Dutch that, unless radical measures were taken, the Longhorns would grind out first downs one after the other and never give his team a chance to work out with the ball.

So Dutch threw away his pass defense and played eight and nine men on the line of scrimmage, hoping that, in addition to stopping the Texas power, he could keep the enemy from completing long throws by swarming in on the passer.

It worked out just as it was planned on the drawing board. Texas scored first on a pass, but TCU got the ball and put on an 80-yard drive with Lindy Berry running the last 33 in one piece. TCU got the ball again early in the fourth quarter and drove 78 yards to the goal line, John Morton carrying over from the one.

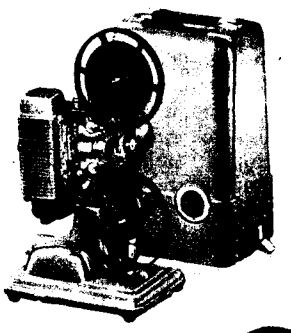
Texas came back with another scoring pass, Paul Campbell to Ben Proctor, but Randall Clay missed the extra point and the Meyer-men won, 14 to 13. You won't get Dutch Meyer to say that was an upset. He had it figured out with uncanny precision, and Texas scored only through the loophole he left, a weakened pass defense.

Offense, rather than defense, was the keynote of the plot hatched by Lou Little, of Columbia, to break Army's three-year string of victories in 1947. Little devised a series of novel pass patterns involving Gene Rossides, pitcher, and Bill Swiacki, catcher. Every time Army got the ball, it moved on the ground. Every time Columbia got it, Rossides passed; three of his heaves to Swiacki went for touchdowns and produced a 21 to 20 victory. The outcome

Revere

CINÉ & RECORDING EQUIPMENT

perfect gift for all the family



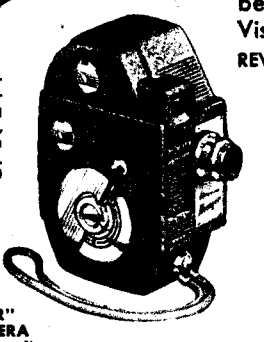
The Revere you give for Christmas promises happiness for years to come!

Glorious natural color movies bring pleasure with each showing and become more precious with time.

Exciting Revere tape recordings open a new world of entertainment and education for the whole family.

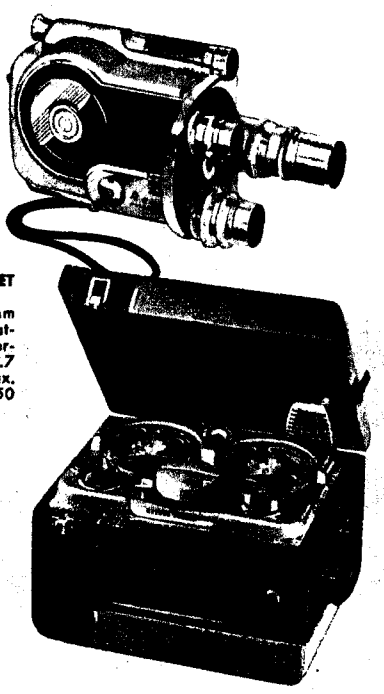
Revere equipment is so easy to use and so economical. There's no better value to be found anywhere. Visit your Revere dealer today.

REVERE CAMERA COMPANY, CHICAGO 16



DELUXE "85" 8MM PROJECTOR
New beauty, convenience, economy! Complete with carrying case, 500-watt lamp, 300-ft. reel, 1-inch F1.6 coated lens. $114.50

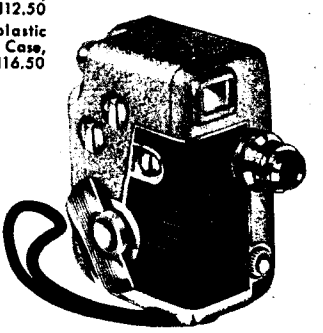
"RANGER" 8MM CAMERA
Easy threading, five speeds, built-in viewfinder, F2.5 coated lens. Inc. tax. $74.50



"26" 16MM MAGAZINE TURRET CAMERA
Last word in 16mm movie-making! Rotating 3-lens turret versatility. With F2.7 coated lens, inc. tax. $187.50

"B-61" 8MM MAGAZINE CAMERA
Fastest and simplest magazine loading. With F2.5 coated lens, inc. tax. $112.50

"B-61" With plastic "Swing Away" Case, $116.50



DELUXE LONG-PLAY TAPE RECORDER
Miracle of electronic achievement! Incomparable fidelity and tone. Ultra-light weight; extra-economical—records two full hours on a 5-inch reel—using half ordinary amount of tape.

T-500, DeLuxe, 2-hour play	$179.50
TR-600, DeLuxe, with built-in radio	$219.50
T-100, Standard, one-hour play	$169.50
TR-200, Standard, with built-in radio	$209.50

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MORE LIGHTS PER PENNY!

Four big reasons why you should always buy Ronsonol, America's largest selling lighter fuel—❶ Laboratory tests prove it lasts longer than most other brands. ❷ Specially blended to light instantly. ❸ Clean, full flame. ❹ Pleasing fragrance. When you buy lighter fuel insist on the best. Insist on Ronsonol!

RONSONOL®
LIGHTER FUEL

Best for ALL flint lighters

4 oz. can 25¢

Use extra long Ronson Redskin 'Flints'

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Use DERMOIL

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 3925 Strathmoor Station, Dept. 1323, Detroit 27, Mich.

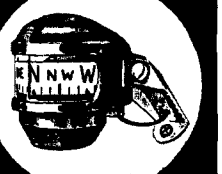
SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

©1935 LAKE LAB

handsome accurate... FITS ANY CAR

DINSMORE AUTO COMPASS

$5.49 Illuminated



America's FIRST manufacturer of Auto Compasses

DINSMORE INSTRUMENT CO.

1816 Remell Flint 7, Mich.

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost **as well as with natural teeth.** Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25¢ and 50¢ at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, **don't waste money on substitutes,** but send us 10¢ and we will mail you a generous trial box.

KLUTCH CO., Box 5107-L, ELMIRA, N. Y.

JOLLY TIME
BOY! HOW IT POPS!
POP CORN

didn't surprise Little, because he had the passing game and his scouts had reported that the Army defense was vulnerable.

Seldom in the history of the game has a coach made over his whole scheme of play for use in one apparently hopeless engagement, but that's what Charley Caldwell of Princeton, 1950 Coach of the Year, did when his minions went to Franklin Field, Philadelphia, to play Pennsylvania on November 2, 1946.

Never had there been a more hopeless cause, in the public mind, than that of the Tigers. Pennsylvania was unbeaten and ranked third in the nation. Princeton had been beaten twice and was rated 28 points under the Quakers. That had been the exact score of the Penn victory over Princeton the previous year.

Caldwell paid no attention to the predictions and the forebodings of the prophets. He thought he could win and he moved to that end by making wholesale revisions in the Tiger scheme of play. He was a single-wing coach and had had some little success with the buck-lateral series, the maneuver on which the fullback gets the ball first and hands it off to the quarterback, or fakes handing it off, for further disposal.

In the game with Penn, Caldwell made the buck-lateral series his whole offense. Carl Leibert, the tailback, had been doing the passing. Caldwell scrapped that and gave the assignment to Dick West, the quarterback, who was unknown as a passer.

Penn Strategy Well Scouted

On the defense the Tigers adopted measures that were just as radical. Penn had two great halfbacks, Bob Deuber and Skippy Minisi, the latter a left-handed passer. A study of the Quaker methods by Dick Coleman, the Princeton scout, revealed that the Quaker single-wing attack was devised principally to shake one of these runners loose outside tackle. Eddie Allen, the fullback, was used only on bucks through the middle.

"We decided to man the flanks against Deuber and Minisi and give up in the middle," says Caldwell. "We guessed that Penn wouldn't run Allen every play. We figured we were going to give up four, five or even 10 yards every time he bucked, but we had confidence in the Penn quarterback. So we overshifted our line to the Penn right and we told our middle guard to leave his position on every play and drift out to our own right to reinforce the other flank. You can see what a hole this left in the middle. Only our two backers-up, West and Frank Perantoni, were in position to lay a hand on Allen when he bucked up the middle.

"Sure enough, the Penn quarterback tried throughout the game to get Deuber and Minisi loose. They hardly ran Allen two downs in a row, even though he went for a good-sized gain every time he carried.

"It looked bad at the start, because Penn went for a touchdown—in spite of our special defense—the first time it got the ball. We got the touchdown back on a pass West threw out of the buck-lateral series. They went into a T, which we hadn't prepared to meet, and scored another one in seven plays—the last a pitchout to Minisi—before half time.

"We got it back in the third quarter when our end, Ed Mead, picked up a blocked quick kick and went all the way. After that we kept the ball all the time and won, 17 to 14, when Ken Keufell place-kicked a field goal in the late minutes from the 12-yard line."

In that one, innovation, gambling strategy and amateur psychology produced a victory which couldn't have been too surprising to the city of Philadelphia because it had a troop of mounted police ready to quell the Princeton undergraduate celebration the minute the last whistle blew. Did Caldwell consider it an upset?

"Well, our plan worked," he said.

That Princeton victory and some of the others we have cited were pretty squeaky events, decided by narrow margins. There is one in the record which left no doubt whatever as to which was the better team. Boston College had won nine straight, mostly by lopsided scores, and was named No. 1 team of the country by the nation's sports writers on the Monday before Thanksgiving, 1942. It had one more game to play, with Holy Cross, a battered team which had been beaten four times. BC's nomination for the Sugar Bowl was to be made definite the Monday after the Eagles from Boston had finished taking apart the Crusaders from Worcester, Massachusetts.

Holy Cross, rising to the peak of playing perfection, won the game, 55 to 12, and in so doing saved the lives of the boys it defeated. The Boston College squad had planned to hold a Saturday-night victory celebration at the Cocoanut Grove night club. When Holy Cross won, the celebration was called off. That was the night of the great fire, in which more than 400 persons were burned to death in the club.

The game had many remarkable side issues. It was the first time, for instance, that the sports writers ever took much notice of George Connor, who later transferred to Notre Dame where he was elected captain in his senior year, and who is right now an All-League tackle with the professional Chicago Bears.

An obscure freshman, he was playing long guard in the Holy Cross single-wing offense and was the most important man on the field. BC played an undershifted seven-man-line defense, guarding against the reverse runs of Johnny Griegas, a big powerful boy who played wingback for the Crusaders.

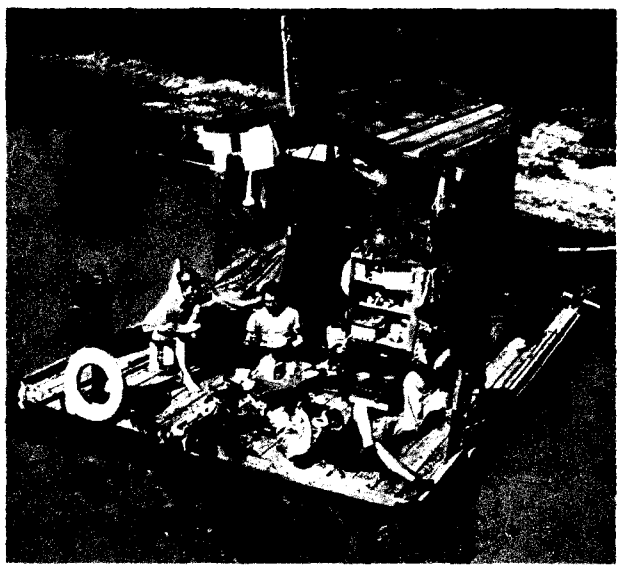
Holy Cross won the game with one play plotted by Ank Scanlan, Lud Wray, Sheldon Beise and Hughie Devore, the Holy Cross coaches, in anticipation of the defense they actually met. It was a mousetrap on the Boston left tackle, a promising youngster you probably remember, named Gil Bouley, who later transferred to Notre Dame too and became one of Frank Leahy's best linemen.

The Crusader tailback, one Johnny Bezemes, took three steps—as if to run the end—then cut inside tackle. Connor meanwhile pulled out and knocked Bouley out of the play from the side. The play worked exactly that way not once but a dozen times. Connor's blocking broke down the BC defense and, soon, everything went.

Oh, yes, the boys said it was an upset, even though the score was 55 to 12.

That, of course, is what they always say when the prime favorite comes up on the short end. Only—the coaches know better. And the coaches don't always say what they know. THE END

Next Week in Collier's



RAFT OF FUN

Two Boys—Two Girls, Down the Mississippi

The inside story of four collegiate "Huck Finns" and their adventures on their celebrated 95-day river trip

Hollywood Gold Mine MA & PA KETTLE

With corn instead of glamor, actors Percy Kilbride and Marjorie Main are producing a box-office bonanza

ALL-AMERICA Regional Grid Teams

Coaches pick the standout players of each section as the basis for Collier's much-awaited 62d All-America

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pacific Report

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

rought these diverse elements into a cen-ral government. For the first time China vas almost united by the brilliant leader-hip of Chiang Kai-shek. Now, however, e is cursed with a ship of state overloaded vith these formerly independent generals nd government officials.

The government of Free China is a weird nixture of the ancient authoritarian regime o which the Chinese were accustomed and Chiang's effort to establish a modern con-titutional republic. Here on this island re nearly 500 members of the legislative Yuan, the first Congress ever elected by the people of China. This is the main legisla-ive body.

The control Yuan is the highest super-isory body and is again a curious combi-nation of elder statesmen. Its president, Yu Yu-jen, is a seventy-three-year-old life-ong revolutionary and liberal of rigid in-egrity, and he commands the respect of the whole government. I spoke at the first joint meeting the two Yuans ever held. Here at uncheon I found a cross section of Free China—ancient herb doctors, student lead-ers, businessmen, university professors, both men and women—people from all walks of life. Here too I found my fellow alumni of the University of Michigan and of Columbia University. Some 80 Chinese Michigan alumni and 60 from Columbia are living on this island, almost all of them n leading positions in the government, wait-ing, yearning, working for the day when they can return to liberate the homeland.

Admittedly the government of Chiang Kai-shek has suffered from many defects. It is charged that the Chinese Nationalist army was defeated because the soldiers' pay was stolen. I met many American officers who were assigned to the Chinese govern-ment throughout the war who will stoutly assert that inflation, not corruption, caused the defeat. The army wasn't paid, they say, because the value of the currency was de-clining so rapidly that often the army com-mander had to use the money instantly to purchase supplies. If he waited overnight, the cost of the supplies would go so high that his men would not only be unpaid, but they would also be unfed.

It is charged that the armies would not fight when confronted with enemies. Many fought with great valor. Some did not. Others could not because they had no am-munition or no guns. Promised supplies from America simply did not arrive.

It is charged that Chiang wasted precious air power to fly in precious supplies and precious money to Manchuria when it was clearly impossible to hold Manchuria or even North China. Here was a political situation which we in America can under-stand quite well. It happens that a majority of the Chinese legislative Yuan was elected from Manchuria or North China, or orig-inally came from there. It was impossible to hold the support of the Yuan unless these desperate efforts were made.

It is charged that vast sums and supplies were stolen or delivered to the Communists. Some were, but again Americans who were on the scene will stoutly deny that this amounted to any substantial percentage of the total.

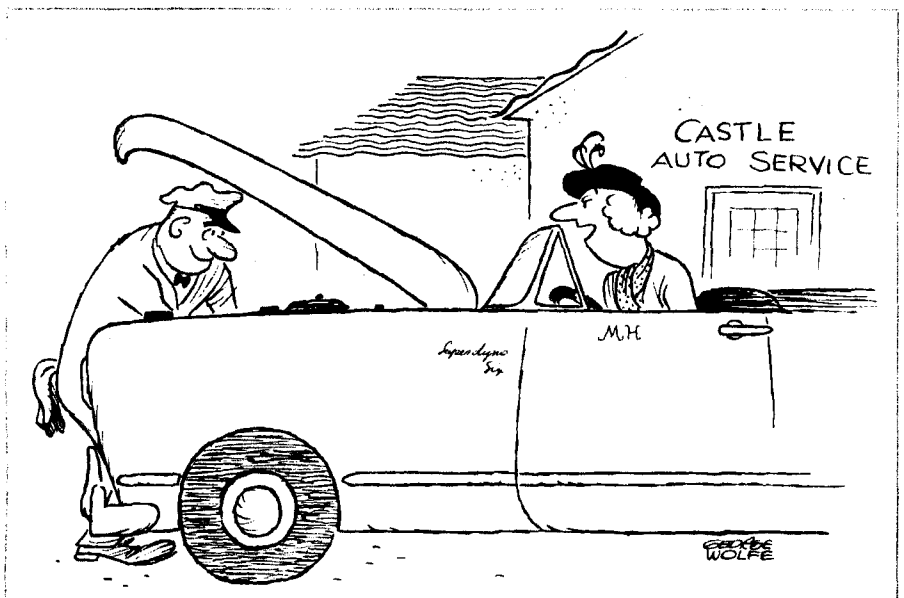
Even his bitterest enemies do not ques-tion the absolute integrity of Chiang Kai-shek. He is criticized for playing off one group against another, for failing ade-quately to back up some of his best people and for stubborn refusal to make necessary reforms. All these charges can be docu-mented; but many of them can also be an-swered. Almost all the leaders I talked with in the Far East respect him. They know the defects of his government better than any other, but still they respect him.

It is charged that the government of Chiang is no better than that of the Com-munists in its suppression of civil rights. This is simply not so, though there are bad spots. For example, the generalissimo's elder son, Major General Chiang Ching-kuo, Moscow-educated and married to a Russian woman, is today head of the secret police on Formosa. Though thor-oughly anti-Communist, he uses some Rus-sian methods. It is said that he operates eight different sets of secret police, each spying on the other and on everybody else. Today it is considered a bit dangerous in Formosa to criticize the government. There has also been established a system of po-litical commissars in the army, following the Russian practice.

I found the idea of secret police on For-mosa repulsive. But I also found these po-lice were set up to deal with something even more repulsive—sudden death.

From the moment the government of Free China moved from the mainland to Formosa, it was in deadly peril. We now know that it was in deadly peril not only from attack from the mainland, but from within. Along with the government and its 600,000 troops, there also fled to For-mosa perhaps a million additional Chinese intellectuals, farmers, businessmen, soldiers —people of every walk of life. Inevitably there were many Communist spies and many traitors.

Investigation discovered that treason ran almost to the highest levels. The Deputy Minister of Defense was caught with a two-way radio right in his office, communicating daily with the Red government on the main-land. He was secretly arrested and the



COLLIER'S "My husband tells me there's a screw loose in the driver—wherever that is!" GEORGE WOLFE

"...COMFORTABLE THE VERY FIRST DAY"

Want New Shoes with Old Shoe Comfort?

"...THEY DON'T NEED ANY BREAKING IN!"

9 out of 10 men who had purchased Ward Hill Shoes in a retail store said* that they *fitted better, broke in more easily, felt more comfortable* than any brands worn previously.

**from a survey conducted in 1948 and repeated in 1951*

Styled by WILLIAM LEON KNIPE No. 8113

So feel the difference on your feet!

"WARD HILL" Shoes for Men

At Better Stores Everywhere
Write for name of nearest dealer
KNIPE BROS., INC., WARD HILL, MASS.
For over 69 years makers of fine shoes for men.

This year, make your boy's BIG gift a MODEL Toy

These are the toys everyone is talking about. Wonderful in their realism — each one a faithful replica of a well-known giant machine. Big in size, big in play possibilities — in the playroom, in the sandpile, on the beach. And so sturdily built that they actually outlast other toys 3 to 1.

SHOWN IN THE PHOTO. The Model Heiliner-Scraper, a triple duty earth mover. It scoops up earth, hauls it away, dumps it. Mechanical controls for all operations. Welded steel construction with famous make rubber tires and baked enamel finish. Length —29"; weight—14 lbs.; 15.95. (11 Western States—16.75)

At All Stores Where Better Toys Are Sold

Model Toys

Made by The Chas. Wm. Doepke Mfg. Co., Inc., Rossmoyne, Ohio

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU CAN GET
Quick relief
FOR TIRED EYES

—with two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away you feel soothing, cooling refreshment — and Murine cleanses as gently as a tear. Murine's 7 tested ingredients make your eyes feel better fast — and when your eyes feel good, you'll probably feel better. You can get quick relief for tired eyes — get Murine, and keep it handy.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

A MAIL ORDER EXCLUSIVE
New! A Revolving Christmas Tree Lamp
IT REVOLVES!
It's such a beauty, you will want to order early!

Illuminated from within and powered to turn at a slow even rate, it sparkles and glows like a tree of jewels. To enjoy this Christmas and for untold Holiday Seasons to come. Equipped with a 1000-hour colored bulb and 6-foot cord. Underwriters Laboratories approved. White, red, green, or blue.
$4.98 postpaid (17" tall)
Supply is limited — place your order now! You'll want several for gifts too.
Orders Sent Same Day Received
Another mail order exclusive from
Albin OF CALIFORNIA • Rm. 312, 1401-89 W. 8th St.
Los Angeles 17, California

ELIMINATE TONGUE BITE
WITH THE NEW "HOOKAH"
The pipe with a water filter that extracts the tar, cools the smoke and eliminates tongue bite. $7.50 Prepaid.
WATER FILTER
HOOKAH PIPE CO., 145 Barrypoint Rd. Riverside, Ill.

TOOTHACHE?
For Quick Relief Ask your Druggist for DENT'S
TOOTH GUM
TOOTH DROPS
POULTICE

MAKE EXTRA INCOME
by telephone and mail, for Christmas and Year-round!
Use the telephone, mail or personal calls to take care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION and ALL magazines. For money-making supplies, *mail a penny postal or the coupon now.*

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-91
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.
Please send me your EXTRA INCOME PLAN.
MR.
MRS.
MISS (Please Print)
STREET
CITY Zone No.
STATE

radio taken over. For three months the messages continued to go back and forth and the list of traitors and collaborators was developed. It included many in powerful positions, as well as many minor figures.

It was clear that Mao Tse-tung had never expected to have to conquer Formosa by military attack. He expected to seize it from within. Execution of the traitors has cleared the air. From a disorderly and turbulent island two years ago, Formosa today has become internally secure and peaceful. But it is still on its guard. Two Red spies were executed while I was there.

Low Cost of Formosa Forces

The 600,000 soldiers on Formosa might be decisive in the Pacific in case of World War III. In preventing World War III, their assistance may also be decisive. Where else can such large forces be found and supported at such little cost? The Chinese soldier is paid $2 a month and it costs only $10 more to feed and clothe him. A Chinese major is paid $15 a month and out of that he must feed, clothe and house himself and his family. It costs less than $100,000,000 a year to maintain this army of 600,000 men.

To maintain a similar American army it would cost 30 to 50 times as much.

We Americans should think not only in terms of the money we hand out, but also in terms of what we get in exchange. If we are to win the peace, it must be through overwhelming strength. If there is going to be fighting, I propose that we have strong allies so that American boys do not have to do all the dying. Here are 600,000 Chinese troops, half of them trained—all of them capable of being trained. All they need is leadership and arms. Arms have been promised by Washington for many, many months, but when I was in Formosa, arms that were due six months before had not arrived.

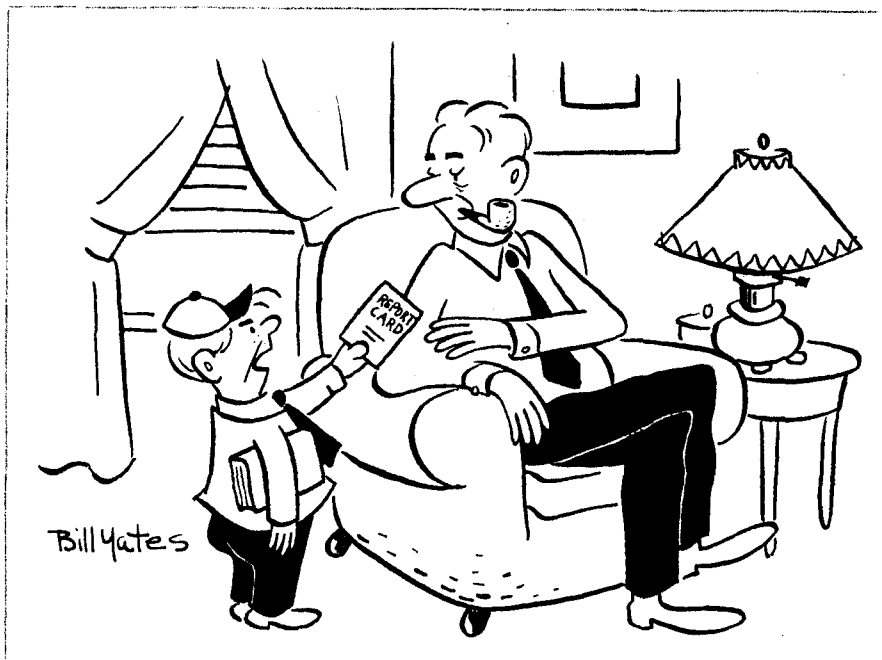
Formosa is important for other reasons. We are bound by treaties and ties of sentiment to the defense of the Philippines. But the Philippines will be in grave danger and perhaps completely indefensible should Formosa fall into enemy hands as in 1941. It was from Japanese-held Formosa that the bombers came which destroyed our airplanes on the ground at Clark Field the day after Pearl Harbor. It was from Formosa that the airplanes came which bombed Corregidor. Formosa is about 220 miles from the Philippines.

Thinking in these larger terms, it is perfectly clear that we cannot hold bits and pieces of the Pacific. Our new ally, Japan, cannot exist without a trading area with southeast Asia and the indispensable rice she gets from there. The free areas remaining in the Pacific are interdependent. It is folly to think that either an isolated Japan or isolated Philippine Islands are defensible. It is a case of all or nothing.

In all the public discussions in this country of Formosa and the Chiang Kai-shek government, I have heard practically no mention of the decisive influence of the overseas Chinese in southeast Asia. In Indochina, 1,000,000 Chinese do much of the business of the nation. On the Malay Peninsula, 43 per cent of the population are Chinese. Of the 1,000,000 people in Singapore, 800,000 are Chinese. Even in the Philippines, 400,000 Chinese are a dominant influence in the business community. The same is true in Burma and Thailand. What of Indonesia, the seventh most populous nation on earth with its 75,000,000 people? Two million Chinese do much of its business.

It has not been the custom of the overseas Chinese in these areas to be active in native politics. Their loyalty remains to their homeland. Today there are two governments of the homeland, one Communist, and one free. For a long time the overseas Chinese remained more or less neutral between the two.

It is easy to be misled, but after the most careful appraisal of sentiment I could make, not only among Chinese of all walks of life, but among Americans and Europeans, I am convinced that the overseas Chinese are moving steadily to the cause of Free China. Sentiment began to turn with the invasion of Korea last year. The overseas Chinese then began to wonder darkly whether Mao Tse-tung was not merely a tool of Moscow after all. Next came the reports of higher and higher taxes, followed this year by the mass executions.



COLLIER'S — **"I suppose this means another week of no television"** — BILL YATES

Now a new factor has developed. Mao Tse-tung is running the biggest kidnaping racket in the world. In country after country I learned of Chinese who had been told that their brothers or their sisters or their nephews were being held in Red China for ransom in sums running as high as $100,000. Often the victim pays and the coffers of Red China are fed by ransom money in the currency of many countries.

Many overseas Chinese who opposed Chiang Kai-shek four years ago now openly support him. Others prefer different leadership and would support the independent guerrillas that still exist in the south of China. I believe we should support both.

Not merely to save the Philippines, not merely to save our own defense perimeter in the Pacific, not merely to save a great army for defensive purposes, but to save the whole enormous Pacific area of 270,000,000 free people, we must support every force for a Free China.

We must not feel that our treaties with Japan are enough. We must complete the double problem of alliance with Japan and alliance with Free China, so that a total unity is knit. This second problem deserves the same kind of determined and skilled effort as was made in relation to Japan, and it needs it quickly or else increasing frustration will make success impossible.

To have tried to make the Japanese Peace Treaty into an expression of international confidence in the Chiang government would have been to ensure total failure, both as regards Japan and as regards Free China.

There were two distinct tasks, not one. It was necessary to get a Japanese treaty on terms which would win general Allied support, which would totally exclude Red China, which would make Japan our friend and, we have reason to believe, a future friend of Free China. That was largely done by John Foster Dulles, who had stood adamant against the British Cabinet demands for bringing in Red China and having Japan cede Formosa to Red China.

The other task is to show, unmistakably, our loyalty to Free China and our intention to support it and bring it into honorable relations with ourselves and with Japan. This can be done only by clear words and resolute action by Mr. Truman. So far, he has refused.

It is no wonder that, on the basis of ou past record, Generalissimo Chiang and oth ers should feel that this second task will b neglected and that we will stop with wha we have done in Japan, leaving Free Chin still more an outcast.

It is curious that the deep bitterness o Formosa arises not so much from our fail ure to give them promised material aid. I is because they believe they have been mor ally betrayed.

They have fought the Japanese sinc 1937, the Communists for many years They have suffered heavily for Allied vic tory. From the generalissimo and fron Madame Chiang at our first long meeting and again at length two nights later, came the bitter reminders which I heard repeatedly from others, how in the long years o war with the Japanese, they had suffered 3,000,000 casualties among their troops and the loss of millions of their civilians They had engaged great Japanese armies on the mainland which would otherwise have been fighting Americans all over the Pacific

A Nazi-Inspired Peace Move

What I was not told by the Chiangs, but what I learned elsewhere for the first time. was that, in the gloomiest days of World War II, the Nazi government of Germany had made a major effort to bring about peace between China and Japan. There were strong factions within the Chinese government that wanted a separate peace. They saw the rising danger of the Communist armies and thought it was imperative to get Japanese troops out of China and repel the Red menace. These groups were in touch with the German Ambassador to Japan who was anxious to come for a secret talk with Chiang.

In those dark days Chiang never wavered. In the face of the strongest pleas he stood stubbornly defiant.

"I will have nothing to do with any deal with our enemies," the generalissimo declared. "If every man deserts me, I will fight on alone against the Germans and the Japanese. I will not betray my country or my allies. There will be no appeasement and no compromise with the enemy."

In a conversation one of the great leaders said with flaming sincerity: "With all our immense sacrifices through all the years, we stood steadfastly by America and the free world. It is our fault that we lost, but may we not still hope that our allies have not forgotten us?

"May we not at least hope for the moral support of those who are opposed to the forces of Communism which we fought so bitterly at such terrible sacrifice and are still fighting today? Must we become the victim of total abandonment by all those

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whose side we fought for so long when edom hung in the balance?"

Every wise and good man I talked with Formosa wants, first of all, moral supt. One of the best of them put it this y:

"From America," he said, "we beg first all moral support. Secondly, we need hnical assistance in every way. Thirdly, need political support. Fourthly, we ed military and financial support."

This theme ran through almost every nversation on Formosa.

Moral support is so easy to give and it sts nothing. It is such a tragedy that, in- ad, our own government has frequently acked the free government which is the ly hope in sight for China. Political sup- rt in her relations with other countries is, ain, so easy to give. It costs nothing, her. Yet we have stupidly and consist- tly undermined Free China before the rld. Technical assistance we are now ac- ally beginning to give and it is a bright ot, but the Free Chinese need much more it and the best people we can send. Obvi- sly if Free China is to be maintained it ust have liberal military and financial sup- rt. I am sure in no other place in the rld will so many allies be gained for so tle money.

Certainly there must be some tough merican "advisers," perhaps right down to e regimental level. And there must be me tough talking around the conference ble on how our aid is to be used.

There is a superb staff of Americans on rmosa now, in our diplomatic, military d economic missions, who are equipped do the job, and eager to do it.

In short, I should like to see us become least as intelligent as the Kremlin, for nce. Let us keep our friends, back them p and make them strong.

Every day Chiang's army grows older. very day guerrillas on the mainland are arassed and killed. Every day the danger rows greater that Red Chinese soldiers ay invade the critical area of Indochina. ut they will not invade Indochina if they re busy at home, and I propose that we al- w their free countrymen who want to berate China to keep them busy at home.

Moral support, technical assistance, political support, combined with arms and financial aid—these are the price of success.

Does this mean we will be involved in war on the mainland? It does not. Russia is waging wars—violent wars—through native Communists in five of the countries I visited, where armed conflict and sudden death occur every day. Yet Stalin is smugly pointing out to his people that not one Russian soldier has been killed in Korea, in the Philippines, in Malaya, in Indochina or in Indonesia.

I would like to see our competence and our purpose grow up to our responsibilities and the seriousness of the menace to our freedom. I want our allies close and strong enough so that we shall not have World War III.

We simply cannot risk having the defenses of America shrink back to Hawaii or the coast of California. We cannot survive in a world outnumbered ten to one, and deprived of all the great natural resources and power that would then be left in the hands of our enemies.

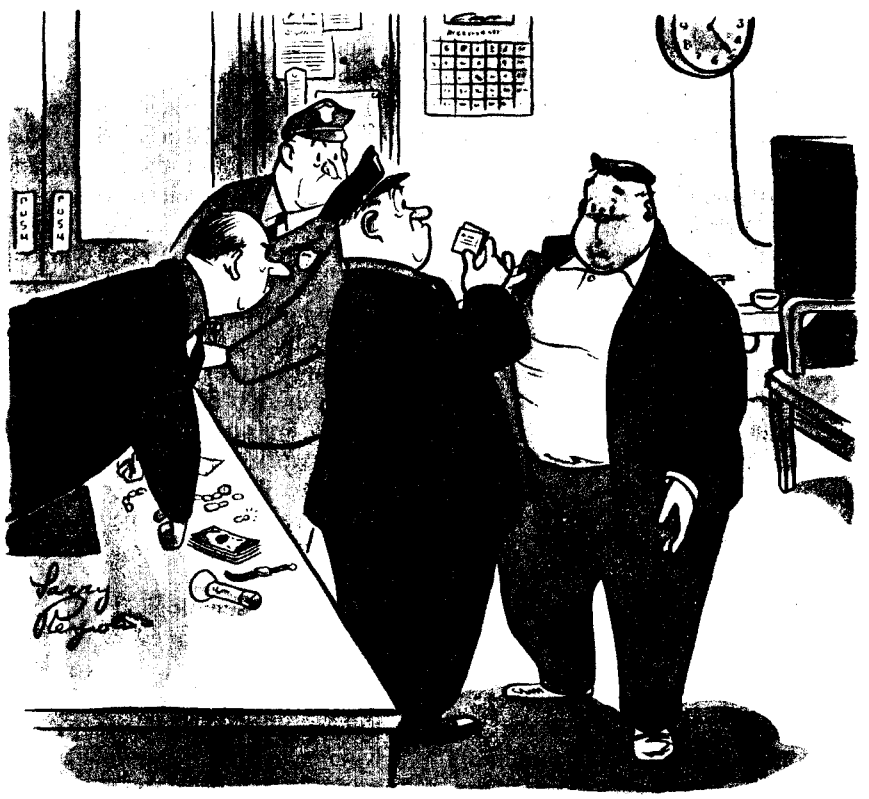
We can live—we can even avoid World War III—if we act fast enough and with sufficient strength.

This will require a firm, clear, ringing declaration of national policy that all the world, and particularly the members of our own government, will understand. The only place it can be made is in the White House. It has not been made because the administration is too busy defending its mistakes of the past. I say this not in a political sense, because I have vigorously supported the administration's efforts to develop a great, free force in Europe. But defense in Europe is no defense if we are naked in the Pacific.

The time for greatness is overdue. The time for action is running out. With action on the whole broad front we can, within the reasonable limits of our resources, save the critical Pacific area. THE END

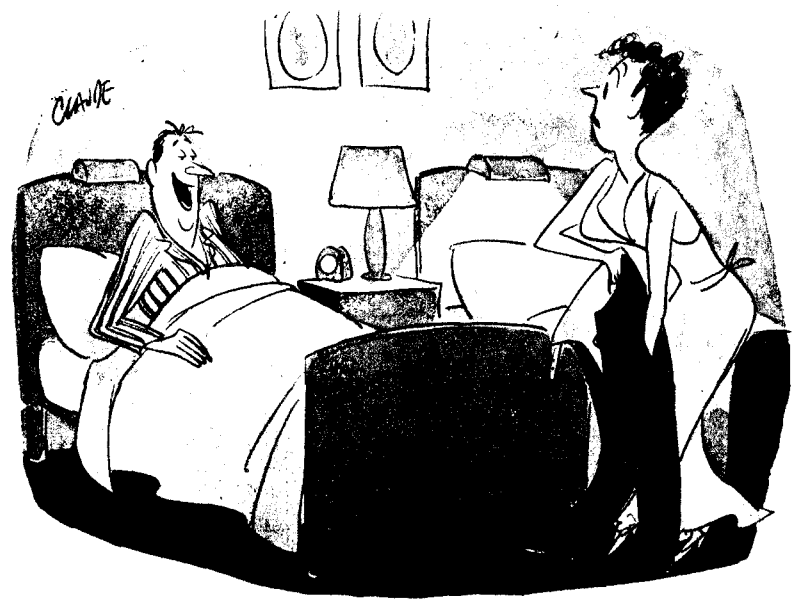
Can Japan rebuild her industries and trade with southeast Asia fast enough to keep from falling into the clutches of the Reds? This vital question Gov. Dewey covers in next week's Collier's. Order it from your news dealer now

BUTCH



"I found them on th' guy's bureau. Honest, I didn't *buy* those tickets for th' Fireman's Ball . . ."

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS



"Don't waste your time, dear. I've converted my cash to American Express Travelers Cheques for our automobile trip next week!"

Your travel cash is 100% safe when you carry American Express Travelers Cheques—even if they're lost, stolen, or destroyed, you get a quick refund. They're as spendable as cash—*everywhere!* American Express Travelers Cheques are the *best-known,* most widely accepted cheques in the world.

Insist on American Express Travelers Cheques at BANKS, Railway Express and Western Union offices. Only 75¢ per $100.

100% SAFE—EASIEST TO CASH

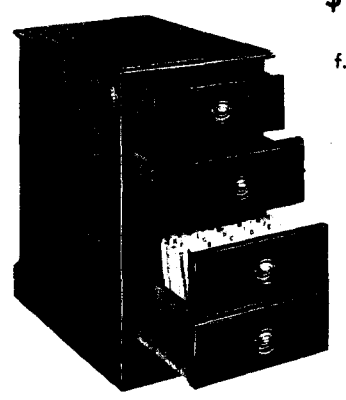
AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

EXPRESS YOUR PREFERENCE FOR THE BEST!

Smart HUBBELL FILING CHEST

$36.98

f.o.b. Zeeland, Mich.



direct from the factory

Save "middle-man-profits" by buying high quality Hubbell Furniture direct from the factory at amazingly low prices! Here we picture a beautiful Hubbell Filing Chest that serves as a fine lamp table for the living room or as a night stand in the bedroom. You may choose yours with two small storage drawers AND the famous Hubbell Filing Drawer for storing important personal papers and valuable data, or with two filing drawers! Locks are available at $2.00 each. Height 28", Length 22½", Width 16½". Approximate shipping weight 65 lbs. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

H. L. Hubbell Mfg. Co., Dept. CM, Zeeland, Mich.

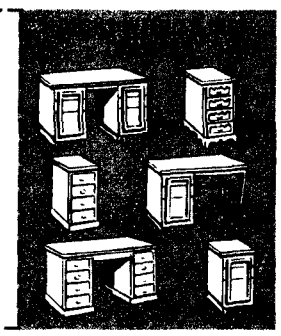
My check is enclosed in the amount of $36.98. Please ship me the following Hubbell Filing Chest. I will pay shipping charges.

- ☐ No. 500 Mahogany with 2 filing drawers
- ☐ No. 501 Mahogany, 1 filing and 2 storage drawers
- ☐ No. 500A Blonde Mahogany with 2 filing drawers
- ☐ No. 501A Blonde Mahogany, 1 filing, 2 storage drawers
- ☐ Please send free illustrated folder on all Hubbell furniture

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

(Michigan residents add 3% sales tax)



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOWELL HESS

Partners in Crime

PRACTICALLY EVERY LITERATE adult American must be aware of the miasmic odor of bribetaking, influence peddling and assorted corruption which has been rising from the banks of the Potomac for many months. There have been a lot of indignant complaints about it. But it occurred to us the other day that the indignation has all been aimed in one direction. Nobody, this magazine included, seems to have given any attention to the people who pay the corrupting money and give the unethical gifts. That goes particularly for the federal authorities.

Mind you, we don't admire the recipients of the deep freezers and the pastel minks, the junkets and the free hotel suites. We don't admire Mr. James P. Finnegan, the former St. Louis internal revenue collector, who is under indictment on a charge of taking bribes. But their practices are not singlehanded jobs. And we feel an equal lack of admiration for those who make such practices possible. So, incidentally, does the law.

At this point the reader may skip on to the next paragraph if he likes. For at the risk of bringing on that sense of mental suffocation that legal terminology is apt to induce, we're going to quote a section of the Criminal Code of the United States: "Whoever promises, offers, or gives any money or thing of value or makes conveyance of anything of value to any officer or employee or person acting for or on behalf of the United States or any department or agency thereof or any officer or person acting for or on behalf of a member of Congress or any committee of either House is subject to a fine of not more than three times the amount of such money or value of anything given, or imprisonment of not more than three years, or both." And that is the identical penalty that the bribetaker faces.

It's impossible to believe that nobody in Washington knows that this law is on the books. Yet we haven't heard so much as a whisper to suggest that anyone intends to use it. A Senate subcommittee conducted an inquiry into ethics and moral standards in government, but Congress went home without doing any hollering about the boys who contribute to the federal job holders' delinquency. And Mr. Truman, who dismissed the first Congressional disclosure of the RFC scandal as "asinine," can hardly be counted on to perpetuate such scandals on the front pages by ordering a drive on the bribe- and gift-takers' partners in crime.

So who's going to start the ball rolling? Perhaps it is up to members of the business world to exert some legitimate pressure on Congress, which at least could strongly urge that some action be taken during its next session. For certainly a legitimate business suffers when a competitor dips into the company till and then goes out and buys himself some government favors.

For our money, the man who peddles the bribes is a bigger skunk than the man who takes them. You can't call the peddler weak-willed and, since he can afford to throw the money and gifts around, he isn't poverty-stricken. He knows exactly what he is doing. And up to now he has had the unspoken assurance that his actions wouldn't cost him any trouble with the law.

We think that they should cost him, and cost him plenty. But first somebody has got to care. And surely the logical ones to care, very actively and personally, are the honest businessmen who are discriminated against and victimized by the bribers' illegal practices. They appear to be nominated by default to start the cleanup.

Mate the Right Mate, Mate

IF YOU'RE THINKING of getting married, Junior, we'd advise you to hold off for a little while. It's for your own good, son, on account of your dear old Uncle Sam is financing a study which may save you from wedding a clinging vine when what you really need is the maternal type.

In case you didn't know it, Uncle is footing a rather mysteriously specific bill of $12,906, through the medium of the Federal Security Agency, for a project called Unconscious Factors in Courtship and Mate Selection. It's being run by Dr. Robert F. Winch, an associate professor of sociology at Northwestern University. And while we sure hate to keep you kids waiting, Dr. Winch doesn't promise even tentative conclusions for about 18 months. In the meantime he's studying 25 married college couples—at $516.24 a couple or $258.12 a head, if our arithmetic is right—to find out their "hidden needs" and determine whether their unconscious made them sound the mating call on a false note. The result of all this, Dr. Winch hopes, will be to help decrease the divorce rate.

Now, that's a very laudable purpose. And if everybody could be sure of getting the perfect life partner by reading a free FSA booklet on courtship (for surely there'll be one), we'd say it was $12,906 well invested. But somehow we're afraid it won't work out that way. And without disparaging Dr. Winch's ability or sincerity, we just don't see how his project qualifies for government subsidy in the name of national security.

We've nothing against sociological studies, mind you. But we don't think that every worthy cause is worthy of being supported by public money. For instance, courtship and marriage seem to be activities that can be left pretty largely up to private enterprise. When the FSA starts getting mixed up with the mating instinct, we feel that "big government" is coming too darned close for comfort.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHOTOGRAPH BY KARSH OF OTTAWA

Make your next drink a better drink. Whether you prefer a cocktail or a highball, Lord Calvert offers a *unique flavor* and *distinctive lightness* matched by no other whiskey in the world.

For—of all the millions of gallons we distill—only the very choicest are set aside for this distinguished whiskey. So, tonight, at home or at your favorite bar, enjoy Lord Calvert, the whiskey of distinction.

For Men of Distinction... LORD CALVERT

BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

MR. EUGENE CONLEY — *distinguished Metropolitan Opera star — worked as a grocery clerk to pay for vocal lessons. Later he sang on a local radio station, then over a national network. Not until 1940 did Mr. Conley appear in his first operatic role, with a small company. But he was soon being received enthusiastically in many world capitals — and was acclaimed "brilliant" at famed La Scala, Italy. Invited to the "Met" in 1949, his magnificent voice captivated audience and critics alike. Now a television star and recording artist as well, Mr. Conley will, this Fall, be the first American-born artist in history to open the season at La Scala.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY
PITTSBURGH 19, P

"What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?"

The brand named most was

Camel

Make your own 30-Day **Camel** *Mildness Test in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat— T for Taste).*

In a repeated survey—conducted by a leading independent research organization—doctors in all branches of medicine, in all the 48 States, were asked: *"What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?"*

THE BRAND NAMED MOST WAS CAMEL!

The reasons so many doctors prefer Camels are the same reasons *you'll* prefer Camels—*mildness* and *flavor!* Try Camels as your steady smoke. Make the enjoyable 30-day Camel Test, the one sensible test of cigarette mildness. Smoke Camels, and only Camels, for 30 days. It's fun . . . and it's real proof!

You'll see how mild Camels are, how well they agree with your throat—day in, day out. And pack after pack, your taste will tell you no other cigarette compares with Camel! Start your own 30-day Camel mildness test today!

According to a repeated nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS than any other cigarette!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED